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# The Faith of the Fathers

BY ERNEST MARTIN HOPKINS

The President of Dartmouth College defends youth in our colleges and defines the function of education as seeking truth rather than conserving faith.

Catch-phrases, like catch-words, easily degenerate into shibboleths. Consequently it behooves intelligence from time to time to consider such of these as are in general use. The more persuasive one proves to be, the more carefully it should be analyzed to understand its exact significance.

"Faith of the fathers" is a phrase for conjuring. It awakens latent instincts of loyalty. It connotes humility in the light of experience. It suggests respect for authority.

The validity of its influence, however, is contingent upon the interpretation put upon it. Here, as in so many other cases, the spirit maketh alive but the letter killeth.

If we crave freedom for the mind and opportunity for self-expression of the soul of man, we do ill to ignore the forgetfulness of self, the courage, and the consecration with which the forefathers struggled for like ends. If we desire order and constructive effort, we have inspiring examples in the past of men who abnegated self, subordinated opinion, and forewent the rewards of leadership in the interest of co-operation for the common good.

It would be presumptuous to suppose that men inherently greater, bolder, or better disposed toward their fellows would be found in the future than in the past. By so much as we value the memories and enhance the reputations of these men of times gone who have lived and worked and wrought greatly, by so much do we offer incentive for men again so to do. The past is a treasure-house of lessons derived from efforts and accomplishments and from experimentation by the method of trial and error in the affairs of men.

Across the span of the ages which we call the past there stand out significant and important figures of men who greatly influenced their times, and others more important who personified the cumulative effects of their periods and interpreted and transmitted these to future generations for their under-



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standing. Of these we can never know too much.

All in all, however, it is more important to know how such men felt than it is to know what they did. Action is always subject to coercions and restrictions to which thought is far less susceptible. It is for this reason that philosophy, when it records what men have thought, is more important than history, when it records only what men have done.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, said the apostle. Obviously the attainment of an objective puts an end to faith. Faith deals with things distant, hardly to be understood, and reasonably to be sought in devious ways.

It is in regard to the vision of the fathers, then, that we ought to know, if we would know their faith; not primarily of the action they took in attempt to materialize the vision. Many a man, had he been given longer life and greater experience, would have sought the realization of his aspirations by paths quite opposite to and by methods quite different from those to which he actually committed himself.

It is as idle to speculate on what men wished by giving attention solely to procedures by which they sought their ends as it would be to attempt to define the destination of a man by the ship on which he might be found. The transatlantic liner from New York may be the chosen medium for reaching either the Orient or South America. Certainly Hamilton and Jefferson had little in common in their desires for what government should be and do. Yet each accepted the Constitutional Convention as a desirable agent for accomplishing his purpose.

Again, accepting the phrase without too much effort at definition, what faiths and what fathers are we to look to for authoritative guidance?

It was the faith of the fathers which forced the hemlock to the lips of Socrates and crucified Jesus on the cross. It was the faith of the fathers which denied Roger Bacon the opportunity to advance by centuries the pursuit of scientific learning and compelled Galileo to deny what he knew to be true. It was the faith of the fathers which fought the growing spirit of nationalism when this began to oppose church domination. Again, now, the faith of the fathers is invoked to enhance nationalism, and to defend isolationism and the opportunities for self-aggrandizement against development of a spirit of rational good-will among the peoples of the earth.

## II

Again and again, in one form or another, the charge is levelled at the American college that it is not properly responsive to the demand that it conserve the faith of the fathers.

Is this true?

In the sense in which the question is usually asked, the answer undoubtedly must be that the assertion is true. In the sense, however, that the question must be asked, if we are to assume an advantage to mankind in education, the answer is an emphatic and categorical "No."

In view of the wide-spread interest in the American college, it would be well if there were a larger knowledge of what its function is and if there were a greater comprehension of the theory on which it works.

Education is mental enlargement. Its possibilities of development are in awakened minds. Its stages are by imitation, first; then by the effect of verbal

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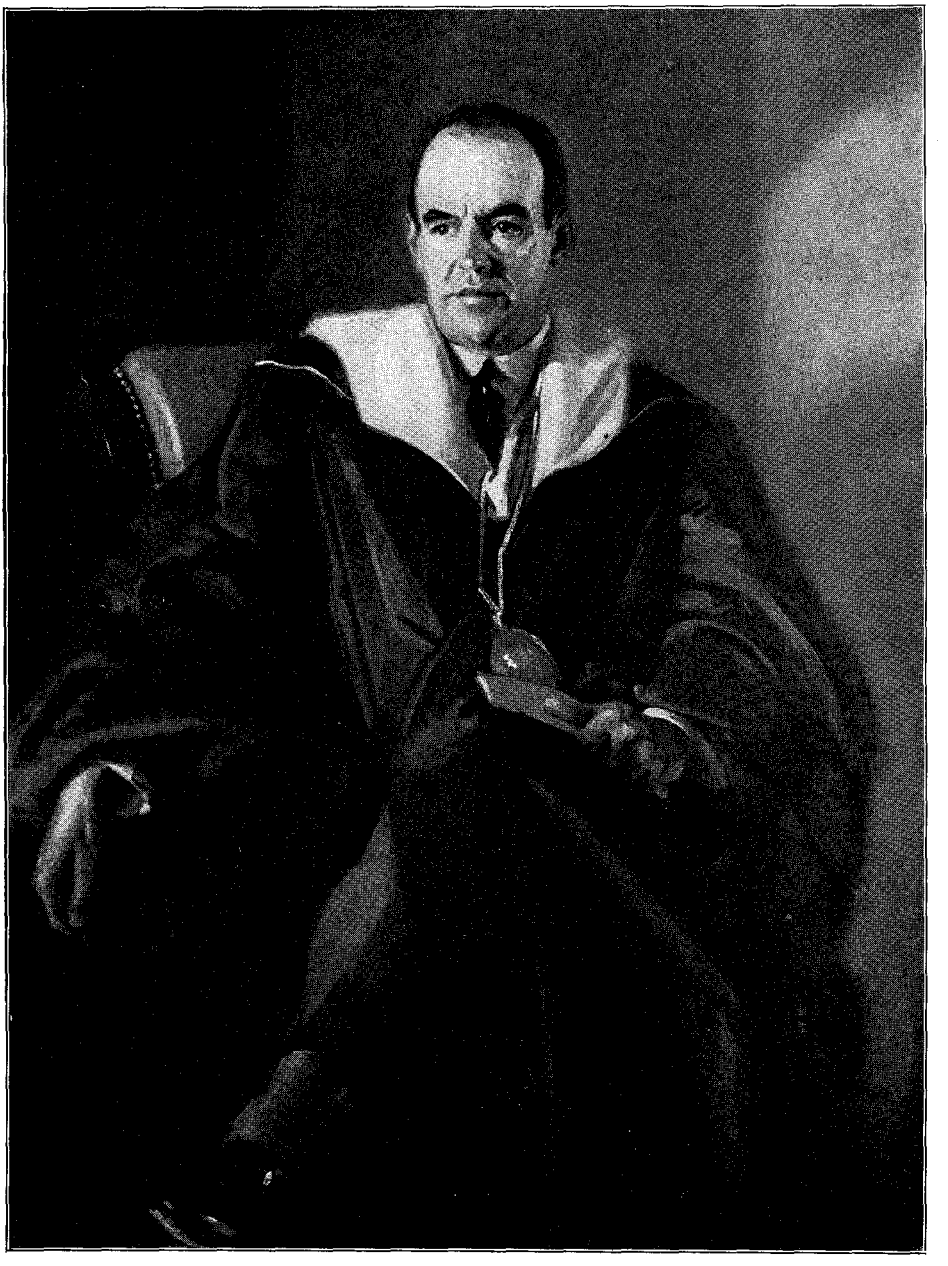

Ernest Martin Hopkins, eleventh President of Dartmouth College.

From a painting by Charles Hopkinson.



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precept and admonition; then by acquisition of knowledge through the printed word; and later by correlation of knowledge leading out toward abstract thinking.

The ultimate purpose of the so-called cultural college is aroused thoughtfulness—that is, the cultivation and expansion of the minds of its students to the limits of their possibilities in the realms of abstract thinking. Premising its work by the cultivation of some sense of cultural values, and bulwarking it by an elementary store of indispensable knowledge, the primary interest of the college is in the possible capacity of its men to deal with abstractions and to apply these to solving problems of our social adjustments in our common life.

Not all men who are accepted into membership in the college can become productive thinkers. But amongst the host who cannot, in many a one a sense of respect can be cultivated for this kind of thought, as can a sense of its proportionate worth as compared with the motivation of utilitarian thought directed to purely material ends.

Extending out beyond the results of all our scientific research and accumulation of new knowledge, out beyond our command of physical reserves and the enormous increase of power available to the human race—out beyond, indeed, but particularly because of these —lie the impending, threatening, but as yet intangible problems of social adjustment.

Never was the maxim of Marcus Aurelius more to the point: "Men are created one for another: either, then, teach them better, or bear with them." And to this might be added the reflection of Doctor Arnold: "It is clear that in whatever it is our duty to act, these matters also it is our duty to study."

Day by day we are crowded into a smaller world, wherein the impact of individual upon individual and of group upon group is more frequent and more violent. On the one hand, a theory of untempered individualism makes for anarchy. On the other hand, collectivism means standardization of opportunity, mediocrity in attainment, and stupidity in environment.

Are these remote alternatives?

In our own day we have seen the attempt in one great state to establish as a working political practice a proletariat of the workers. Now we are told of the contemplation in another great state of a plan for setting up an oligarchy of the selected sons of Fascism.

Wherein but in intelligent thinking are the solutions to be found which shall restrain individual desire for the public good or protect the genius or talent of the individual against the paralyzing coercion of the crowd? Wherein but in abstract reasoning are the definitions to be established as to what constitutes service to society and as to what constitutes disservice?

Certainly maximum contribution is not to be made in acceptance bodily of a mass of principles adopted for other times. Nor yet is it to be made in rejection *en masse* of practices heretofore valuable, because some no longer work. The task calls for discriminating minds acquainted, on the one hand, with the habit of speculative thought and having knowledge, on the other hand, of how the validity of evidence upon a given point is to be determined.

The greatest problem, then, of our time is how we are to adjust ourselves with the necessary promptness to the rapidly changing conditions of life. It is obviously vital that we shall not without due consideration overthrow the

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structures which have been laboriously erected. It is essential, as well, that we shall properly utilize new principles which need to be taken into account, whether to remodel the structures already builded or to replace edifices about to be condemned.

In this connection also it is requisite that we should comprehend that social structures do not invariably have to be proved valueless before argument logically may be made for their replacement. Their real values depend not on any absolute appraisal, but on their relative worths compared with the probable value of creations which might take their places. It is as though in the realm of civic improvements a highly desirable city block should be foregone to preserve the inconsequential profit of a ramshackle tenement.

The success of American industrial life more than upon any other principle has been founded on the flexibility of the American business man's mind, by which he has been willing to demolish his factory, to junk his mechanical equipment, or to redevise his complicated processes of manufacture, when by so doing he could replace these more efficiently.

Yet the analogy seems to be lost upon us when one attempts to persuade us to apply the principle to social usages, political organization, educational procedures, or religious objectives. At once appeal is made for holding to the faith of the fathers. Not only is an immediate attempt made to marshal public opinion to restrain action, but propaganda is promptly organized to discredit philosophical speculation. All of the forces of censorship, repression, and prohibition are set in motion to preserve the theory that "whatever is" is better than anything that might conceivably be.

Hence the rise and prestige of the so-called patriotic societies in their multiform organizations, to deny the possibilities of benefit in social change; the spread and power of the Ku Klux Klan and kindred organizations to preserve the antipathies and antagonisms which blight our capacity for scientific analysis of our social state; the strength of the forces of political reaction which hold that all capacity for wisdom in political thought was exhausted in the Constitutional Convention of 1787; and the wide-spread vogue of the fundamentalists in religion who, viewing the great good which accrued to mankind nineteen hundred years ago by new concepts which adapted religion to the needs of that day, nevertheless would now deny to us the right to interpret religion into terms applicable to the dire need of our own times.

It is hard doctrine for many a man to accept that what Moses or Isaiah or Jesus said of religion in their respective times or what Washington or Jefferson or Hamilton said of politics in theirs, is far less important than what these great leaders, with their courage and intelligence and idealism, would respectively say to-day in a time so different from the times whose thoughts they so much defied and so largely moulded.

However, it is with such doctrines as these that true education must concern itself. The usefulness to society of the college will eventually be reckoned on the basis of the preparation given to men of a given era to live their lives understandingly of conditions about them, and serviceably to society in decades yet before them.

This is peculiarly important in a period of such rapid change as is our own. Circumstances of life and habits of thought change more in a ten-year span

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now than ofttimes before they have changed in a century. Such is the situation which implies the necessity as never before that such institutions of higher learning as are free to do it—such, for instance, as the colleges—shall strive for the form of mental enlargement in their men which we call the capacity for abstract thought.

Herein lies the necessity for constant re-examination of the content of the curriculum and the technic of instruction, that subjects stimulating to the thinking of the undergraduate may be offered, and that the value of his effort may be determined by the conclusions he reaches through his own thought, rather than by the accuracy with which he reproduces the thoughts of others.

I do not ignore herein the necessity for courses requiring mental discipline, in which shall be learned by example the methods essential to productive thought and the rigorous processes of combination and elimination respectively of essential and non-essential data before a conclusion can be accepted.

Still, when all is said and done along these lines, it is the spirit of the aspiration and not the letter of the particular method which counts. It is the spirit which is important. Better the wrong method with the right spirit than the right method uninspired. An attitude of confidence in the student's ability to cultivate the power of thought will have truer educational value, I believe, than any process unassociated with such an attitude.

It is one of the fallacies of commonly accepted educational theory that the interest in research and the disposition to undertake individual problems looking toward discoveries of one's own are by nature exclusively within the confines of the graduate school's work.

If the college could make its procedures more adapted to cultivating this instinct, even if not in a large number of its men, and if it could give special encouragement to students who showed incipient talent for this work, the college course could be made a far more fruitful period for many an undergraduate.

The college would thereby benefit by the greater zest which would attach to much of its work. The graduate school would benefit by the increased number of men who would gain interest in continuing the days of formal education over into the graduate-school period. Most important of all, society would benefit by the increased interest in analytical thinking which would be aroused in the three-quarters of the college graduates for whom the college course is the last stage of formal education—an education too frequently devised without taking into consideration at all the undergraduate's capacity for cultivating an interest in purposeful and self-devised thought.

Does some one say I overestimate the serious interest which can be aroused in undergraduates of this day, or that I exaggerate in such statements the intelligent purpose which may be found in college students of this generation?

If so, I wish to say a word in defense of the youth of the American colleges.

The vital point at which this generation of college men is to be drastically criticised is that it has no understanding of the imperative necessity of self-discipline. Moreover, in the large, these men are impervious to attempts to give them comprehension that without this neither intellectual sinew nor moral stamina can be developed except by later struggle. I admit the grave seriousness

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of this problem. Unless it is met and solved, all else may fail.

However, what of the faith of the immediate fathers at this point? Whose fault is this ignorance of the value of Spartanism in self-development except the fault of us who are the elders of this generation of youth? In this country of unprecedented economic surplus, where life has become easy and soft for the great mass of our population, and where rigid self-denial is little needed and little known, do we of older generations set any standards of self-discipline? In our great American delusion that to be busy is to be useful, do we exalt any idea of self-denying service? In our political philosophy of devoting exclusive attention to prosperity, is there any incentive to high thinking? In our avoidance of the responsibilities of maintaining homes and in our increasing tendencies instead to establish simply lodgings, in the transition from the residence to the apartment, is there any influence to strengthen family ties?

There was something deeper than idle jest in the newspaper quip that one reason why the young people run around nights is that they are afraid to stay at home alone.

Even our present-day conception of religion tends to degenerate—I quote Professor Whitehead—"into a decent formula wherewith to embellish a comfortable life," whereas, he continues later, "the worship of God is not a rule of safety—it is an adventure of the spirit, a flight after the unattainable."

Our college youth confront a world of bewildering perplexities undreamed of in any previous generation, and face it unafraid. Unsupported by any considerable reason for respect for the generations immediately preceding them, possessed of abundant argument for doubting the validity of old loyalties which men have eloquently declared and then persistently ignored, repelled by the interpretations of religion which pander to bigotry and intolerance, they revolt from the tawdriness and futility of it all.

In search for better ways they commit new follies. They defy conventions, they shock sensibilities, and, too often and most serious, they inflict cruel hurt upon themselves. But in the main this generation of youth is an indomitable one, seeking to be captains of their own souls and promising to succeed. In straightforwardness, in unhypocritical honesty, in cleanness of thought and integrity of action, in aspiration and idealism, their like has not been seen before.

The question is not more logically to be asked whether the colleges can find men worthy of their advantages than it is whether this oncoming generation of youth can find colleges qualified to understand them and competent to inspire them!

## III

Will not the interest of youth itself, nevertheless, as well as that of the world at large be best served by insistence on the part of the college that there are boundaries beyond which the search for knowledge must not go?

I do not believe so. The maiden who was given consent to swim but forbidden to go near the water was in small dilemma compared with the student who is told to cultivate the habit of thought but is denied the privilege of thinking on those things most vital to him.

The caustic cynic Voltaire, writing doubtless with his tongue in his cheek, illustrated perfectly how this sort of theory would work out, in his discus-

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sion of "Faith" in the "Philosophical Dictionary." Writing of the Christians, he says: "The faith which they have for things which they do not understand is founded upon that which they do understand; they have grounds of credibility. Jesus Christ performed miracles in Galilee; we ought, therefore, to believe all that he said. In order to know what he said we must consult the church. The church has declared the books which announce Jesus Christ to us to be authentic. We ought, therefore, to believe those books. Those books inform us that he who will not listen to the church shall be considered as a tax-gatherer or a pagan; we ought, therefore, to listen to the church that we may not be disgraced and hated like the farmers-general. We ought to submit our reason to it, not with infantile and blind credulity, but with a docile faith, such as reason itself would authorize. Such is Christian faith, particularly the Roman faith, which is '*the* faith' par excellence. The Lutheran, Calvinistic, or Anglican faith is a wicked faith."

The student's attitude must rather be that enunciated by Francis Bacon: "It were better to have no opinion of God at all than such an opinion as is unworthy of him, for the one is unbelief, the other is contumely; and certainly superstition is the reproach of the Deity."

Herein we are forced to recognize the limitations upon the faith of the fathers to be serviceable to the sons. The distillation of truth from error gives continuously a more refined product. Thus the truth of one generation not only may but often does become superstition in the next. This is true of science or religion or statecraft. Who then shall be given authority to say when ultimate truth has been defined at any point!

One of the most difficult of the responsibilities which have to be undertaken by the college is that of disassociating the minds of its men from acceptance, without examination, of the thinking of generations which have preceded their own. All experience demonstrates that Froude's comment is more true now even than in the decades past: "So absolutely has change become the law of our present condition, that it is identified with energy and moral health; to cease to change is to lose place in the great race; and to pass away from off the earth with the same convictions which we found when we entered it, is to have missed the best object for which we now seem to exist."

The consequences involved in acceptance of these statements as facts and in operating on the basis of the logical deductions to be made from them are not to be undertaken carelessly or in any cavalier spirit. They involve results bound to be distressing to many of that latest of earlier generations. The faith of these fathers in many cases has been shaped by the thinking of a generation whose conclusions cannot, in all cases, be accepted by the men of generations yet to be.

The responsibility of the college is not to the fathers but to the sons. The college cannot for a moment place any other interest above the advantage of the undergraduates committed to its care. But the process of undertaking to stimulate their thinking and of encouraging search for their own conclusions is bound to be taken reluctantly, even though necessarily, by the college possessed in reasonable degree of the understanding heart. It cannot be other than true that the results will occasion anxiety to many a one who has not thought this proposition through.

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However, there is no attribute of mankind more definitely divine than the power to think. Likewise, there is no power given to man which he has less inclination to use. The world was never so busy as now, not only in representing error to be truth but in making quasi-truths over into pernicious error, either by the adding to truth of a modicum of untruth or in subtracting from truth some of the factors necessary to make it complete.

We hold opinions, some of us with great intensity and most of us with great tenacity. But to what extent are these the product of thought? Whence do they come? How are they derived? On what basis do we judge their worth? How sincere are we in our eagerness to possess only those of genuine value? We crave authority for opinions which, by accident, have become ours. We give little heed to how valid opinions best may be acquired.

Most of us probably are in agreement that truth is the ideal of the college. But here it is to be remembered that the assertion that a contention is true does not give it sanctity. If man is not free to question truth, he is not free authoritatively to affirm it.

Once we give to any group or to any generation the final authority to define truth, we are on our way, almost inevitably, to the perpetuation of error. The college therefore must be ever watchful that it stands sincerely and genuinely for freedom of thought and, incidentally, that which is essential to freedom of thought—namely, freedom of speech.

If a college accepts this point of view and is willing to be committed to it, it ought, by all means, to be active and not passive in its attitude. It is essential to keep clearly in mind the inherent distinctions between a training-school and an educational institution.

Truth has nothing to fear from error if truth be untrammelled at all times and if error be denied the sanctity conferred upon it by persecution or concealment. The method of the educational institution in its search for truth calls for diversity in points of view and emphasis upon all capable of stimulating the student's thought. The great obligation of the college is to inspire men to think rather than to tell them what to think. The worth-while student's mind is a workshop, not a storehouse.

It is not to be forgotten in this connection that, as in the medical school one learns that health cannot be understood without understanding disease, so in any discussion of social welfare it is necessary likewise to understand those factors which work against the social and spiritual health of a people.

It is from a background of such belief that our best colleges aspire not only to give their men the guidance of sincere and competent scholars and to make their students acquainted with those processes by which the intellectual wealth of the world has been acquired, but also to recognize the fact that their men need experience in hearing the arguments of the extremists and of weighing these. If a point of view, unusual to the social groups from which the student body comes, shows itself to have an appeal that is attracting large groups of men to an extent that is likely to be significant to the state or to the civilization of the time, there is no better period in a man's life in which to become acquainted with this, and to appraise its value, than in the days of undergraduate life.

Outside opinion to the contrary, the

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American college undergraduate is as competent to determine between reality and fallacy, between truth and error, between sincerity and hypocrisy, as he will be at any later time. Whatever temporary pose he may purport to take, it is nevertheless during this period of adolescence that the technic of acquiring belief is established and that there is offered the most ample opportunity for that reflective thinking which is necessary for soundness of belief.

The story is told in the English papers of a new discovery, called the diving-spear, utilized by the companies undertaking to salvage treasure from ships sunk in the North Sea during the War. The diver, going to great depths and working in the shadows of the silent deep with spear in hand, thrusts here and there where curiosity impels or mystery attracts. When precious metal be found, no matter in what unattractive or even foul exterior encased, this spear, through the galvanometer attached, indicates the worth of that which has been touched.

May we not assume this to be the function of the college of to-day working among the problems, the contentions, and the establishments of the society of the time?

Much that is valueless and some that is harmful will be found. This is but incidental. The criterion of value of the college influence will be in the purposefulness with which its men seek that which is gold, and the definiteness with which they recognize this when they come into contact with it.

Then can the "faith of the fathers" be sought in full confidence of finding and recognizing therein principles of eternal value for the guidance of man, as in the sermon of John Robinson to his congregation of Pilgrims, just before they sailed for America in 1620: ". . . if God should reveal anything to you by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am very confident that the Lord hath more truth and light yet to break forth out of his holy Word.

"I bewail the condition of the reformed churches who are come to a period in religion and will go no further than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw; for whatever part of God's will has been imparted and revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it. And the Calvinists, as you see, stick where Calvin left them. This is a misery much to be lamented; for though Luther and Calvin were precious shining lights in their times, yet God did not reveal his whole will to them; and were they living now they would be as ready and willing to embrace further light as that that they had received."

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# The Dry West

BY STRUTHERS BURT

The West is again "full of open spaces and hell," due to the failure of the dry farmer and the dry law, asserts a keen observer of the American scene, author of "The Interpreter's House" and "The Delectable Mountains."

It was wet all last summer in the Rocky Mountains. During the month of August, if I remember correctly, we had only two days of complete sunshine. It was wringing wet; you awoke to ghostly peaks wrapped in clouds and went to bed to the patter of rain on ranch-house roofs. After a while you got used to the wetness and came to look upon it as a normal part of life. But at first it was astonishing. I had not been in the West for three years, having been living in the perpetually damp but more temperate climate of France, and the tradition still lingered with me that August and September with us were always dry—blue and dry and constant. Which shows what tradition will do, for if it hadn't been for that belief I would have settled down contentedly to the deluge long before I did. Man can adjust himself to anything. But then, it wasn't only the rain that astonished me. Other things astonished me. And I came to the conclusion, as I often have before, that nature has a mysterious sense of poetic fitness. Frequently it seems to make of itself an appropriate background for human action. The pathetic fallacy is not always fallacious. If this is so, the West will never be dry again. For the West was wet in more ways than one.

Now it is an ancient psychological truth that the man who has the first say, right or wrong, makes the deepest impression. All newspaper men know this to be so, and many innocent men have been ruined because of it. If you call a man a liar and do it with sufficient publicity, no matter how little of a liar he is and how clearly he proves subsequently that he is not a liar, about him to the end of his days will cling subtly the aroma of untruth. And this applies to any statement, abstract or concrete. It is, moreover, a further psychological truth that if you repeat something often enough, loudly enough, and blandly enough, 80 per cent of the world will believe it, no matter how absurdly false it may be—four out of every five to borrow from a well-known advertisement. For instance, and I will mention no names, there is a certain section of the country which boasts of the finest climate in existence, and the inhabitants of this section have repeated this so doggedly, both to themselves and others, that a multitude of people actually think it to be so. There is no summer there and no winter; instead perpetual sunshine and balmy breezes. Yes, and fog up until ten o'clock in the morning, and cold after the sun sinks, and an ocean for swimming never warm enough to be satisfactory or sharp enough to be exhilarating. As for myself, I have never found anywhere a perfect climate. Life is a



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struggle and man was intended to make the best of it. Perfection comes only in gusts. Neither in climate nor anything else does it blow like a trade-wind.

But it is in the moral and political fields that the repeated statement carries the most deadly weight. There it is that the slogan is the most effective, so simply effective that if you put up enough signs merely saying, "Vote for Jones! Vote for Jones!" lots of people will. This is so, I suppose, because man is not naturally a moral creature—he is struggling to be, but he hasn't got there, by any manner of means—and, in a lesser degree, because he is not naturally a political creature; no, not even if he happens to be an Anglo-Saxon. What he is really interested in is food, smiling at ladies, personal success, and sport. He likes to delegate his moral and political responsibilities. As a result, the people delegated fall into the habit of telling the ordinary man what to think. They go even farther, they tell him what he is thinking when he isn't thinking it at all.

As a rough-and-ready rule, if you want to find out just what the ordinary man is not thinking politically, ask his duly elected representatives, and if you want to find out what he is not thinking morally, ask his minister. That is, ask them, and then reverse exactly what they say.

But this process of delusion does not end there. It is more subtle. It is circular, also vicious, and like the famous hoop-snake swallows its tail. Having told the ordinary man what he is thinking, when he isn't thinking it at all, the political and moral delegates, elected or self-appointed, proceed to fool themselves. By repeating to each other this purely fictitious point of view of the ordinary man, and assuring each other of its validity, they come at length to believe firmly in it themselves, and, since they claim to be servants of the people, their whole course of action is determined by a chimera. They serve a master who does not exist. Europe, for example, is told that there can be no further consideration of the debt question because the American people will not permit it. Permit what? Until something is tried no one knows what the American people will permit or won't permit, and they are seldom allowed to register their permission, or lack of it, by means of the vote. Democracy has grown to be almost a synonym for a simple method of preventing political issues from becoming clear-cut. No man knows anything definite about the American public, or any other public, except that it likes its taxes reduced. What has really happened in the European debt question is this: the Administration has told the American public not only what it is to think but what it is thinking, and the American public, entirely unconsulted, is then made the stalking-horse for the wishes of the Administration.

The mills of the gods are famous for their slowness, but they are express-trains compared with the speed with which the ordinary man makes known his real desires. In every country there arises from time to time a man who is known as "a man of destiny." He is hailed as a genius. He is not, as a rule, a genius, merely that rare creature—a public man who, instead of telling the people what they want, actually finds out what it is they do want.

All of which leads us to this:

In the dim, happy, historic days when that great moral revolution, prohibition, marched out of the Middle West, the astute pragmatists who were

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back of it anticipated the cigarette in their knowledge of slogans, and one of the first slogans they used was: "The West is dry!" They are still using it; they will continue to use it. It is one of the best slogans they have.

"The West is dry," they said, "bone-dry. Do what you want about it, you will never alter that fact." And then they proceeded to amplify this slogan, but never in a way to detract from the force and simplicity of the original statement. Being the wisest if not the most honest of psychologists, they knew that a good lie, roundly enough stated, is, in practical matters, worth any amount of truth, hampered, as the truth must be, by necessary shadings and qualifications. A falsehood, to be effective, should be classic in its outlines.

The West not only was dry, but it was the real America and the most important segment of America, if not in population, then in size, potential values, and as keeper of the American tradition. The East was so overpoweringly wet merely because of the large foreign element. All this despite Scandinavian Minnesota and the Dakotas, German Wisconsin and Missouri, and Spanish New Mexico. Not to dwell for any length of time upon the Italian wine-growers of the Pacific coast, who, in the early days of prohibition, swung the State of California sixty thousand against it, only to discover later on that wine grapes in bulk were worth more than wine grapes in bottles, a discovery which, in many instances, changed their morals completely. The fact is that, of the twenty-five so-called Western States, there are only eight where the native-born white American population, having both parents American-born, is in the proportion of from 66 to 90 per cent, while in five of these States the native-born white American population, having both parents American-born, represents less than 50 per cent of the total—a condition shared only in the rest of the thoroughly wet Eastern States, New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and New Jersey.

But these figures did not bother the statisticians of the prohibition movement, nor have they bothered them to date. The point was to make those opposed to prohibition feel that they were helpless midgets waving their arms in the face of an immense tidal wave pouring out of the heart of America; that they were Mrs. Partingtons endeavoring to sweep back the ocean with a broom. Obviously their opposition was hopeless, unpatriotic, and reactionary—the last, since the West has always been the land of progress; although, in truth, for the past thirty years, it has been by far the most conservative portion of the country.

Hopeless, unpatriotic, reactionary. Those are hard words to get around. If you were against the great uprising, engineered almost entirely by people not in war work, you were against the majority of your own countrymen by blood and were allying yourself with such un-American elements as the Italians, the Greeks, the Levantines, and the Germans, thousands of whom at the moment were fighting magnificently in the American army.

We have recovered from the spell of the last two allegations. As time has gone on, brave souls in greater and greater numbers have stuck their heads above the deluge and, wiping the water from their eyes, have announced that to be against prohibition is not unpatriotic in the least—indeed, that before long it

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may become the duty of all patriotic Americans to abolish it—that is, if they are intelligent. And some of these brave souls, gifted with acumen and also a political and historical education, have gone even farther and stated that for the life of them they cannot see why, *ipso facto,* prohibition has anything to do with either progress or retrogression. Simply that a thing is new proves nothing. There was a time when the Spanish inquisition was new; a cyclone is new the moment after it happens, so is a blow on the head, so is the kick of a mule. The subsidiary clauses of the slogan are losing their force, but the main part of it, the backbone of it, the statement that the West is dry, has held through thick and thin, rain or shine, despite figures, elections, and personal observations. If you don't believe this, ask any casual acquaintance.

There is no use fighting this amendment, you will be told—there is the solid West, the solid South. The best you can do is to try to find some way to get around it—to pile, in other words, a lie upon a lie. There is no use trying to nominate or elect a presidential candidate on this score, for, in the first place, he can't be nominated; in the second place, if nominated he can't be elected, and in the third place—and most disingenuous, or mistaken, statement of all—if elected he can't do anything. Perhaps not, but let some candidate be elected on an antiprohibition platform and see how long it takes the majority of politicians to change their minds. There is such a thing as a moral vote, and in a democracy it is the most powerful vote there is and, as a general rule, the only time the ordinary citizen registers an opinion. There is another factor to be considered. There are very few realists in America and most of them are in the Anti-Saloon League. For the most part Americans are rather childishly idealistic. That is the reason they take so many statements at their face value. It is a fairly safe bet, when you see a statement that to elect a President on this issue means nothing, to assume that the statement actually means that those making it know that to elect a President on this issue would be a death-blow to their cause; it is a fairly safe bet when you see statements to the effect that this issue is closed and that it is not a political issue anyway, and therefore can have no place in a party plank, to assume that those making such statements know the issue is the liveliest one there is and that only through political action can anything be done about it.

The American people are given to landslides. The Eighteenth Amendment was passed in no time at all; it will be rescinded in the same way. We woke up one morning to find ourselves dry, we will wake up another morning to find ourselves—not wet, I hope, but temperate; not saloon-keepers, but honest citizens.

But to return to the immediate practical consideration. Can a candidate be elected if clearly he is against prohibition? It is the only way he can be elected unless he happens to be a Republican. No Democrat can ever win a national election save by the aid of dissatisfied Republican votes. But what about the solid South, "the dry West"? Exactly. What of them? And it is a brave man who will make any definite statement on the subject without saying, altogether clearly, that what he says is merely his personal opinion and personal observation. Mr. Edwin T. Meredith, of Iowa, President Wilson's secretary of agriculture, is courageous. The

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Philadelphia *Record* quotes him as saying: "To win in 1928 the Democratic party needs the West. No wet can win the West. The West is not the seat of any fanatical dry sentiment based on moral grounds. Prohibition has been found good not only for the fireside but for the factory and for the farm. The proof of the prohibition pudding, as the West has experienced it, is the economic eating. Any Democrat who does not stand four-square for prohibition—not only for law-enforcement—must abandon hope of capturing those States in the Mississippi valley and beyond, without which our cause next year will be hopeless."

A large statement. I am neither an ex-secretary of agriculture nor even a Democrat, merely a Republican—one of thousands who will vote the Democratic ticket at the next national election if the Democratic candidate does not tread too softly. But, despite my limitations, I should like to refer Mr. Meredith to the well-known records of the Middle Western States of Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, and, very recently, Colorado. If they are confirmedly dry, then President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University is an officer of the Anti-Cigarette League.

It seems to me the confusion arises from the use of terms too embracing. There is a solid South made so by a great tragedy shared in common, and Will Rogers has said the last word on prohibition in that section when he said that "the South will vote dry if it's sober enough to get to the polls," but, as between voting for prohibition and voting for the Democratic ticket, the South will vote the Democratic ticket willy-nilly, and will for the next twenty years. There are just two things that are breaking the solid South, the automobile and disgust with fundamentalism. But the process has just started. There is, however, no such thing as "the West." There never has been and there never will be. The term "the West" is a bogy used to frighten Easterners. For twenty years I have been a citizen of a Far Western State, and if Mr. Meredith can point out one thing that my State and his, Iowa, have in common, save that both are west of the Mississippi River, I should like to hear it. My State hasn't any factories, comparatively few farms, and its firesides are frequented by independent folk who think sardonically and hard. I am not saying that the two States may not vote alike; I am merely saying that in the past they have frequently not voted alike and that there is nothing in their previous history or present condition to make them do so.

There is no "West." There is the Middle West, and after that the Far West, and after that the Pacific West. But when you have written that, you have just begun your category and have merely stated the West in its broadest terms.

The Far West is divided into the Northwest and the Southwest and the tier of States that looks toward the Pacific; the Pacific West is divided both horizontally and perpendicularly. So much so that every now and then the talk of dividing California, Oregon, and Washington into six States comes to the fore. The coast mountains divide Oregon and Washington into two totally different spheres of interests, climate, and civilization. California is divided by a line that runs east and west somewhere south of San Francisco. On the prohibition question, for instance, northern California is fiercely wet, southern California fiercely dry; western Oregon and Washington, if not as yet publicly wet, are potentially very much so. In the

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Rocky Mountain States—although I hasten to add that what I am saying is merely personal observation, a necessary qualification, as I have stated—one could make, it seems to me, this division.

Montana, Nevada, Wyoming, and New Mexico are wet; Colorado is beginning to hesitate; while Idaho, Utah, and Arizona are dry—the first two assuredly so, the last probably. There is not space in which to bring proof of my belief, but I think that most open-minded men, if they will study the histories of these States and travel through them, will agree with me. Montana and Nevada have already registered their opinions by an actual vote, and this despite Senator Walsh from the former State. But Senator Walsh is a man of great personal popularity and a convinced and honest prohibitionist, and in this case I am sure he is confusing personal popularity with the will of his constituents. He belongs to that little group of admirable men who vote dry and live dry.

As to the Middle West, I know little about it except that it is utterly different from the Far West and even the Pacific West, but what little I do know, and a tendency toward realism, would make me question how much such States as Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, and Wisconsin, with their vast urban populations, have to do with such States as Iowa, Nebraska, and Kansas. By nature all but Missouri are Republican, but even Republicans can be goaded beyond endurance.

So much then for political prognostications, worth about as much as most political prognostications, and in making them I have omitted one very important factor where the Far West and the Pacific West are concerned, a factor I haven't time to go into now. I will merely say that the Far West and the Pacific West still like a brave man and a forthright talker. Most of Mr. McAdoo's popularity in southern California comes from the fact that, right or wrong, he at least gives the appearance of saying what he thinks. Some call this spellbinding, but as a matter of fact the great spellbinders are invariably men of personality and usually men of open convictions. The Far West, the Pacific West like open convictions. The one thing in the world they detest is a pussyfooter. As in the case of Will Rogers, to quote him again, large sections of that country have about lost their interest in politics since Roosevelt died. At the present moment any honest and forthright man, given the gift of oratory, will be sure to win several Western States. But he will have to be forthright.

In one case I am thinking about, he would do well to suppress too many pre-nomination explanations on the part of Judge Olvany and Franklin Roosevelt, necessary as they may be—that is, necessary as pre-nomination, not post-nomination explanations—and simply say: "Friends, if elected President I am bound to uphold the laws and there is little I can do directly, but my personal opinions are this and that, firm and unalterable, and if you elect me it will not be what I can do but your vote which will change things."

But I have fallen into theorizing when what I really started out to do was to describe what, last summer, I actually saw. To those who still think the Far West dry, personally as well as politically, the description may prove of value. I had been away from the Far West, as I say, for three years. My eye was fresh, if not unprejudiced.

Now, to understand fully what has

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happened to the Far West, you must remember that until recently it was a man's country, at least the rural parts of it were. Its vices and its virtues were masculine. When the rancher and cowpuncher and sheep-herder, and so on, got drunk, as a rule they got drunk in male company. In the old days, when the country was completely womanless, except for imported talent, there were, to be sure, certain junction-points, shipping towns, railway towns, mining towns, where hard-boiled ladies, sometimes known as "dancing girls," congregated, but as the country grew gentler this blatant form of vice disappeared and the Far Westerner, when he turned loose at all, turned loose in a comparatively harmless fashion—that is, in his own locality anyway. He rode into town, poured a number of drinks into himself, played poker until he couldn't see the cards any more, and, if he was feeling exceptionally vigorous, shot his gun off a couple of times. Sometimes he got arrested, sometimes he didn't. But it was all very friendly. The tradition was to wait until the end of the month and pay-day, and then to go to the nearest centre of population, usually a place of about two hundred inhabitants, and stay there until the month's wages were spent. This customarily required a week-end of effort. After that you went back to the ranch and didn't drink again for twenty-eight days. The average ranch had one quart of whiskey on it and that was used for medicine.

I am not saying that this was a gracious or civilized way of drinking, and it was so uncivilized that when prohibition first came to the fore many Far Western States were in favor of it. There is no doubt that whiskey, consumed in this fashion, is provocative of untold trouble and unnecessary tragedy. There are lots of dead men who would still be alive if they hadn't gone into a barroom. And all sensible Far Westerners, remembering what they have seen, hate a drunken man like a snake. To the mind of the average untravelled Far Westerner drink meant only one thing—getting drunk. There was no knowledge of wine as a fine, genial amelioration, of beer and whiskey, properly used, as aids to a man's digestion and disposition. But if the average Far Westerner does not yet know the real meaning of alcohol, he is beginning, at any rate, to find out that the proper way to control its use is not prohibition.

Not long ago I wrote a prohibition friend—I have a few of them left—that the Far West was "once more filled with open spaces and hell." The open spaces are due to the failure of the dry farmer, the hell is due to the failure of the dry law. As a writer this is not without its advantages—there is a recurrence, after thirty years, of color; but as a citizen I am bound to deprecate it. When next you go to a movie and see a picture of the old West with a dance-hall scene in it, don't come to the conclusion, which five or six years ago would have been correct, that you are seeing a bit of history—you are seeing the present plus a few changes in costume and custom. The Far West, thanks to the automobile and the Volstead Act, has sneaked up on the motion-pictures and drawn level. The skirts are just as short, cheeks and lips just as much rouged, but the dance-hall girls, instead of being imported, are all too often the daughters of your neighbors or dude-girls. Don't misunderstand me. This is no attack on the freedom of the present generation. I am entirely in favor of that freedom. Most of these girls are sensible girls, most of their escorts are nice fellows. It is extraordinary how sensible and nice the

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majority of people inevitably remain. But the minority, not nice and sensible, and it is a fairly large minority, are certainly not helped, nor are the sensible majority helped, by the fact that two or three times a week both minority and majority can ride twenty or forty miles to some place, totally unsupervised, in the middle of a forest or up a canyon, drink all the liquor they want, fight, make love, and roll home somewhere around dawn. Drinking, as everywhere else in these United States, has become a competitive sport, but an outlawed sport without rules, umpires, or any sort of control.

This summer we had to send back to their families three young girls—nice young girls, too—who were working for us. One was about fifteen, one about seventeen, and one about eighteen. We could no longer be responsible for them, since they had fallen into the habit of being brought back to the ranch, every now and then, laid out like corpses just about the time the horse-wranglers were bringing in the remuda. All over the Far West these dance-halls have sprung up. Most of them are run by bootleggers, or a bootlegger is present. The automobile permits them to be located in the most inaccessible places. The Far Western parent has succumbed, as parents of necessity have succumbed the world over. Children are on trust. Ten years—even five years—ago if a Far Western girl drank, and practically none of them did, public opinion punished her. Now there is no effective public opinion left, not on that subject.

I do not wish, of course, to present an exaggerated picture. It is always difficult not to do so when attempting to describe a condition. I do not want to give the impression that the sage-brush flats of the West are covered with frolicking parties or that its mountains resound to drunken cries. This is not true, and never was true. Drunkenness in any country has always been confined to a minute number, and even then largely to especial occasions. An investigator for the Anti-Saloon League could travel from one end of the Rocky Mountains to the other and never see a drunken man, much less a drunken woman, just as prohibition investigators now travel about New York and Chicago and report the same state of affairs. They start with an exaggerated memory of "the good old days." They forget that drunkenness always has been a crime, and now is doubly so. Besides, few men ever get so drunk that they cannot, in public, more or less conceal their condition. To glory in drunkenness, to advertise it, is symptomatic of either an excessively free spirit or else a complete loss of self-respect. And, after all, one does not see many burglars rolling down the street arm in arm singing burgling songs. The Eighteenth Amendment has made criminals of a lot of us. I know a fourteen-year-old boy whose grandmother is a hardened one—due to her doctor's instruction.

As I have said, this state of things is picaresque and not without its humor—a sorry sort of humor, in reality. They are now running whiskey in by packtrain over the mountain trails, not content with the mountain passes and automobiles. The illicit still is now a feature of mountain scenery, where, at least to my knowledge, until recently it was unknown. The bootlegger, a totally un-Far-Western product, save on Indian reservations, is bringing the gospel of the Indian to the whites. Last summer I witnessed an oddly sardonic spectacle. At a dance in a small town I discovered that the young men were keeping their flasks in their letter-boxes. The post-

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office was just across the street, and the box, with its brass United States seal, was an excellent and safe receptacle. It is a serious crime to break open anything bearing the seal of the United States. Mrs. "Wolfmouth" Kernan—that's not, of course, her real name—complained to me that she wasn't going to let her husband run his dance-hall any longer—"too much fightin', roarin', and drinkin'." That is the first time I ever heard the wife of a bootlegger complain because her husband's business was going well. I thought it either a muddled, or else an extraordinarily altruistic point of view. At a dance a cow-puncher from a neighboring ranch knocked down an enemy and, in a jocose mood, stuck his jack-knife through the fleshy part of the prostrate man's nose, saying that he'd "look better with a ring." At the little frontier show we give, it took the combined efforts of all my partners and foremen to prevent gun-play. One cow-puncher had just jumped on another cow-puncher's face with his steel-shod boots. Over the mountain is a little cow-town that has always been picturesque. Now it's more so than ever. Once it boasted of one saloon; to-day, unless I am grossly misinformed, it has at least three. Saturday nights there are full of incident. To begin with, there are the cattle and sheep elements, and to end with, there are a lot of young Easterners, remittance men, sent out for the purpose of keeping them away from drink. Oh, and I forgot—there is also a logging-camp up in the hills.

How does the Far West get its supply? Don't be silly. How does any part of the country get its supply? And in the Far West there are hundreds of miles of open Canadian border, and, besides, the Far West grows wheat.

When prohibition first went into effect I knew a governor of a Far Western State—not my State—who was actively in favor of it, although he never travelled without a dress-suit case filled with bottles. "I'm in favor of it," he said, "because I'm a cow-man, and I'm tired of having my hands go to town once a month, spend all they've got, and stay drunk for three days."

I saw the governor a couple of years later.

"Well," I said, "how's prohibition working?"

"Not so well."

"No?"

"Well, I'll tell you my experience. It's brought liquor home to the ranch. It used to be that the cow-puncher drank only in town; now he drinks everywhere. Bunk-houses are filled with liquor, and you can't do anything about it."

And that was long ago, when prohibition was still a shining experiment. The Far West may vote solidly for prohibition, although I doubt it, but it will not be because it no longer knows what whiskey tastes like, as some blithe idealists once predicted.

I cannot forbear concluding with the following story—a true one. Speaking of governors made me think of it. You remember the ancient tale of the governors of North and South Carolina? The modern version is different and not so amiable. Last summer a friend of mine, an extremely prominent citizen of North Carolina, usually a most temperate man, was bitten in the finger. He almost lost his finger. He was talking to a South Carolinian—I don't know what else they were doing—and in a rash moment, being a North Carolinian, he said that North Carolina was making better liquor than South Carolina.

Then the trouble started.

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# Reed of Missouri

BY CHARLES G. ROSS

Read out of his party in 1920, Jim Reed is now one of its outstanding candidates for the presidency. The man is revealed in an effective political portrait by the head of the Washington Bureau of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*.

On the bloody but unbowed head of Senator James A. Reed, of Missouri, the Democratic State convention of 1920 heaped the political ignominy—as it thought—of denying him a seat among the "big four" delegates to the national convention at San Francisco. By this act the State party organization officially declared the senator a pariah, with whom no good Democrat might hold political commerce without contamination. The verdict was confirmed and emphasized by the refusal of the national convention to honor his credentials as a run-of-mine delegate from his home district of Kansas City. Jim Reed, so it seemed, and so it was proclaimed to the world by the "Rid-Us-of-Reed" clubs which had sprung up in the State, was a man without a party. So it seemed.

"At times in my life," Reed has said, "I have been licked, but I have never taken it lying down."

Certainly there was no lying down after his excommunication of 1920. He declined to change his political ways in the slightest. He remained an implacable foe of American participation in the League of Nations, a scorner of the uplift in all its forms, a scorpion-tongued critic of all measures that sought, in his opinion, to invade the Anglo-Saxon "right of castle." He remained, that is to say, Jim Reed.

If Reed's fighting blood had not been aroused to fever heat by the enemies within his party, headed by President Wilson, it is more than likely that he would not have been a candidate for re-election to the Senate in 1922. He had told friends that he was tired of the struggle in the Senate, tired of being misunderstood, and wanted with his whole soul to get back to the practice of law in Kansas City. Reed being what he is, it was inevitable, as matters stood, that he should run. To those who didn't know his campaigning ability his case looked hopeless. His opponent for the nomination was Breckinridge Long, a wealthy man who had been third assistant secretary of state under President Wilson, and back of Long was the full force of the Wilson influence in Missouri. Long had the State organization, Reed was still an outcast. In the course of a hard-hitting career of eleven years in the Senate, notably by his attacks on the Wilson foreign policies and on women's suffrage, he had raised up a crop of violent enemies. It seemed, indeed, that only by a miracle could he win.

Reed went out to Missouri, took off his coat (literally, on occasion, as well as figuratively), and made a stump-speaking campaign that for vigor and effectiveness has never been equalled in the State. He took back nothing that he



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had ever said, and into a good deal of what he had said he injected a new sting. He described his opponent, who had been the official greeter and entertainer of the foreign delegations that visited the United States during the war, as "the Administration valet." Wilson broke the silence of his retirement to brand the Missouri senator a "marplot" and demand his political extinction. Reed replied that whenever the former President had stood on the Constitution of the United States and the principles of the Democratic party he had stood with him—and not otherwise. The League, he asserted, was never an issue in partisan politics. To the charge that he had obstructed the passage of the Federal Reserve Act, the great accomplishment of the first Wilson administration, by demanding hearings and amendments, Reed replied by producing a letter in which the President had thanked him "warmly and sincerely" for his aid in perfecting the measure.

He defended himself, as always, by attacking. Did Missouri want a "rubber stamp" in the United States Senate? Then it would have to look to some one other than himself—to his opponent, for instance. He had voted his convictions on the League of Nations; he would continue so to vote on this and all other issues, whatever the head of the government might decree. To do otherwise would countenance the setting up of a despotism in America. Up and down the State he preached his creed of independence:

"The man who is incapable of thinking for himself is too great a fool to send to Congress.

"The man who is too indolent to think for himself is too lazy to send to Congress.

"The man who fears to think for himself is too cowardly to send to Congress.

"The man who would take the office of congressman upon condition that he should vote according to the dictation of some other man is too contemptible to send to Congress."

He got it across. The anti-League people, of course, were with him from the start. Some who had stood for various things that Reed had opposed said to themselves that, though he might be wrong-headed now and then, his courage and independence made him a useful man in the Senate. The wets were with him. Some were brought over by the sheer power of his oratory: it was no unusual thing in that remarkable campaign for a crowd to be won from sullen hostility to delighted cries of "Hit 'em again, Jim." When the votes were counted it was seen that the miracle had happened. Single-handed, Reed had whipped the organization. It was sour consolation to his opponents to know that this result had been accomplished in part by the entrance of wet and anti-League Republicans of St. Louis, especially Republicans of German descent, into the Democratic primary. The unpalatable fact remained that Jim Reed, who had been read out of the party two years before, was back in power. He was elected in the fall over his Republican opponent by forty-three thousand majority, or eighteen thousand more than he had got six years before. The mountain had come to Mahomet.

Reed's political stature has increased to a point where any list of the half-dozen outstanding Democrats of the country would have to include his name. He was the dominant figure of the Sixty-ninth Congress. To-day he has the unanimous indorsement of the Democratic State Committee as the first choice

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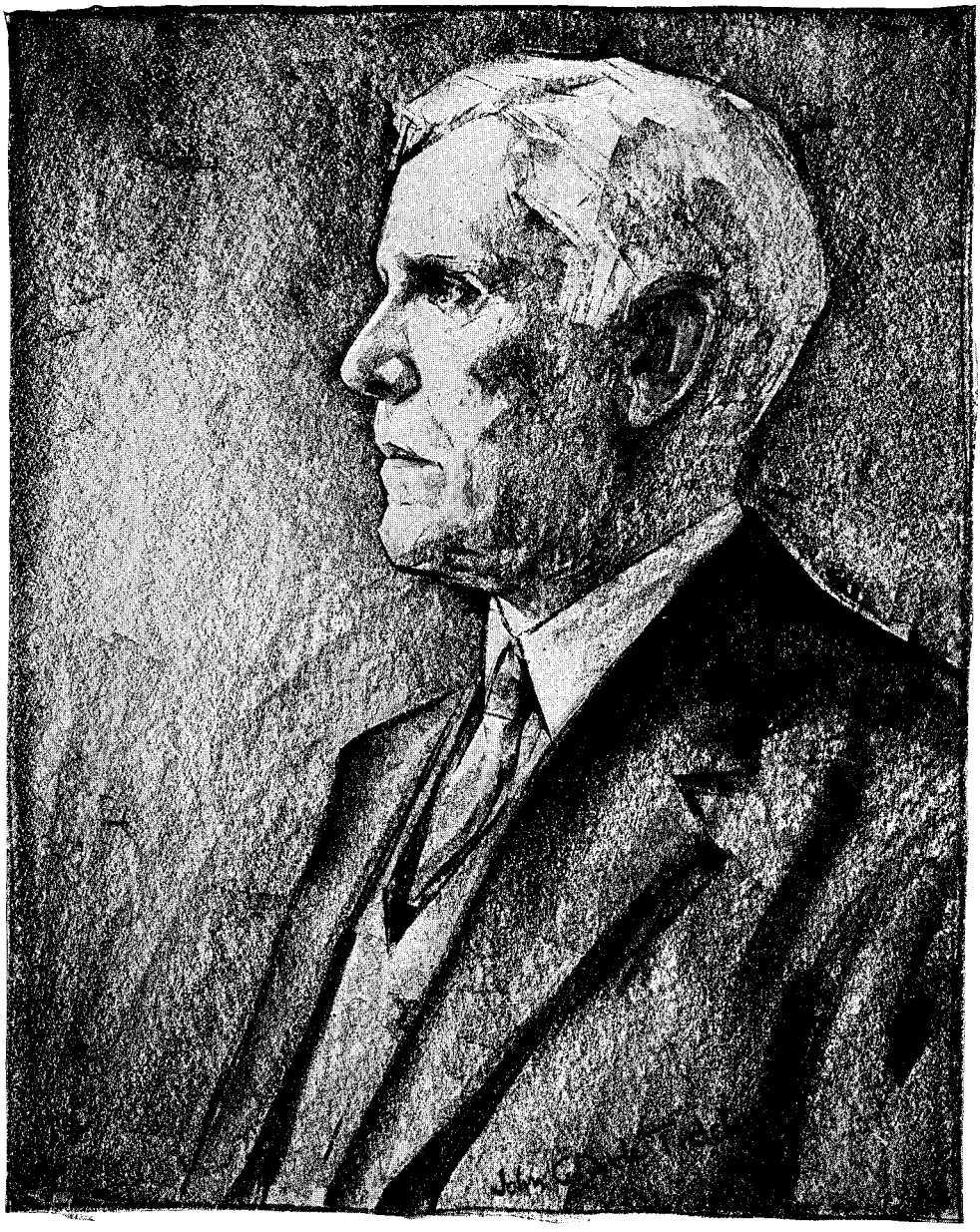

Senator James Reed.

From a drawing by John Clark Tidden.

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of the party in Missouri for the presidential nomination. Has there ever been, anywhere, such an amazing political comeback?

## II

What porridge had Jim Reed? His American ancestry goes back to Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who had settled in Pennsylvania before the Revolution. He was born November 9, 1861, near Mansfield, Ohio, the son of a farmer, John A. Reed, who made a specialty of sheep-growing. Lured by the cheaper land farther west, the Reed family, taking their sheep, moved on to Iowa and settled near Cedar Rapids when James A. Reed was three years old. Prosperity seemed just ahead when a new disease attacked the sheep and killed most of them. John Reed died shortly afterward, leaving a widow, six children, the eldest fourteen and the youngest a baby, and a mortgage on the farm. James A. Reed was then eight years old. He was driving a span of colts to a drag in the field, he recalls, when the word was brought to him that his father was dying.

Mother and children held a council. She put the problem: either she could sell the farm and use the proceeds to pay for their education, or the family could stay on the land and pay off the mortgage, in which case all would have to work. They elected to keep the farm. At fourteen Jim Reed was doing a man's stint in the harvest-field—one can read part of the story to-day in the knots on his long, expressive hands. He worked nine months of the year and went to public school in Cedar Rapids the other three.

The family turned the corner when Reed was eighteen. The news came that farmers up in Minnesota, as the result of a crop failure, were selling their cattle "for a song." With some money that his mother borrowed at a bank, Reed went north and bought cattle. In a few weeks the family had cleared enough money from the transaction to pay their debts.

Meantime, Reed had been going to high school, and at sixteen had won a State oratorial contest. After taking a special course at Coe College he went into a law office in Cedar Rapids, where he read law for three years. He was then (1885) admitted to the bar, practised in Cedar Rapids for eighteen months, married, and headed in 1887 for the larger and more promising field of Kansas City.

Reed had started making Democratic speeches in Iowa when he was eighteen and had served a term—and elected his ticket—as chairman of the Democratic committee of his county. He continued to make speeches for the party in Kansas City and was soon a power in local politics. In 1896, when he had been in Missouri for less than ten years, he was appointed county counsellor, in which capacity he secured the adoption of the union label on the county printing and ran up a high score of successes in the cases he handled. Two years later he was elected prosecuting attorney of the county, and during his fifteen months in that office obtained convictions in all except two of the two hundred and eighty-seven cases he brought into court.

It is partly on the strength of that astonishing record that Reed has been characterized, sometimes disparagingly, as having a "prosecutor's mind." He has such a mind, undoubtedly, but the bald statistics of his convictions do not tell the whole story. Kansas City, he

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has explained, needed cleaning up after a period of rottenness—a period when gamblers did as they pleased and juries were bribed—and he set his hand to the job. He went after the known crooks. He attributes his impressive percentage of victories to his dismissal of "fake" cases and his rule not to indict unless convinced of the defendant's guilt.

Reed's work in the prosecutor's office made him such a conspicuous figure that he was petitioned before the end of his term to run as a "reform" candidate for mayor. Resigning as prosecutor, he entered the race and was nominated and elected. Immediately he plunged into another fight, this time with the traction and other public-utility companies of the city, all of which had been intrenched behind a thirty-year extension of their franchises by a subservient city council just before he took office. With the aid of the new council, in which he had a working majority in the lower house, he set out to wring concessions from the companies and to break the "combines"—a paving combine and others—with which the city was infested. His term expiring at the height of the contest, he ran again and was elected for another two years (1902-4). It is one of the senator's most satisfying recollections that he smashed the "combines" and through a "peace agreement" with the utility companies compelled them to end certain monopolistic abuses. Street-car service was improved and extended, the company was required to pay a percentage of its gross receipts into the city treasury, and the price of electricity and telephone service was brought down.

In 1904 Reed made the political mistake of starting to oppose Joseph W. Folk, the famous "boodle prosecutor" of St. Louis, for the Democratic nomination for governor. Folk, who was then at the top of his popularity, had too great a start for him, and Reed allowed himself to fade out of the picture before the nominating convention assembled. He came back in 1910, after six years devoted to his law practice in Kansas City, as a candidate for the Senate. He was nominated at a State-wide primary over David R. Francis, of St. Louis, and was elected.

All the defeats that Reed has suffered in his political career have been at the hands of conventions. He has never been beaten by popular vote.

## III

Reed can't be put into a word: he is not that simple. It is said that he is a fighter, and his whole career, from his boyhood days on his mother's farm down to the present moment, shows that he is. It is said that he is a destructive force in public life, and that also is eminently true. But it describes Reed inadequately to rest on either of those characterizations.

Reed is not given to talking about himself, but he will tell you, if you suggest to him that his life has been one hard contest after another, that the rôle of fighter has been thrust upon him. He resents any implication that his battling has been inspired by a truculent nature, or, indeed, by anything other than conviction. "Don't," he once said to the writer, in all seriousness, "don't call me a fighter." A day or so later he was lashing out furiously in a Senate debate. Between the word and the deed there was, in his philosophy, no inconsistency.

The favorite charge of Reed's enemies is that he is "against everything."

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He took sarcastic notice of this in a Missouri campaign speech: "I have been called a destructive man. It has been charged that all my energy and my 'brilliant ability' have been devoted to obstructing the legislation and tearing down the programmes conceived by others. I have done a lot of that, thank God! My only regret is that I was not given the power to do more of it. Let Congress desist from its assaults upon the Constitution—let these 'constructive' legislators cease, for thirty days, their constant, insidious efforts to undermine the bulwark of our liberties—and maybe I can find time to consider some legislation with some common sense and justice in it."

Prior to the great League of Nations fight, Reed had made a reputation in the Senate and the country as a vigorous, often venomous, oppositionist, but his attacks in the main had not been such as to bring him into serious collision with the majority of his party. He had, it is true, disagreed with President Wilson on a question of Missouri patronage, but that conflict, though a step in the progress of the two toward a final break, was far from sufficient to set Reed out as a rebel. He had antagonized the thick-and-thin supporters of the Administration by his successful demand for hearings on the Federal Reserve bill, in the face of the President's call for immediate passage, but, as we have seen, he had later received a letter from the President commending "the sincere honesty and independence of judgment" he had exercised in that matter and thanking him for his services. He had opposed the President's ardently expressed desire to have Thomas D. Jones, of Chicago, a director of the International Harvester Company, made a member of the newly created Federal Reserve Board, and had caused the nomination to be withdrawn, but he had later told the President that he would support Jones for any position not dealing with the national finances. He had refused to be guided by the President in the affair of the Panama Canal tolls—a burning issue of 1914—but in that instance he had been able to point for justification to a specific plank in the Democratic national platform. He had bitterly fought war-time food-control and begun his hot attacks upon Herbert Hoover—attacks not abated to this day—but he had supported the declaration of war and the votes of money for its prosecution.

"You can count my serious disagreements with President Wilson on the fingers of one hand," Reed has told the writer. "I am willing to defend my position on each of them before any audience—and you may pick the audience."

In his campaign of 1922 Reed referred to the charge that he had been a chronic opponent of all that Wilson advocated.

"The charge," he said, "is not only untrue, but, as the *Congressional Record* will show, is ridiculous. Its absurdity is illustrated by the fact that during his incumbency the President sent to the Senate more than forty thousand appointments for confirmation and that I voted for all except six or seven. The *Record* proves that, upon questions covered by the Democratic platform upon which we were both elected, there were no differences between the President and myself. Upon questions not covered by the platform I supported the President when I thought him right. Frequently I appeared as his champion when the questions were important and even crucial to his administration."

With the exceptions noted and a few

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others of minor importance, the Missouri senator had, indeed, up to the time of his rebellion on the League of Nations issue, been a "regular" Democrat. He had, for example, worked for tariff reduction, the direct election of United States senators, the bill creating the Children's Bureau in the Department of Labor, and the ousting of William Lorimer, of Illinois. After the inauguration of Wilson he had taken the leading part in the fruitful "lobby" investigation inspired by the President, had defended Wilson's Mexican policy, had voted for the Federal Farm Loan Act, had worked actively for the passage of the Administration's ship-purchase bill (eulogizing the President in this connection as possessed of "the coolness and deliberation of a Jefferson and the high courage of a Jackson"), had helped to frame the National Defense Act, and in 1916 had stood by the President in the famous fight over the resolution which would have warned American citizens against travelling on armed merchant ships. He had voted for the confirmation of Louis D. Brandeis as a justice of the Supreme Court, had helped to pass the Adamson eight-hour railroad bill urged by the President, and in 1917 had declined to join the "wilful twelve" who stood out against the President's request for authority to arm merchant ships. He had resisted the "war-cabinet" bill, which would have deprived the President of much of his power to conduct the war. He had supported the President's veto of an immigration bill establishing a literacy test and his veto of the Volstead Act.

The list might be extended, for many issues have been before the country in Reed's time and he has expressed himself on them all—a course of action, incidentally, which the people have a right to expect from a public servant, but which, under our present system of choosing candidates, is not calculated to improve any one's chances for the presidency. Enough of the record has been set down to show that Reed has another side than that stressed by his enemies: he did not oppose everything that President Wilson wanted—far from it—and he is something more than an obstructionist.

The League fight came, and Reed joined the "battalion of death" against the President and the majority of the Democrats in the Senate. Thereupon his critics in the party turned the spotlight on his previous disagreements with the President and gave them an importance not warranted by the record. The impression became fixed in many Democratic minds, as Reed waxed more and more virulent in his assaults on the League, that he was a cross-grained, even dangerous, person who was unable to work in harness with the rest of the party. Newspaper articles deepened the impression by portraying him vividly as a "killer." It was widely said, and believed, that he was opposing the League because of a row with the President over the postmastership at Kansas City. He was anathematized in all orthodox Democratic gatherings as a wrecker of the party. The Democrats in the lower house of the Missouri Legislature adopted resolutions calling upon him to resign, and the State and national conventions of his party, as related, cast him into outer darkness.

## IV

Reed's comeback in Missouri, begun in 1922, was interrupted two years later by the success of his enemies, through their control of ward and town-

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ship conventions, in keeping him from being indorsed for the presidency. By 1927 he had reached the goal.

The return of Reed to wide-spread favor has been due in part to the gradual submergence of the League of Nations issue and in part to the commanding rôle he has played in the Senate since 1925. It is not too much to say, as the New York *World* has said in an editorial not altogether complimentary to Reed, that "for the last three years he has constituted almost single-handed the effective Democratic opposition in Washington." There are drys who find it possible to forgive his wetness because of his vigilance against corruption in government; there are advocates of international co-operation who are willing to forget his opposition to the League of Nations, the Harding treaties, and the World Court because of his never-ending warfare against the centralization of power at Washington; there are friends of the Mellon debt settlements who think his opposition to these measures counts less against him than his eloquent appeals for religious tolerance count for him; there are liberals who disagree utterly with his economic views, as La Follette did, but who admire his unwavering stand for personal liberty and the rights of minorities. There are some who, when they hear him talk, are ready to forgive him anything.

Reed came to the peak of his powers as an orator and parliamentarian in the Sixty-ninth Congress. He lost his fight against the World Court, a fight in which he took the control away from the nominal leader, Senator Borah, but he gave the Administration such a scare that when the Senate's reservations met with objections abroad Mr. Coolidge allowed the whole enterprise to lapse. In a speech which long-time reporters in the press gallery declared was one of the most eloquent of his career, he lashed with impartial scorn the regular Republicans and the Democrats who had joined with them to pass the Mellon tax bill of 1926. He taunted his Democratic colleagues savagely: "We talk about Thomas Jefferson, and we repudiate him in every breath. What is our policy to-day? Our policy chiefly is to find out where Andrew W. Mellon is going and then fall in ignominiously at the tail end of the procession. . . . I appeal to Democrats here to awaken to their duty to guard this country, for with a Republican majority in control the Lord God of Hosts knows that it needs constant guarding. We have nothing of that kind to-day. We have no more concert of action or continuity of purpose than a lot of chickens in a barnyard when an owl comes sailing across the sky."

A committee was picked to hold public hearings on the wet and dry bills before Congress, and Reed, the only member with the slightest degree of political wetness, ran away with the show. His cross-examination of dry witnesses kept the committee's sessions in the newspaper head-lines for three weeks. He had a lot of whiskey-making apparatus, including an ordinary steam-cooker, brought into the room, and using his cigar as a pointer demonstrated the ease with which liquor could be distilled at home. It was a superb exhibition of his showmanship. From General Lincoln C. Andrews, then in charge of the federal prohibition forces, he drew the admission that the legalized sale of light beer would assist in prohibition enforcement. Reed's endeavor throughout the hearings was to show that the Volstead Act was being widely and openly flout-

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ed and had bred an intolerable condition of official lawlessness and corruption. To the satisfaction of the wets, at least, he proved his point.

What did the most to advertise Reed's growing power to the country was the adoption of his resolution to investigate the senatorial primary and election campaign expenditures of 1926, and the resultant disclosures by a committee under his chairmanship. Without warning, Reed called up his resolution the day after the "golden" Republican primary in Pennsylvania and demanded its immediate passage. The Republican regulars were dazed. To vote for the resolution was to court an exposure of unsavory campaign methods; to vote against it was to risk the charge of concealment. It was a hard alternative, and Reed, in a speech dripping with sarcasm, made the most of it. The resolution went through with only thirteen Republican regulars voting in the negative.

The investigation that followed brought to light, among other disquieting facts, the expenditure of $3,000,000 in the three-cornered Pennsylvania primary contest which preceded the nomination of William S. Vare, and the lavish use of money by Samuel Insull, the Illinois public-utility magnate, on behalf of Frank L. Smith of that State, while Smith was still chairman of the State commission charged with the regulation of public utilities. In the course of this inquiry Reed made an opportunity to place on the witness-stand the late Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League, whom he had often denounced in the Senate as a lobbyist. The clash between these two able fighters was a rare intellectual treat. Reed developed from his antagonist that $35,000,000 had been spent by dry organizations in the campaign for the Eighteenth Amendment and that members of Congress had been paid "honorariums" by the Anti-Saloon League to make dry speeches.

As a result of the Pennsylvania and Illinois campaign-fund disclosures, Reed received a tremendous volume of publicity and a demand arose for the exclusion of both Vare and Smith from the Senate. Reed's effort to have the life of his investigating committee extended through the summer recess of 1927 was defeated in the closing hours of the Congress by a filibuster led by David A. Reed of Pennsylvania, but not before the Missouri senator, in a voice that rolled and crashed through the chamber, had reviewed the record and excoriated the "stupid, loathsome tactics" of his opponents in "clamping down the lid on corruption." It was a masterly speech. A hard-boiled reporter in the press gallery was so fascinated by it that he forgot to take notes for the "running" story he was supposed to send to his paper. Reed made the speech at the end of a constant day-and-night vigil of twenty-nine hours.

## V

Even the most caustic of Reed's detractors will concede his wizardry in the use of words. A consummate actor, he can put on a menacing front and rake the Senate with a broadside of satire and invective; he can smile and smile, and with silken words lead a victim on the witness-stand to his destruction; he can charm and soothe a Missouri audience with a tribute to motherhood or make it cry out, with him, for the blood of Herbert Hoover and Andrew Mellon. He can move easily and swiftly from a savage manner to one of

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the utmost suavity, from an ornate style to the simplest. He seasons his speech, when attacking, with epithets and pungent figures. An opponent in Missouri was "a steam-whistle on a fertilizer-factory"; former Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty was "the vilest insect that ever crawled across the page of time"; those who conducted the filibuster at the end of the last Congress were "senators sitting like coyotes on a hill"; President Coolidge, in the face of the oil scandals, "remained as mum and inactive as a Boston oyster stranded on the beach in August."

His success in the Senate is due in part to the fear he inspires. He thinks fast on his feet. In the rough-and-tumble of debate he expects no quarter and gives none; at times he has not scrupled to overwhelm a better-informed opponent with a torrent of words or by calling down a laugh upon him from the gallery. He has made enemies needlessly by his frequent injection of personalities into the discussion of issues. Others opposed the suffrage amendment, for example, as vigorously as he, but the wrath of the suffragists became focussed upon him because of his gibes at the "petticoated lobbyists" of the cause.

The effect of Reed's speeches in the Senate is heightened by his physical appearance. Erect and spare, with ruddy countenance, white hair, and steady blue eyes, he makes an impressive—some would add the handsomest—figure on the floor. He radiates physical and mental competence. His features are mobile and wonderfully expressive. When he smiles they have a quality—one hesitates to say it—almost of sweetness; when the fighting mood is on him they fall into grim, hard lines, with the thin lips pressed close together and pulled down at the corners. No other man in the Senate can assume such a threatening aspect. It was thus he looked when he advanced with hunched shoulders upon a senator who had criticised his conduct of the campaign-fund investigation. His words matched his manner: "Intimation is the last miserable refuge of a coward. A manly man makes his charge and stands by it; he does not indulge in mincing innuendo, which he half utters and then swallows. I propose now to take every statement which has been made by the senator and to show that it is absolutely and unqualifiedly false, and to show that most of his statements were known by him to be false when he made them."

Reed met with scourging eloquence a proposal that the Senate rules be amended to permit a majority to curtail debate. A brief excerpt will give a taste—but only a taste—of its moving quality:

"Majority rule without limitation, without any brakes upon the particular set of fools who happen to be just then running the machinery of a government! The majority gibed and jeered when Columbus said the world was round. The majority threw him into a dungeon for having discovered a new world. The majority said that Galileo must recant or that Galileo must go to prison. The majority cut off the ears of John Pym because he dared advocate the liberty of the press. The majority south of Mason and Dixon line established the horrible thing called slavery, and the majority in the North did the same thing as long as it was profitable. Majority rule!"

Another of Reed's memorable efforts of the same session was his answer to the anti-Catholic speeches of Senator Heflin. Concluding, he said: "If my country means anything to me, sir, it

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means that its Constitution is broad enough to protect every man in the right to his faith, every man in the right to his opinion, every man in his liberty of speech, in his right of peaceable assemblage, and in his privilege to print his honest thoughts. If this country is to live, then these fountain springs bearing the pure waters of liberty must not be polluted with the poison of hate, covered with the slime of proscription, or polluted by the spirit of intolerance. Give me the radius of any man's intelligence, and I will describe the circle of his tolerance."

Reed's skill as a cross-examiner has made him one of the foremost inquisitors of the Senate. In the lobby investigation in the first Wilson administration he uncovered the Havemeyer interest in the beet-sugar industry; the evidence then adduced was responsible twelve years later for the Senate's rejection of President Coolidge's nomination of Charles B. Warren for the attorney-generalship. The Kenyon campaign-fund inquiry of 1920, in which Reed played a prominent part, destroyed the chances of Frank O. Lowden and Major-General Leonard Wood for the Republican presidential nomination of that year. Four years later he spiked the Democratic boom of William G. McAdoo by supplying the "tip" which led the Walsh oil-investigating committee to the discovery that McAdoo, after his retirement from the cabinet, had received $250,000 in fees from Edward L. Doheny. No other man has such a record as a killer of presidential hopes.

What of Reed's own prospects? Reed is able and fearless. He is the strong man of the Senate. Recent political history suggests that this fact will not take him far on the road to the presidency. The last time a nomination was made from the ranks of the Senate the choice fell on a colorless man, a man who, because he was colorless, had stirred up no antagonisms. He was the very antithesis of Reed. Is Reed, then, likely to be picked? One can only guess. He himself has said, in a discussion of governmental affairs generally, that "the times are ripe, and rotten ripe, for change." One thing is certain: if the Democrats nominate him, the other side will know on election day that it has been in a fight.

Next month we shall present another portrait for our political gallery. Speaker Longworth, ex-Governor Lowden, Charles Evans Hughes will appear in early numbers.

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# The Midnight Parade

By ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

"As far as I am concerned, that was the most thrilling moment of the war," wrote Captain Springs, who has become famous as the chronicler of the fighting aviator. He is editor of "War Birds" and author of "Nocturne Militaire."

WHAT was the funniest thing that happened during the War? That's easy to answer. It was the midnight parade at Oxford. Did you ever hear about it? No?

Well, back in September of '17 I was a sergeant in command of a hundred and fifty American cadets quartered at Christ Church, at Oxford. There were sixty other Americans at Queen's College who had come over three weeks before we did. Bim Oliver was their top sergeant. Lieutenant Dwyer had been at Oxford but had been transferred to London, leaving Bim and myself with everything but proper authority.

We didn't have any American officers, but a British colonel was trying to stepmother us.

The first outfit finished their course in military aeronautics with such high marks in the examinations and so delighted the commandant of Queen's College that he gave them all passes to go out to dinner Saturday night. The system at Oxford was that no cadet could leave the college after dinner unless he had a pass signed by the officer in charge of the college. He could have a pass only once a week. The gates were locked at nine every night except on the college's weekly night out. The colonel and his staff had a bad habit of patrolling the town with flash-lights and demanding passes from all the cadets they met. The failure of a cadet to have a pass meant back to the trenches as a Tommy, so they usually had them or stayed in.

It so happened that this Saturday was also Jake Stanley's twenty-first birthday and, as he came into a couple of hundred dollars, he wanted to give a dinner-party to celebrate it. He was anxious to have it that night because he had some friends in the first outfit that he wanted to have at the party. I told him I thought I could arrange it and accepted his invitation with pleasure.

The afternoon passed off innocently enough, but any one with half an eye could see by the crowd around the bars that the storm-flags were out. I filled out passes for six of us and we gathered at Boul's, where Jake had a private room on the third floor. Jake had invited about ten from the first outfit and one officer from the colonel's staff. The officer wasn't supposed to associate socially with cadets under any circumstances, so came in mufti and asked us to be sure and keep the fact to ourselves. Alan Winslow came along with his brother Paul, who was in the first outfit. Alan was in the French Flying Corps and had just run over to see Paul for a few days, all tricked out in red pants and a sky-blue coat. The rest of the first outfit was down on the second floor led by Bim, in person.

Altogether it was a fine party. Cocktails and champagne flowed freely and



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then we were each served with a two-quart pitcher of ale. There was a cake with candles and Jake arose and announced that he was about to "tut the twake." I must have eaten some of it, for the next morning my ears were full of icing. Callahan was playing the piano and some one was pouring beer on the works to lubricate it, when I slipped away and went back to Christ Church to arrange to get them in and get those passes back. I sent the corporal on guard at the gate to bed and took his place myself. It was some time before the others came in, flitting by me like ghosts, leaving not only their passes but everything else that was in their pockets, and I destroyed the only evidence that they had been out. One man came in without the slightest motion. I thought at first that he was coasting on skates. He came up to the window and a hand reached in his pocket and took out his pass. Then he receded slowly, still without any motion. I thought I had the heebie-geebies and nearly fell out of the window. Then I saw him turn and there was another man behind him holding him up doing the locomotion. That was one way to get in without a pass.

I got the full details of the party next morning. As the evening had grown cooler the bunch on the second floor had come up and joined Jake's party and vice versa. A good time was had by all. At eleven they started back for the college and the night was as black as the inside of a derby. They came down the stairs singing, and it so happened that the colonel and Major Adlai were walking up the street about a block away. They saw the figures pouring out of the lighted hallway into the dark street and caught the refrain of "Ballicky Bill, the Sailor."

"My God, Adlai," the colonel exclaimed as his worst fears were realized, "the Americans have broken loose!" He grabbed Adlai and they made a dash for Boul's to curb the riot.

There was one man in the outfit who was a bare five feet in height. That night he was more or less having trouble with his legs, which didn't seem to reach the ground at the same time, and it was found that he required assistance. Two men supplied the assistance and it happened that they were both about six feet four. One got on either side and put an arm under his. They started out well, all of them walking in step, but as they came down the long hallway the two taller ones unconsciously began lifting higher and higher. By the time they reached the door, the man in the centre was at least a foot off the floor and yet was taking each step with a concentrated seriousness of purpose. This was the sight that greeted the colonel's outraged eyes.

"Stop!" bellowed the colonel. "Who are you? Where are your passes?"

They came to a halt in the dark street and half a dozen more came out and were stopped by the colonel. It was pitch-dark in the street, as it was against the law to show a light anywhere at night on account of the air-raids, and with the door closed it was impossible to distinguish anything.

"Stop, all of you!" yelled the colonel; "Adlai, give me the flash-light."

As Adlai handed him the flash-light, some one pushed forward and knocked it out of his hand and took to his heels. The colonel saw red and yelled like a stuck pig. He spluttered and foamed at the mouth. The rest of them stood their ground, but the colonel was too mad to question them further and Adlai led him away to compose a telegram to the American ambassador.

Instead of cooling down, the colo-

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nel grew madder and madder, and he was seized with the determination to find the guilty man and see that he was properly punished—I think he had decided on beheading as the correct thing. So he gathered his staff together and half an hour later he burst into Queen's College with a battery of flash-lights and demanded a formation of all the first detachment at once.

Most of the men had been poured into bed and were in no condition to parade. Some were only just straggling in. The colonel was clamorous. Each and every one of the detachment must stand before him! Every man must be present.

They tell me that it was the greatest sight that Oxford ever saw, certainly the queerest. A dark night—only a few stars were shining—an ancient and honorable courtyard, hallowed by famous footprints and scholarly traditions, and sixty American cadets in all sorts of uniforms or lack of them, trying to get into line, leaning on each other, drooping on door-steps, and bracing themselves against walls; while an irate colonel and his staff stood off fifty feet and waited for Heaven to strike them down.

A cadet sergeant finally got out in front and attempted to take charge. He was squinting one eye, as he had decided that one eye in focus was better than two out of focus, and he walked as if he were on a tight rope.

"Attenshun!" he commanded, and then got the British and American infantry regulations mixed and shouted: "Stand at ease! Right dress! Who ran where?"

Several men in the rear rank were actively ill.

"Open ranks!" he commanded undismayed. The men obeyed, some at right dress and some with their feet spread apart and their hands behind their backs in the British manner. One man in the front rank dug his chin in the ground.

"Call the roll," directed the colonel. "Every man must be here!"

The sergeant turned around as if he had seen the colonel for the first time. He rocked backward on his heels and gazed dumbly at the stars. He realized that he needed support and reached out to grab hold of a small tree, but he missed it by a yard. The colonel turned his flash-light on him and he closed his eyes and went over backward into a big lilac-bush. There he lay, unable to move and groaning heavily. Every one tittered except the colonel, who roared like a gored bull.

Another sergeant, who had been put to bed early and had gotten a little sleep, stepped forward and did his best. He got all the men faced in the right direction and had the dead ones carried off. The line swayed backward and forward like a wheat-field in the wind.

Then the colonel started down the front rank interrogating each man. He was satisfied with the answers until he came to Hampton.

"Did you run?" demanded the colonel.

"Sir," says Hampton, "just what do you mean—run?"

"Answer me 'yes' or 'no.' Did you run?" repeated the colonel.

"Must have a definition, sir," says Hampton stubbornly; "you might not mean the same thing I mean when I say 'run.' For instance, if I——"

"Place this man under arrest," shouted the colonel to Adlai; "I'll attend to him later."

Then he came to Mooney.

"Did you run?" the colonel asked him.

"I wasn't on the third floor, sir,"

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said Mooney, "I was on the second floor."

"I don't care where you were," snapped the colonel. "What I want to know is whether you are the man that ran or not."

"I wasn't on the third floor, sir," insisted Mooney, "I was on the second floor."

"Answer me at once," bellowed the colonel; "did you, or did you not, run?"

"I wasn't on the third floor, sir," repeated Mooney doggedly; "I stayed on the second floor all evening."

"Arrest this man, too, Adlai," directed the colonel, as he moved on to the next man.

"Did you run?" asked the colonel.

The man simply reached out and threw his arms around the colonel's neck and gently passed away on his bosom. That ended the party, and the colonel went home, swearing that, as God was his witness, he'd have the guilty man before another sun set or he'd stand every American up before a firing-squad. And a merciful darkness hid the scene as the invincible detachment made its way to bed.

That was the tale I got the next morning before I got my tongue loose from the roof of my mouth. The British officer in charge of Christ Church was much upset because he had found out that at least fifty of my men had been out to a dance the night before. What was worrying him was how they got back in with the gate locked. I couldn't help him out on that because I didn't know either. The colonel was quite out of his head and had sent for Dwyer and turned the matter over to him.

It wasn't long before Dwyer sent for me. I went over to Queen's and found a council of war in progress. Dwyer, Hampton, Bim, Mooney, and the two Winslows were represented. The colonel had threatened to complain about Alan to the French ambassador because he was present. I knew nothing about it and stuck to my story.

"Well," says Dwyer, "there's this about it. Unless we turn the guilty man over to the colonel, you are all going to get into trouble. So it may be well to offer up a scapegoat. Do any of you know who ran?"

"Yes," says Alan Winslow, the one in French uniform, "if you really want to know I'll tell you, but it is strictly unofficial and I'll deny it later. I was with him when he knocked the flash-light out of the colonel's hand. It was the British staff-officer!"

"In that case," says Dwyer, "I guess we'll let the colonel do his damnedest. The first detachment leaves this afternoon, anyway."

"But what am I going to do?" I wailed. "We've got to stay here for three weeks more."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Dwyer, "but I can assure you of my sympathy."

And there were times when I needed it. Bim's sixty packed up and left on the afternoon train for Stamford to learn to fly again. The colonel did not go down to the station to see them off, but everybody else in Oxford did.

Then the colonel came down on me like a ton of bricks. He decided to send one of his staff-officers to help me maintain discipline. And whom do you think he sent? The very officer who had pushed him and run. Laugh that off! And Dwyer couldn't say anything, because he didn't want the colonel to find out that he was at Bim's party himself.

[The War's high moment as seen through the eyes of another writer will appear next month.]

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On the Ferry.

# A Group of Character Drawings

BY CHARLES LOCKE

FOUR LITHOGRAPHS OF NEW YORK TYPES BY THE ARTIST WHO WAS A PUPIL IN LITHOGRAPHY OF THE LATE JOSEPH PENNELL.

It is said of Daumier, the great French character draftsman: "He looked at the life about him and mirrored it truthfully in his art." The people of the streets, the workers, or his fellow passengers in train or bus were an endless supply of material for his lithographs and paintings. Cosmopolitan New York to-day is filled with types and characters ready at hand for the artist who will take the trouble to observe them.

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The Third Avenue "El."

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Business and Lunch.

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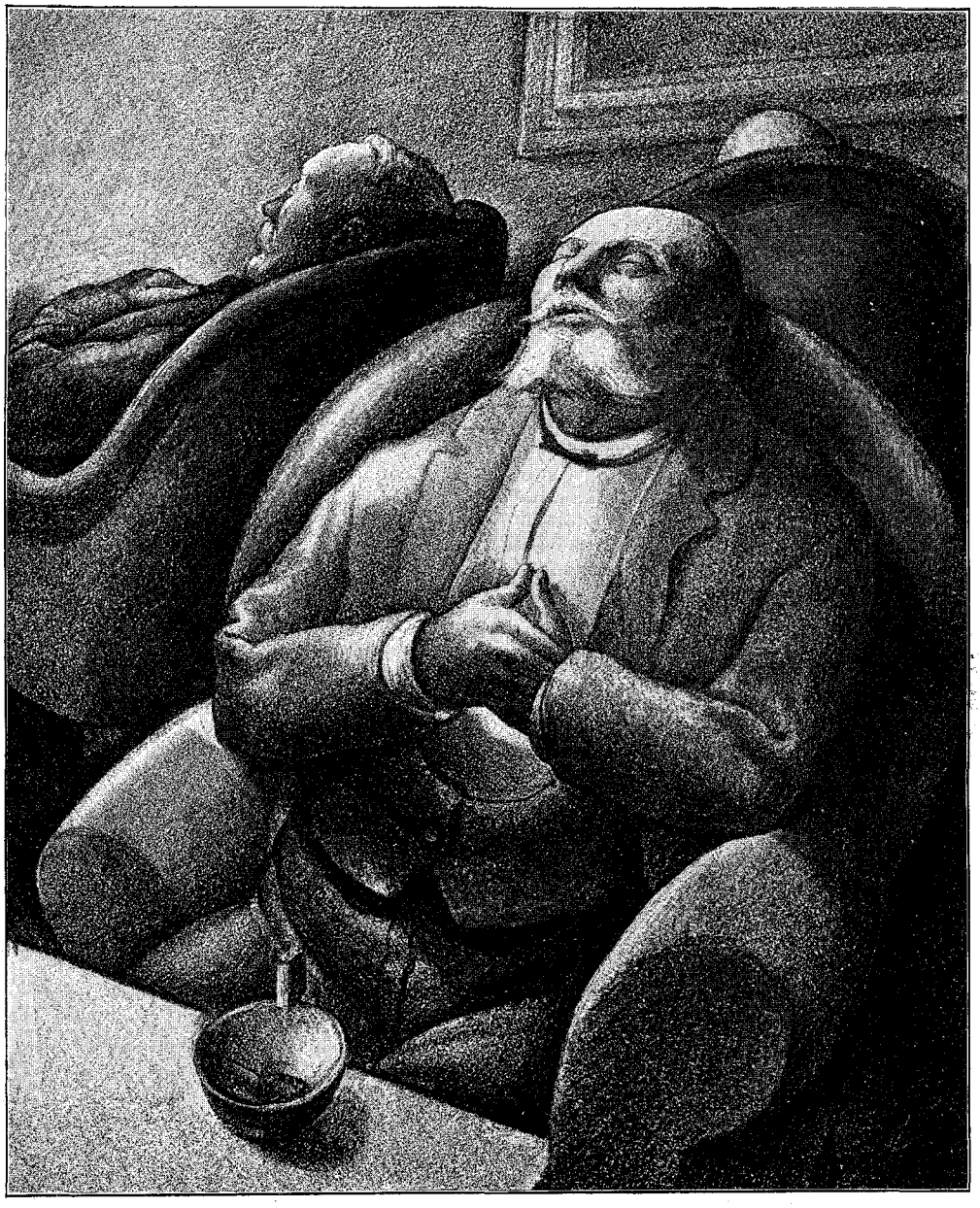

The Club.

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# The Greene Murder Case

A PHILO VANCE STORY

BY S. S. VAN DINE
Author of "The Benson Murder Case" and "The 'Canary' Murder Case"

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS:—In the old Greene mansion on 53d Street, by the East River, live Mrs. Tobias Greene, who is a paralytic, and her five grown children—two daughters (Julia and Sibella), two sons (Chester and Rex), and an adopted daughter (Ada). At half past eleven on the night of November 8 Julia and Ada are shot in their bedrooms. Julia is killed instantly, but Ada, though wounded in the back, recovers. The police investigate, and conclude that the attacks were the work of an amateur housebreaker. Chester, the older son, is dissatisfied with the police theory, and asks Markham, the District Attorney, to look into the case. Markham is accompanied to the house by his intimate friend, Philo Vance, a young social aristocrat who has helped him unofficially in other investigations. After careful inquiries Markham concurs with the police theory of a burglar. But Vance takes issue with his conclusions, and points out various reasons why he thinks the double crime goes deeper than a mere casual raid by an unknown thief.

## VIII

### THE SECOND TRAGEDY

*(Friday, November 12; 8 a. m.)*

THE day after we had taken leave of Markham at his office the rigor of the weather suddenly relaxed. The sun came out, and the thermometer rose nearly thirty degrees. Toward night of the second day, however, a fine, damp snow began to fall, spreading a thin white blanket over the city; but around eleven the skies were again clear.

I mention these facts because they had a curious bearing on the second crime at the Greene mansion. Footprints again appeared on the front walk; and, as a result of the clinging softness of the snow, the police also found tracks in the lower hall and on the marble stairs.

Vance had spent Wednesday and Thursday in his library reading desultorily and checking Vollard's catalogue of Cézanne's water-colors. The three-volume edition of the "Journal de Eugène Delacroix"* lay on his writing-table; but I noticed that he did not so much as open it. He was restless and distracted, and his long silences at dinner (which we ate together in the living-room before the great log fire) told me only too clearly that something was perturbing him. Moreover, he had sent notes cancelling several social engagements, and had given orders to Currie, his valet and domestic factotum, that he was "out" to callers.

As he sat sipping his cognac at the end of dinner on Thursday night, his eyes idly tracing the forms in the Renoir *Beigneuse* above the mantel, he gave voice to his thoughts.

" 'Pon my word, Van, I can't shake the atmosphere of that damnable house. Markham is probably right in refusing

* E. Plon, Nourrit et Cie., Paris, 1893.



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to take the matter seriously—one can't very well chivy a bereaved family simply because I'm oversensitive. And yet" —he shook himself slightly—"it's most annoyin'. Maybe I'm becoming weak and emotional. What if I should suddenly go in for Whistlers and Böcklins! Could you endure it? *Miserere nostri!* . . . No, it won't come to that. But—dash it all!—that Greene murder is haunting my slumbers like a lamia. And the business isn't over yet. There's a horrible incompleteness about what's already occurred. . . ."

It was scarcely eight o'clock on the following morning when Markham brought us the news of the second Greene tragedy. I had risen early, and was having my coffee in the library when Markham came in, brushing past the astonished Currie with only a curt nod.

"Get Vance out right away—will you, Van Dine?" he began, without even a word of greeting. "Something serious has happened."

I hastened to fetch Vance, who grumblingly slipped into a camel's-hair dressing-gown and came leisurely into the library.

"My dear Markham!" he reproached the District Attorney. "Why pay your social calls in the middle of the night?"

"This isn't a social call," Markham told him tartly. "Chester Greene has been murdered."

"Ah!" Vance rang for Currie, and lighted a cigarette. "Coffee for two and clothes for one," he ordered, when the man appeared. Then he sank into a chair before the fire and gave Markham a waggish look. "That same unique burglar, I suppose. A perseverin' lad. Did the family plate disappear this time?"

Markham gave a mirthless laugh.

"No, the plate's intact; and I think we can now eliminate the burglar theory. I'm afraid your premonitions were correct—damn your uncanny faculty!"

"Pour out your heart-breakin' story." Vance, for all his levity, was extraordinarily interested. His moodiness of the past two days had given way to an almost eager alertness.

"It was Sproot who phoned the news to Headquarters a little before midnight. The operator in the Homicide Bureau caught Heath at home, and the Sergeant was at the Greene house inside of half an hour. He's there now—phoned me at seven this morning. I told him I'd hurry out, so I didn't get many details over the wire. All I know is that Chester Greene was fatally shot last night at almost the exact hour that the former shootings occurred—a little after half past eleven."

"Was he in his own room at the time?" Vance was pouring the coffee which Currie had brought in.

"I believe Heath did mention he was found in his bedroom."

"Shot from the front?"

"Yes; through the heart, at very close range."

"Very interestin'. A duplication of Julia's death, as it were." Vance became reflective. "So the old house has claimed another victim. But why Chester? . . . Who found him, incidentally?"

"Sibella, I think Heath said. Her room, you remember, is next to Chester's, and the shot probably roused her. But we'd better be going."

"Am I invited?"

"I wish you would come." Markham made no effort to hide his desire to have the other accompany him.

"Oh, I had every intention of doing so, don't y' know." And Vance left the room abruptly to get dressed.

It took the District Attorney's car

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but a few minutes to reach the Greene mansion from Vance's house in East 38th Street. A patrolman stood guard outside the great iron gates, and a plain-clothes man lounged on the front steps beneath the arched doorway.

Heath was in the drawing-room talking earnestly to Inspector Moran, who had just arrived; and two men from the Homicide Bureau stood by the window awaiting orders. The house was peculiarly silent: no member of the family was to be seen.

The Sergeant came forward at once. His usual ruddiness of complexion was gone and his eyes were troubled. He shook hands with Markham, and then gave Vance a look of friendly welcome.

"You had the right dope, Mr. Vance. Somebody's ripping things wide open here; and it isn't swag they're after."

Inspector Moran joined us, and again the hand-shaking ceremony took place.

"This case is going to stir things up considerably," he said. "And we're in for an unholy scandal if we don't clean it up quickly."

The worried look in Markham's eyes deepened.

"The sooner we get to work, then, the better. Are you going to lend a hand, Inspector?"

"There's no need, I think," Moran answered quietly. "I'll leave the police end entirely with Sergeant Heath; and now that you—and Mr. Vance—are here, I'd be of no use." He gave Vance a pleasant smile, and made his adieus. "Keep in touch with me, Sergeant, and use all the men you want."*

* Inspector William M. Moran, who died last summer, had been the commanding officer of the Detective Bureau for eight years. He was a man of rare and unusual qualities, and with his death the New York Police Department lost one of its most efficient and trustworthy officials. He had formerly been a well-known up-State banker who had been forced to close his doors during the 1907 panic.

When he had gone Heath gave us the details of the crime.

At about half past eleven, after the family and the servants had retired, the shot was fired. Sibella was reading in bed at the time and heard it distinctly. She rose immediately and, after listening for several moments, stole up the servants' stairs—the entrance to which was but a few feet from her door. She wakened the butler, and the two of them then went to Chester's room. The door was unlocked, and the lights in the room were burning. Chester Greene was sitting, slightly huddled, in a chair near the desk. Sproot went to him, but saw that he was dead, and immediately left the room, locking the door. He then telephoned to the police and to Doctor Von Blon.

"I got here before Von Blon did," Heath explained. "The doctor was out again when the butler phoned, and didn't get the message till nearly one o'clock. I was damn glad of it, because it gave me a chance to check up on the footprints outside. The minute I turned in at the gate I could see that somebody had come and gone, the same as last time; and I whistled for the man on the beat to guard the entrance until Snitkin arrived. Then I came on in, keeping along the edge of the walk; and the first thing I noticed when the butler opened the door was a little puddle of water on the rug in the hall. Somebody had recently tracked the soft snow in. I found a coupla other puddles in the hall, and there were some wet imprints on the steps leading up-stairs. Five minutes later Snitkin gave me the signal from the street, and I put him to work on the footprints outside. The tracks were plain, and Snitkin was able to get some pretty accurate measurements."

After Snitkin had been put to work on the footprints, the Sergeant, it seem-

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ed, went up-stairs to Chester's room and made an examination. But he found nothing unusual, aside from the murdered man in the chair, and after half an hour descended again to the dining-room, where Sibella and Sproot were waiting. He had just begun his questioning of them when Doctor Von Blon arrived.

"I took him up-stairs," said Heath, "and he looked at the body. He seemed to want to stick around, but I told him he'd be in the way. So he talked to Miss Greene out in the hall for five or ten minutes, and then left."

Shortly after Doctor Von Blon's departure two other men from the Homicide Bureau arrived, and the next two hours were spent in interrogating the members of the household. But nobody, except Sibella, admitted even hearing the shot. Mrs. Greene was not questioned. When Miss Craven, the nurse, who slept on the third floor, was sent in to her, she reported that the old lady was sleeping soundly; and the Sergeant decided not to disturb her. Nor was Ada awakened: according to the nurse, the girl had been asleep since nine o'clock.

Rex Greene, however, when interviewed, contributed one vague and, as it seemed, contradictory bit of evidence. He had been lying awake, he said, at the time the snowfall ceased, which was a little after eleven. Then, about ten minutes later, he had imagined he heard a faint shuffling noise in the hall and the sound of a door closing softly. He had thought nothing of it, and only recalled it when pressed by Heath. A quarter of an hour afterward he had looked at his watch. It was then twenty-five minutes past eleven; and very soon after that he had fallen asleep.

"The only queer thing about his story," commented Heath, "is the time. If he's telling the tale straight, he heard this noise and the door shutting twenty minutes or so before the shot was fired. And nobody in the house was up at that time. I tried to shake him on the question of the exact hour, but he stuck to it like a leech. I compared his watch with mine, and it was O. K. Anyhow, there's nothing much to the story. The wind mighta blown a door shut, or he mighta heard a noise out in the street and thought it was in the hall."

"Nevertheless, Sergeant," put in Vance, "if I were you I'd file Rex's story away for future meditation. Somehow it appeals to me."

Heath looked up sharply and was about to ask a question; but he changed his mind and said merely: "It's filed." Then he finished his report to Markham.

After interrogating the occupants of the house he had gone back to the Bureau, leaving his men on guard, and set the machinery of his office in operation. He had returned to the Greene mansion early that morning, and was now waiting for the Medical Examiner, the finger-print experts, and the official photographer. He had given orders for the servants to remain in their quarters, and had instructed Sproot to serve breakfast to all the members of the family in their own rooms.

"This thing's going to take work, sir," he concluded. "And it's going to be touchy going, too."

Markham nodded gravely, and glanced toward Vance, whose eyes were resting moodily on an old oil-painting of Tobias Greene.

"Does this new development help co-ordinate any of your former impressions?" he asked.

"It at least substantiates the feeling

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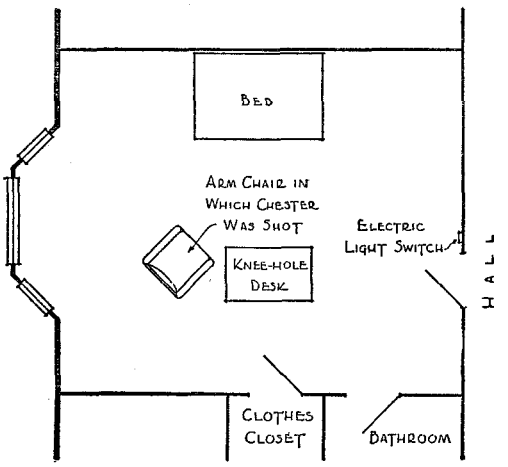
I had that this old house reeks with a deadly poison," Vance replied. "This thing is like a witches' sabbath." He gave Markham a humorous smile. "I'm beginning to think your task is going to take on the nature of exorcising devils."

Markham grunted.

"I'll leave the magic potions to you. . . . Sergeant, suppose we take a look at the body before the Medical Examiner gets here."

Heath led the way without a word. When we reached the head of the stairs he took a key from his pocket and unlocked the door of Chester's room. The electric lights were still burning—sickly yellow disks in the gray daylight which filtered in from the windows above the river.

The room, long and narrow, contained an anachronistic assortment of furniture. It was a typical man's apartment, with an air of comfortable untidiness. Newspapers and sports maga-




Chester's bedroom.

zines cluttered the table and desk; ash-trays were everywhere; an open cellaret stood in one corner; and a collection of golf-clubs lay on the tapestried Chesterfield. The bed, I noticed, had not been slept in.

In the centre of the room, beneath an old-fashioned cut-glass chandelier, was a Chippendale "knee-hole" desk, beside which stood a sleepy-hollow chair. It was in this chair that the body of Chester Greene, clad in dressing-gown and slippers, reclined. He was slumped a little forward, the head turned slightly back and resting against the tufted upholstery. The light from the chandelier cast a spectral illumination on his face; and the sight of it laid a spell of horror on me. The eyes, normally prominent, now seemed to be protruding from their sockets in a stare of unutterable amazement; and the sagging chin and flabby parted lips intensified this look of terrified wonder.

Vance was studying the dead man's features intently.

"Would you say, Sergeant," he asked, without looking up, "that Chester and Julia saw the same thing as they passed from this world?"

Heath coughed uneasily.

"Well," he admitted, "something surprised them, and that's a fact."

"Surprised them! Sergeant, you should thank your Maker that you are not cursed with an imagination. The whole truth of this fiendish business lies in those bulbous eyes and that gaping mouth. Unlike Ada, both Julia and Chester saw the thing that menaced them; and it left them stunned and aghast."

"Well, we can't get any information outa *them*." Heath's practicality as usual was uppermost.

"Not oral information, certainly. But, as Hamlet put it, murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ."

"Come, come, Vance. Be tangible."

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Markham spoke with acerbity. "What's in your mind?"

" 'Pon my word, I don't know. It's too vague." He leaned over and picked up a small book from the floor just beneath where the dead man's hand hung over the arm of the chair. "Chester apparently was immersed in literature at the time of his taking off." He opened the book casually. " 'Hydrotherapy and Constipation.' Yes, Chester was just the kind to worry about his colon. Some one probably told him that intestinal stasis interfered with the proper stance. He's no doubt clearing the asphodel from the Elysian fields at the present moment preparat'ry to laying out a golf-course."

He became suddenly serious.

"You see what this book means, Markham? Chester was sitting here reading when the murderer came in. Yet he did not so much as rise or call out. Furthermore, he let the intruder stand directly in front of him. He did not even lay down his book, but sat back in his chair relaxed. Why? Because the murderer was some one Chester knew—and trusted! And when the gun was suddenly brought forth and pointed at his heart, he was too astounded to move. And in that second of bewilderment and unbelief the trigger was pulled and the bullet entered his heart."

Markham nodded slowly, in deep perplexity, and Heath studied the attitude of the dead man more closely.

"That's a good theory," the Sergeant conceded finally. "Yes, he musta let the bird get right on top of him without suspecting anything. Same like Julia did."

"Exactly, Sergeant. The two murders constitute a most suggestive parallel."

"Still and all, there's one point you're overlooking." Heath's brow was roughened in a troubled frown. "Chester's door mighta been unlocked last night, seeing as he hadn't gone to bed, and so this person coulda walked in without any trouble. But Julia, now, was already undressed and in bed; and she always locked her door at night. Now, how would you say this person with the gun got into Julia's room, Mr. Vance?"

"There's no difficulty about that. Let us say, as a tentative hypothesis, that Julia had disrobed, switched off the lights, and climbed into her queenly bed. Then came a tap on the door—perhaps a tap she recognized. She rose, put on the lights, opened the door, and again repaired to her bed for warmth while she held parley with her visitor. Maybe—who knows?—the visitor sat on the edge of the bed during the call. Then suddenly the visitor produced the revolver and fired, and made a hurried exit, forgetting to switch the lights off. Such a theory—though I don't insist on the details—would square neatly with my idea regarding Chester's caller."

"It may've been like you say," admitted Heath dubiously. "But why all the hocus-pocus when it came to shooting Ada? That job was done in the dark."

"The rationalistic philosophers tell us, Sergeant"—Vance became puckishly pedantic—"that there's a reason for everything, but that the finite mind is wofully restricted. The altered technic of our elusive culprit when dealing with Ada is one of the things that is obscure. But you've touched a vital point. If we could discover the reason for this reversal of our *inconnu's* homicidal tactics, I believe we'd be a lot forrader in our investigation."

Heath made no reply. He stood in

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the centre of the room running his eye over the various objects and pieces of furniture. Presently he stepped to the clothes-closet, pulled open the door, and turned on a pendant electric light just inside. As he stood gloomily peering at the closet's contents there was a sound of heavy footsteps in the hall and Snitkin appeared in the open door. Heath turned and, without giving his assistant time to speak, asked gruffly:

"How did you make out with those footprints?"

"Got all the dope here." Snitkin crossed to the Sergeant, and held out a long Manila envelope. "There wasn't no trouble in checking the measurements and cutting the patterns. But they're not going to be a hell of a lot of good, I'm thinking. There's ten million guys more or less in this country who coulda made 'em."

Heath had opened the envelope and drawn forth a thin white cardboard pattern which looked like an inner sole of a shoe.

"It wasn't no pigmy who made this print," he remarked.

"That's the catch in it," explained Snitkin. "The size don't mean nothing much, for it ain't a shoe-track. Those footprints were made by galoshes, and there's no telling how much bigger they were than the guy's foot. They mighta been worn over a shoe anywheres from a size eight to a size ten, and with a width anywheres from an A to a D."

Heath nodded with obvious disappointment.

"You're sure about 'em being galoshes?" He was reluctant to let what promised to be a valuable clew slip away.

"You can't get around it. The rubber tread was distinct in several places, and the shallow, scooped heel stood out plain as day. Anyhow, I got Jerym* to check up on my findings."

Snitkin's gaze wandered idly to the floor of the clothes-closet.

"Those are the kind of things that made the tracks." He pointed to a pair of high arctics which had been thrown carelessly under a boot-shelf. Then he leaned over and picked up one of them. As his eye rested on it he gave a grunt. "This looks like the size, too." He took the pattern from the Sergeant's hand and laid it on the sole of the overshoe. It fitted as perfectly as if the two had been cut simultaneously.

Heath was startled out of his depression.

"Now, what in hell does that mean!"

Markham had drawn near.

"It might indicate, of course, that Chester went out somewhere last night late."

"But that don't make sense, sir," objected Heath. "If he'd wanted anything at that hour of the night he'd have sent the butler. And, anyway, the shops in this neighborhood were all closed by that time, for the tracks weren't made till after it had stopped snowing at eleven."

"And," supplemented Snitkin, "you can't tell by the tracks whether the guy that made 'em left the house and came back, or came to the house and went away, for there wasn't a single print on top of the other."

Vance was standing at the window looking out.

* Captain Anthony P. Jerym was one of the shrewdest and most painstaking criminologists of the New York Police Department. Though he had begun his career as an expert in the Bertillon system of measurements, he had later specialized in footprints —a subject which he had helped to elevate to an elaborate and complicated science. He had spent several years in Vienna studying Austrian methods, and had developed a means of scientific photography for footprints which gave him rank with such men as Londe, Burais, and Reiss.

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"That, now, is a most interestin' point, Sergeant," he commented. "I'd file it away along with Rex's story for prayerful consideration." He sauntered back to the desk and looked at the dead man thoughtfully. "No, Sergeant," he continued; "I can't picture Chester donning gum-shoes and sneaking out into the night on a mysterious errand. I'm afraid we'll have to find another explanation for those footprints."

"It's damn funny, just the same, that they should be the exact size of these galoshes."

"If," submitted Markham, "the footprints were not Chester's, then we're driven to the assumption that the murderer made them."

Vance slowly took out his cigarette-case.

"Yes," he agreed, "I think we may safely assume that."

## IX

### THE THREE BULLETS

*(Friday, November 12; 9 a. m.)*

At this moment Doctor Doremus, the Medical Examiner, a brisk, nervous man with a jaunty air, was ushered in by one of the detectives I had seen in the drawing-room. He blinked at the company, threw his hat and coat on a chair, and shook hands with every one.

"What are your friends trying to do, Sergeant?" he asked, eying the inert body in the chair. "Wipe out the whole family?" Without waiting for an answer to his grim pleasantry he went to the windows and threw up the shades with a clatter. "You gentlemen all through viewing the remains? If so, I'll get to work."

"Go to it," said Heath. Chester Greene's body was lifted to the bed and straightened out. "And how about the bullet, doc? Any chance of getting it before the autopsy?"

"How'm I going to get it without a probe and forceps? I ask you!" Doctor Doremus drew back the matted dressing-gown and inspected the wound. "But I'll see what I can do." Then he straightened up and cocked his eye facetiously at the Sergeant. "Well, I'm waiting for your usual query about the time of death."

"We know it."

"Hah! Wish you always did. This fixing the exact time by looking over a body is all poppycock anyway. The best we fellows can do is to approximate it. *Rigor mortis* works differently in different people. Don't ever take me too seriously, Sergeant, when I set an exact hour for you.—However, let's see. . . ."

He ran his hands over the body on the bed, unflexed the fingers, moved the head, and put his eye close to the coagulated blood about the wound. Then he teetered on his toes, and squinted at the ceiling.

"How about ten hours? Say, between eleven-thirty and midnight. How's that?"

Heath laughed good-naturedly.

"You hit it, doc—right on the head."

"Well, well! Always was a good guesser." Doctor Doremus seemed wholly indifferent.

Vance had followed Markham into the hall.

"An honest fellow, that archiater of yours. And to think he's a public servant of our beneficent government!"

"There are many honest men in public office," Markham reproved him.

"I know," sighed Vance. "Our democracy is still young. Give it time."

Heath joined us, and at the same moment the nurse appeared at Mrs. Greene's door. A querulous dictatorial

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voice issued from the depths of the room behind her.

". . . And you tell whoever's in charge that I want to see him—right away, do you understand! It's an outrage, all this commotion and excitement, with me lying here in pain trying to get a little rest. Nobody shows me any consideration."

Heath made a grimace and looked toward the stairs; but Vance took Markham's arm.

"Come, let's cheer up the old lady."

As we entered the room Mrs. Greene, propped up as usual in bed with a prismatic assortment of pillows, drew her shawl primly about her.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she greeted us, her expression moderating. "I thought it was those abominable policemen making free with my house again. . . . What's the meaning of all this disturbance, Mr. Markham? Nurse tells me that Chester has been shot. Dear, dear! If people must do such things, why do they have to come to my house and annoy a poor helpless old woman like me? There are plenty of other places they could do their shooting in." She appeared deeply resentful at the fact that the murderer should have been so inconsiderate as to choose the Greene mansion for his depredations. "But I've come to expect this sort of thing. Nobody thinks of *my* feelings. And if my own children see fit to do everything they can to annoy me, why should I expect total strangers to show me any consideration?"

"When one is bent on murder, Mrs. Greene," rejoined Markham, stung by her callousness, "one doesn't stop to think of the mere inconvenience his crime may cause others."

"I suppose not," she murmured self-pityingly. "But it's all the fault of my children. If they were what children ought to be, people wouldn't be breaking in here trying to murder them."

"And unfortunately succeeding," added Markham coldly.

"Well, that can't be helped." She suddenly became bitter. "It's their punishment for the way they've treated their poor old mother, lying here for ten long years, hopelessly paralyzed. And do you think they try to make it easy for me? No! Here I must stay, day after day, suffering agonies with my spine; and they never give me a thought." A sly look came into her fierce old eyes. "But they think about me sometimes. Oh, yes! They think how nice it would be if I were out of the way. Then they'd get all my money. . . ."

"I understand, madam," Markham put in abruptly, "that you were asleep last night at the time your son met his death."

"Was I? Well, maybe I was. It's a wonder, though, that some one didn't leave my door open just so I'd be disturbed."

"And you know no one who would have any reason to kill your son?"

"How should I know? Nobody tells me anything. I'm a poor neglected, lonely old cripple. . . ."

"Well, we won't bother you any further, Mrs. Greene." Markham's tone held something both of sympathy and consternation.

As we descended the stairs the nurse reopened the door we had just closed after us, and left it ajar, no doubt in response to an order from her patient.

"Not at all a nice old lady," chuckled Vance, as we entered the drawing-room. "For a moment, Markham, I thought you were going to box her ears."

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"I admit I felt like it. And yet I couldn't help pitying her. However, such utter self-concentration as hers saves one a lot of mental anguish. She seems to regard this whole damnable business as a plot to upset her."

Sproot appeared obsequiously at the door.

"May I bring you gentlemen some coffee?" No emotion of any kind showed on his graven wrinkled face. The events of the past few days seemed not to have affected him in any degree.

"No, we don't want coffee, Sproot," Markham told him brusquely. "But please be good enough to ask Miss Sibella if she will come here."

"Very good, sir."

The old man shuffled away, and a few minutes later Sibella strolled in, smoking a cigarette, one hand in the pocket of her vivid-green sweater-jacket. Despite her air of nonchalance her face was pale, its whiteness contrasting strongly with the deep crimson rouge on her lips. Her eyes, too, were slightly haggard; and when she spoke her voice sounded forced, as if she were playing a rôle against which her spirit was at odds. She greeted us blithely enough, however.

"Good morning, one and all. Beastly auspices for a social call." She sat down on the arm of a chair and swung one leg restlessly. "Some one certainly has a grudge against us Greenes. Poor old Chet! He didn't even die with his boots on. Felt bedroom slippers! What an end for an outdoor enthusiast!—Well, I suppose I'm invited here to tell my story. Where do I begin?" She rose, and throwing her half-burned cigarette into the grate, seated herself in a straight-backed chair facing Markham, folding her sinewy, tapering hands on the table before her.

Markham studied her for several moments.

"You were awake last night, reading in bed, I understand, when the shot was fired in your brother's room."

"Zola's 'Nana,' to be explicit. Mother told me I shouldn't read it; so I got it at once. It was frightfully disappointing, though."

"And just what did you do after you heard the report?" continued Markham, striving to control his annoyance at the girl's flippancy.

"I put my book down, got up, donned a kimono, and listened for several minutes at the door. Not hearing anything further, I peeked out. The hall was dark, and the silence felt a bit spooky. I knew I ought to go to Chet's room and inquire, in a sisterly fashion, about the explosion; but, to tell you the truth, Mr. Markham, I was rather cowardly. So I went—oh, well, let the truth prevail: I *ran* up the servants' stairs and routed out our Admirable Crichton; and together we investigated. Chet's door was unlocked, and the fearless Sproot opened it. There sat Chet, looking as if he'd seen a ghost; and somehow I knew he was dead. Sproot went in and touched him, while I waited; and then we went down to the dining-room. Sproot did some phoning, and afterward made me some atrocious coffee. A half-hour or so later this gentleman"—she inclined her head toward Heath—"arrived, looking distressingly glum, and very sensibly refused a cup of Sproot's coffee."

"And you heard no sound of any kind before the shot?"

"Not a thing. Everybody had gone to bed early. The last sound I heard in this house was mother's gentle and affectionate voice telling the nurse she was as neglectful as the rest of us, and

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to bring her morning tea at nine sharp, and not to slam the door the way she always did. Then peace and quiet reigned until half past eleven when I heard the shot in Chet's room."

"How long was this interregnum of quietude?" asked Vance.

"Well, mother generally ends her daily criticism of the family around ten-thirty; so I'd say the quietude lasted about an hour."

"And during that time you do not recall hearing a slight shuffling sound in the hall? Or a door closing softly?"

The girl shook her head indifferently, and took another cigarette from a small amber case she carried in her sweater-pocket.

"Sorry, but I didn't. That doesn't mean, though, that people couldn't have been shuffling and shutting doors all over the place. My room's at the rear, and the noises on the river and in 52d Street drown out almost anything that's going on in the front of the house."

Vance had gone to her and held a match to her cigarette.

"I say, you don't seem in the least worried."

"Oh, why worry?" She made a gesture of resignation. "If anything is to happen to me, it'll happen, whatever I do. But I don't anticipate an immediate demise. No one has the slightest reason for killing me—unless, of course, it's some of my former bridge partners. But they're all harmless persons who wouldn't be apt to take extreme measures."

"Still"—Vance kept his tone inconsequential—"no one apparently had any reason for harming your two sisters or your brother."

"On that point I couldn't be altogether lucid. We Greenes don't confide in one another. There's a beastly spirit of distrust in this ancestral domain. We all lie to each other on general principles. And as for secrets! Each member of the family is a kind of Masonic Order in himself. Surely there's some reason for all these shootings. I simply can't imagine any one indulging himself in this fashion for the mere purpose of pistol practice."

She smoked a moment pensively, and went on:

"Yes, there must be a motive back of it all—though for the life of me I can't suggest one. Of course Julia was a vinegary, unpleasant person, but she went out very little, and worked off her various complexes on the family. And yet, she may have been leading a double life for all I know. When these sour old maids break loose from their inhibitions I understand they do the most utterly utter things. But I just can't bring my mind to picture Julia with a bevy of jealous Romeos." She made a comical grimace at the thought. "Ada, on the other hand, is what we used to call in algebra an unknown quantity. No one but dad knew where she came from, and he would never tell. To be sure, she doesn't get much time to run around—mother keeps her too busy. But she's young and good-looking in a common sort of way"—there was a tinge of venom in this remark—"and you can't tell what connections she may have formed outside the sacred portals of the Greene mansion.—As for Chet, no one seemed to love him passionately. I never heard anybody say a good word for him but the golf pro at the club, and that was only because Chet tipped him like a *parvenu*. He had a genius for antagonizing people. Several motives for the shooting might be found in his past."

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"I note that you've changed your ideas considerably in regard to the culpability of Miss Ada." Vance spoke incuriously.

Sibella looked a little shamefaced.

"I did get a bit excited, didn't I?" Then a defiance came into her voice. "But just the same, she doesn't belong here. And she's a sneaky little cat. She'd dearly love to see us all nicely murdered. The only person that seems to like her is cook; but then, Gertrude's a sentimental German who likes everybody. She feeds half the stray cats and dogs in the neighborhood. Our rear yard is a regular pound in summer."

Vance was silent for a while. Suddenly he looked up.

"I gather from your remarks, Miss Greene, that you now regard the shootings as the acts of some one from the outside."

"Does any one think anything else?" she asked, with startled anxiety. "I understand there were footprints in the snow both times we were visited. Surely they would indicate an outsider."

"Quite true," Vance assured her, a bit overemphatically, obviously striving to allay whatever fears his queries may have aroused in her. "Those footprints undeniably indicate that the intruder entered each time by the front door."

"And you are not to have any uneasiness about the future, Miss Greene," added Markham. "I shall give orders to-day to have a strict guard placed over the house, front and rear, until there is no longer the slightest danger of a recurrence of what has taken place here."

Heath nodded his unqualified approbation.

"I'll arrange for that, sir. There'll be two men guarding this place day and night from now on."

"How positively thrilling!" exclaimed Sibella; but I noticed a strange reservation of apprehension in her eyes.

"We won't detain you any longer, Miss Greene," said Markham, rising. "But I'd greatly appreciate it if you would remain in your room until our inquiries here are over. You may, of course, visit your mother."

"Thanks awf'ly, but I think I'll indulge in a little lost beauty sleep." And she left us with a friendly wave of the hand.

"Who do you want to see next, Mr. Markham?" Heath was on his feet, vigorously relighting his cigar.

But before Markham could answer Vance lifted his hand for silence, and leaned forward in a listening attitude.

"Oh, Sproot!" he called. "Step in here a moment."

The old butler appeared at once, calm and subservient, and waited with a vacuously expectant expression.

"Really, y' know," said Vance, "there's not the slightest need for you to hover solicitously amid the draperies of the hallway while we're busy in here. Most considerate and loyal of you; but if we want you for anything we'll ring."

"As you desire, sir."

Sproot started to go, but Vance halted him.

"Now that you're here you might answer one or two questions."

"Very good, sir."

"First, I want you to think back very carefully, and tell me if you observed anything unusual when you locked up the house last night."

"Nothing, sir," the man answered promptly. "If I had, I would have mentioned it to the police this morning."

"And did you hear any noise or movement of any kind after you had

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gone to your room? A door closing, for instance?"

"No, sir. Everything was very quiet."

"And what time did you actually go to sleep?"

"I couldn't say exactly, sir. Perhaps about twenty minutes past eleven, if I may venture to make a guess."

"And were you greatly surprised when Miss Sibella woke you up and told you a shot had been fired in Mr. Chester's room?"

"Well, sir," Sproot admitted, "I was somewhat astonished, though I endeavored to conceal my emotions."

"And doubtless succeeded admirably," said Vance dryly. "But what I meant was this: did you not anticipate something of the kind happening again in this house, after the other shootings?"

He watched the old butler sharply, but the man's lineaments were as arid as a desert and as indecipherable as an expanse of sea.

"If you will pardon me, sir, for saying so, I don't know precisely what you mean," came the colorless answer. "Had I anticipated that Mr. Chester was to be done in, so to speak, I most certainly would have warned him. It would have been my duty, sir."

"Don't evade my question, Sproot." Vance spoke sternly. "I asked you if you had any idea that a second tragedy might follow the first."

"Tragedies very seldom come singly, sir, if I may be permitted to say so. One never knows what will happen next. I try not to anticipate the workings of fate, but I strive to hold myself in readiness——"

"Oh, go away, Sproot—go quite away," said Vance. "When I crave vague rhetoric I'll read Thomas Aquinas."

"Yes, sir." The man bowed with wooden courtesy, and left us.

His footsteps had scarcely died away when Doctor Doremus strode in jauntily.

"There's your bullet, Sergeant." He tossed a tiny cylinder of discolored lead on the drawing-room table. "Nothing but dumb luck. It entered the fifth intercostal space and travelled diagonally across the heart, coming out in the postaxillary fold at the anterior border of the trapezius muscle, where I could feel it under the skin; and I picked it out with my pen-knife."

"All that fancy language don't worry me," grinned Heath, "so long's I got the bullet."

He picked it up and held it in the palm of his hand, his eyes narrowed, his mouth drawn into a straight line. Then, reaching into his waistcoat pocket, he took out two other bullets, and laid them beside the first. Slowly he nodded, and extended the sinister exhibits to Markham.

"There's the three shots that were fired in this house," he said. "They're all .32-revolver bullets—just alike. You can't get away from it, sir: all three people here were shot with the same gun."

## X

### THE CLOSING OF A DOOR

*(Friday, November 12; 9.30 a. m.)*

As Heath spoke Sproot passed down the hall and opened the front door admitting Doctor Von Blon.

"Good morning, Sproot," we heard him say in his habitually pleasant voice. "Anything new?"

"No, sir, I think not." The reply was expressionless. "The District Attorney and the police are here.—Let me take your coat, sir."

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Von Blon glanced into the drawing-room, and, on seeing us, halted and bowed. Then he caught sight of Doctor Doremus, whom he had met on the night of the first tragedy.

"Ah, good morning, doctor," he said, coming forward. "I'm afraid I didn't thank you for the assistance you gave me with the young lady the other night. Permit me to make amends."

"No thanks needed," Doremus assured him. "How's the patient getting on?"

"The wound's filling in nicely. No sepsis. I'm going up now to have a look at her." He turned inquiringly to the District Attorney. "No objection, I suppose."

"None whatever, doctor," said Markham. Then he rose quickly. "We'll come along, if you don't mind. There are a few questions I'd like to ask Miss Ada, and it might be as well to do it while you're present."

Von Blon gave his consent without hesitation.

"Well, I'll be on my way—work to do," announced Doremus breezily. He lingered long enough, however, to shake hands with all of us; and then the front door closed on him.

"We'd better ascertain if Miss Ada has been told of her brother's death," suggested Vance, as we went up the stairs. "If not, I think that task logically devolves on you, doctor."

The nurse, whom Sproot had no doubt apprised of Von Blon's arrival, met us in the upper hall and informed us that, as far as she knew, Ada was still ignorant of Chester's murder.

We found the girl sitting up in bed, a magazine lying across her knees. Her face was still pale, but a youthful vitality shone from her eyes, which attested to the fact that she was much stronger. She seemed alarmed at our sudden appearance, but the sight of the doctor tended to reassure her.

"How do you feel this morning, Ada?" he asked with professional geniality. "You remember these gentlemen, don't you?"

She gave us an apprehensive look; then smiled faintly and bowed.

"Yes, I remember them. . . . Have they—found out anything about—Julia's death?"

"I'm afraid not." Von Blon sat down beside her and took her hand. "Something else has happened that you will have to know, Ada." His voice was studiously sympathetic. "Last night Chester met with an accident——"

"An accident—oh!" Her eyes opened wide, and a slight tremor passed over her. "You mean. . . ." Her voice quavered and broke. "I know what you mean! . . . Chester's dead!"

Von Blon cleared his throat and looked away.

"Yes, Ada. You must be brave and not let it—ah—upset you too much. You see——"

"He was shot!" The words burst from her lips, and a look of terror overspread her face. "Just like Julia and me!" Her eyes stared straight ahead, as if fascinated by some horror which she alone could see.

Von Blon was silent, and Vance stepped to the bed.

"We're not going to lie to you, Miss Greene," he said softly. "You have guessed the truth."

"And what about Rex—and Sibella?"

"They're all right," Vance assured her. "But why did you think your brother had met the same fate as Miss Julia and yourself?"

She turned her gaze slowly to him.

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"I don't know—I just felt it. Ever since I was a little girl I've imagined horrible things happening in this house. And the other night I felt that the time had come—oh, I don't know how to explain it; but it was like having something happen that you'd been expecting."

Vance nodded understandingly.

"It's an unhealthy old house; it puts all sorts of weird notions in one's head. But, of course," he added lightly, "there's nothing supernatural about it. It's only a coincidence that you should have felt that way and that these disasters should actually have occurred. The police, y' know, think it was a burglar."

The girl did not answer, and Markham leaned forward with a reassuring smile.

"And we are going to have two men guarding the house all the time from now on," he said, "so that no one can get in who hasn't a perfect right to be here."

"So you see, Ada," put in Von Blon, "you have nothing to worry about any more. All you have to do now is to get well."

But her eyes did not leave Markham's face.

"How do you know," she asked, in a tense anxious voice, "that the—the person came in from the outside?"

"We found his footprints both times on the front walk."

"Footprints—are you sure?" She put the question eagerly.

"No doubt about them. They were perfectly plain, and they belonged to the person who came here and tried to shoot you.—Here, Sergeant"—he beckoned to Heath—"show the young lady that pattern."

Heath took the Manila envelope from his pocket and extracted the cardboard impression Snitkin had made. Ada took it in her hand and studied it, and a little sigh of relief parted her lips.

"And you notice," smiled Vance, "he didn't have very dainty feet."

The girl returned the pattern to the Sergeant. Her fear had left her, and her eyes cleared of the vision that had been haunting them.

"And now, Miss Greene," went on Vance, in a matter-of-fact voice, "we want to ask a few questions. First of all: the nurse said you went to sleep at nine o'clock last night. Is that correct?"

"I pretended to, because nurse was tired and mother was complaining a lot. But I really didn't go to sleep until hours later."

"But you didn't hear the shot in your brother's room?"

"No. I must have been asleep by then."

"Did you hear anything before that?"

"Not after the family had gone to bed and Sproot had locked up."

"Were you awake very long after Sproot retired?"

The girl pondered a moment, frowning.

"Maybe an hour," she ventured finally. "But I don't know."

"It couldn't have been much over an hour," Vance pointed out; "for the shot was fired shortly after half past eleven. —And you heard nothing—no sound of any kind in the hall?"

"Why, no." The look of fright was creeping back into her face. "Why do you ask?"

"Your brother Rex," explained Vance, "said he heard a faint shuffling sound and a door closing a little after eleven."

Her eyelids drooped, and her free

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hand tightened over the edge of the magazine she was holding.

"A door closing. . . ." She repeated the words in a voice scarcely audible. "Oh! And Rex heard it?" Suddenly she opened her eyes and her lips fell apart. A startled memory had taken possession of her—a memory which quickened her breathing and filled her with alarm. "I heard that door close, too! I remember it now. . . ."

"What door was it?" asked Vance, with subdued animation. "Could you tell where the sound came from?"

The girl shook her head.

"No—it was so soft. I'd even forgotten it until now. But I heard it! . . . Oh, what did it mean?"

"Nothing probably." Vance assumed an air of inconsequentiality calculated to alleviate her fears. "The wind doubtless."

But when we left her, after a few more questions, I noticed that her face still held an expression of deep anxiety.

Vance was unusually thoughtful as we returned to the drawing-room.

"I'd give a good deal to know what that child knows or suspects," he murmured.

"She's been through a trying experience," returned Markham. "She's frightened, and she sees new dangers in everything. But she couldn't suspect anything, or she'd be only too eager to tell us."

"I wish I were sure of that."

The next hour or so was occupied with interrogating the two maids and the cook. Markham cross-examined them thoroughly not only concerning the immediate events touching upon the two tragedies, but in regard to the general conditions in the Greene household. Numerous family episodes in the past were gone over; and when his inquiries were finished he had obtained a fairly good idea of the domestic atmosphere. But nothing that could be even remotely connected with the murders came to light. There had always been, it transpired, an abundance of hatred and ill-feeling and vicious irritability in the Greene mansion. The story that was unfolded by the servants was not a pleasant one; it was a record—scrappy and desultory, but none the less appalling—of daily clashes, complainings, bitter words, sullen silences, jealousies and threats.

Most of the details of this unnatural situation were supplied by Hemming, the older maid. She was less ecstatic than during the first interview, although she interspersed her remarks with Biblical quotations and references to the dire fate which the Lord had seen fit to visit upon her sinful employers. Nevertheless, she painted an arresting, if overcolored and prejudiced, picture of the life that had gone on about her during the past ten years. But when it came to explaining the methods employed by the Almighty in visiting his vengeance upon the unholy Greenes, she became indefinite and obscure. At length Markham let her go after she had assured him that she intended to remain at her post of duty—to be, as she expressed it, "a witness for the Lord" when his work of righteous devastation was complete.

Barton, the younger maid, on the other hand, announced, in no uncertain terms, that she was through with the Greenes forever. The girl was genuinely frightened, and, after Sibella and Sproot had been consulted, she was paid her wages and told she could pack her things. In less than half an hour she had turned in her key and departed with her luggage. Such information as

(Continued on page 245 of this number.)

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# Family Loyalty—the Chinese Problem

BY HIRAM BINGHAM

The United States Senator from Connecticut, by reason of his early associations, has an understanding of the Chinese which varies considerably from popular feeling on the subject. This article results from a recent trip to the Orient.

My first impressions of the Chinese were gained more than forty years ago, when I was a boy in Honolulu. My father and mother had several warm friends in the Chinese colony. My first photograph-album contains the picture of one of these Chinese friends who endeared himself to me by his habit of making attractive presents to little boys, a not uncommon Chinese trait. Some of the nicest and most valuable presents I treasured in my childhood came from Chinese friends. When I was old enough to celebrate the Chinese New Year by making calls on the Chinese shopkeepers, rice-planters, and vegetable-gardeners of my acquaintance, I was naturally delighted to find them very generous not only with goodies and delicious confections but also with packages of firecrackers, which were usually carefully treasured for use on the succeeding Fourth of July!

The best cooks in Honolulu were Chinese, and I always considered it a privilege to be invited to partake of the delicacies prepared by Ah Sam, Ah Sing, or Ah Fat. Their soups, curries, and gravies were unexcelled. Not until my recent visit to China, however, did I realize that the variety and delicacy of dishes at a family dinner-party in Peking can only be equalled in Paris or in some great hotel whose chef learned his lessons in France.

As a boy I had known the Chinese as generous, kindly, courteous, and faithful. No prejudice against them was ever expressed by the members of my family. Nevertheless, I was not prepared for the elaborate courtesy shown by conservative Chinese in their own homes to-day. We busy, hurrying Westerners have much to learn about the amenities of life from the true followers of Confucius.

Every visitor to China is familiar with the fact that whenever one calls on a Chinese gentleman one is treated with courtesy and hospitality. It was not, however, until I spent several days in the interior of the province of Shansi and had an opportunity to come into personal contact with conservative gentlemen of the old school that I realized the extent to which Chinese kindness can go in providing for the physical wants of a visitor as well as in making him feel spiritually welcome. The weather was fairly warm, the roads were dusty. One came to appreciate fully, not only the excellent fresh tea which was served continuously, but also the moist, delicately perfumed individual hot towels offered to each guest as soon as he arrived and at refreshing intervals. At first it seemed a little strange



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that no dry towels were offered afterward, but actually the evaporation of such fragrant moisture as was left on face and hands proved cooling and delightful.

A pleasant drink and a chance to bathe one's hands, however, are not unusual forms of hospitality all over the world, although nowhere have I ever found it so invariable a custom as in China. In Shansi, however, courtesy went farther. On various occasions I was taken to interior towns and cities to visit temples or to see the private collections of wealthy Chinese connoisseurs. In each case we were met outside the walls by our hosts, who likewise walked back with us through the dusty streets until we reached our motor-cars.

The climax came on the evening in which I had been invited to dine with Governor Yen, an ardent Confucian. The dinner was set for 7.30. Shortly after 6.30, at the end of a long day of dusty travel, while I was in my bath, one of the hotel servants rushed up to my room in a great state of excitement to tell me that Governor Yen's automobile was waiting for me at the door and that I must go to the governor's Yamen at once. Owing to my ignorance of old-fashioned Chinese etiquette I took this message seriously, and was much distressed that I could not possibly go immediately. Slipping on a bath-robe I looked out of the window to see what kind of a car the governor had sent, only to observe it rapidly driving back to the Yamen. This was a relief. Evidently the driver had made a mistake. So I proceeded leisurely with my dressing. Twenty minutes later one of the hotel "boys" again rushed excitedly into the room to tell me that Governor Yen had telephoned his disappointment at my non-arrival and his desire to have me come at once. It was still half an hour before the time set for the dinner and Governor Yen's English-speaking secretary, who had been with us all day, had definitely promised to come for us in one of the governor's cars at 7.30. We were puzzling over this second message when some one suggested that it was merely the old-fashioned Chinese custom which required the courteous host to send two or three messengers at intervals before the time set for dinner, urging the guest to come immediately, chiefly to assure him that his arrival was eagerly awaited. Of course the well-bred guest would never embarrass his host by really arriving ahead of time. The idea was merely to make him feel that the invitation had not been a cold formality, but that a true welcome awaited him. Surely hospitality could go no farther.

There are Americans in China who treat the Chinese as social equals and have learned that there are no more delightful hosts or dinner-guests than well-bred Chinese. There are others, on the other hand, who never invite them to dinner and who insist that no Chinese gentleman shall cross the threshold of the Shanghai Club. "Old China hands" have threatened to resign from the clubs they founded, if a rule were adopted making Chinese gentlemen eligible for membership, or even eligible to be brought into the clubs by members as luncheon or dinner guests. This snobbish custom seems to have been brought to China by the British from India. It has been copied by those Americans who believe it best to follow in English footsteps. It is deplored by many of both nationalities. It is to be hoped that liberalism will soon prevail.

In dealing with the Chinese it would

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seem to be the part of wisdom to follow so far as we can the dictates of courtesy and good breeding according to Chinese standards. The American Club in Shanghai has recently set a good example in this particular.

It is easy for us Westerners to criticise the Chinese because their standards of right and wrong are not our standards. They put family loyalty and private welfare far ahead of patriotism and the public welfare. In fact only an infinitesimal part of the Chinese people appear to have the slightest conception of what is meant by the term "the public welfare." To them whatever will benefit the family and its members is right. Whatever hurts the family is wrong. Consequently the Chinese official who looks after his relatives at the expense of the state is right, while the Chinese official who permits the members of his family to suffer while he serves the state is wrong, wholly wrong, inconceivably wrong.

The same ethical attitude makes it practically impossible for Chinese joint-stock enterprises or business corporations to succeed. It is ethically the duty of the directors to look after their families. Similarly it is the "duty" of the employees to provide for their family needs. Neither directors nor employees have any conception of the Western attitude of loyalty to a corporation. The same thing was true of our own ancestors during the Middle Ages.

This fundamental difference between the orientals and the occidentals of to-day virtually makes it impossible for the Chinese Republic to copy successfully the political institutions of Europe or America. Our government is possible only because good citizens are willing to serve it honestly and faithfully, even when this service requires the subordination of family interests. Since that concept is virtually non-existent in China it is easy to see why the Chinese Republic does not function successfully, has no president, no legislative body, and has not had for several years.

The nations of Europe and America are partly responsible for the present condition of affairs in China. We have introduced Western methods of trade and commerce based on conceptions quite at variance with those of the Chinese. In America there are more jobs than hands to do it with; consequently we have invented labor-saving machinery. China has more hands to do it with than things to do, consequently when labor-saving machinery is introduced it means unemployment, starvation, and disaster to thousands of people.

Furthermore, we have taught visiting Chinese students the art of government based on a wholly different habit of mind and thought from that to which the Chinese have been accustomed for centuries. Their efforts to put our theories into practice have failed.

We have taught them political "science" when politics is really an art, not a science. A science is something which is true in all lands, like the multiplication table or the laws of gravity, while that form of government which works in Connecticut will not necessarily work in Nicaragua or even in North Dakota; and not at all in China.

An able student of Chinese politics who has lived in China for a quarter of a century and who is well conversant with Chinese public opinion and political thought told me that the basic fact in the Chinese political problem is the apathy of at least four hundred million Chinese, who not only are not democratic in their political thinking and

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practices but have no conceptions and no conscious interest such as could lead them to become a democracy. At present, and for centuries past, their chief interest, almost their sole interest, has been family and clan welfare. It would seem as though the quickest way to bring the Chinese people up to the point of interest in and fitness for popular government would be for a number of provincial or regional governments to be established, each small enough for its people to see its working and to realize that it is not a vague abstraction but a piece of machinery that works for them and gets results, that improves their farming, their commerce, and their other activities.

I believe that the United States ought to take the initiative in an effort to induce the several warring groups in China mutually to agree to respect certain boundaries and each to form a government within its own boundary and confine its efforts to solidifying that government and to increasing productiveness in its own area. We could offer to place a diplomatic commissioner within each such area, to help with advice and friendly counsel. We might lend the weight of our good offices to those governments that were willing to assume their share of existing national obligations.

It may be objected that any such arrangement is not practicable at the present time. I talked with a number of "old China hands" and their friends who believe that an expeditionary force of one hundred thousand trained Western troops could easily pacify China and by policing railways and rivers bring back the good old days of profitable trade. I do not agree with them. I believe that such an undertaking would greatly promote the growth of that very anti-foreignism which has been fostered so carefully by Russia and her agents. It would cause wide-spread boycotting of all foreign goods. It would be followed by a period of wide-spread guerilla warfare. Hundreds of thousands of Chinese soldiers would become bandits. Armed bands of marauders would, if anything, put China in worse chaos than it is in to-day. Furthermore, it would tremendously hamper the efforts of the wisest Chinese bankers and merchants, who wish to bring China back to normal, peaceful conditions.

On the other hand, I have listened to missionaries and students who assured me that the great mass of the Chinese people were as intelligent as the great mass of the American people; that our policy of protecting American lives and property in the treaty ports threatens to forfeit the high regard which the Chinese people had for America; that, while heretofore military leaders have been handling political affairs, "the prospect now is that the people themselves will soon assume control"; that China can easily put her house in order if foreigners would only keep their hands off, get out, and abrogate the special privileges which they have enjoyed under the "unequal treaties." These statements and claims I believe to be just as wrong and unwise as the claims of the "old China hands" that China can be pacified by foreign troops.

The group of Nanking missionaries who issued a statement several weeks after the Nanking outrages of March 24 had a remarkably clear grasp of the situation when they said that "the securing of equal recognition in the family of nations depends more upon the Chinese' own efforts than on the foreign governments . . . foreign nations have taken actual steps in meeting Chi-

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nese claims and are agreed to go further. But the Nationalists' government has not kept its promises nor fulfilled its obligations. . . . We have favored the return of concessions to China, but to-day a foreign settlement is our only place of refuge. We have assured our people abroad that the Nationalist movement was not anti-Christian nor anti-foreign, but now we are driven from our homes and dispossessed of our property. . . . Everything we have said in behalf of the Nationalist movement is made to appear false. . . . We know there are many Chinese people who see these events as we do and who sincerely regret them. But regret and good wishes are not sufficient. Those sections of the Chinese people who really disapprove of the conditions we have pointed out should find some way to make their influence and good-will effective."

As a matter of fact, violent anti-foreign agitations have occurred repeatedly and appear to be wide-spread in central and southern China. Christianity and the Christian religion are being persistently and systematically attacked. Their leaders are being maligned and persecuted, their properties are being desecrated, looted, and seized, notwithstanding promises of protection by the Nationalist government.

I do not mean in any way to charge the leaders of the Nationalist government with bad faith. I believe that they sincerely desire to deal honestly and fairly with their foreign friends. On the other hand, it is obvious that their armies are so badly disciplined that they cannot prevent their soldiers from taking possession of foreign property, looting, robbing, and burning. Furthermore, they are in most cases quite helpless in the face of mob violence caused by agitators and demagogues seeking their own selfishness. Nevertheless, the leaders of the Nationalist movement are chiefly to blame for the nature of the teaching which they have countenanced for the past few years. This has been destructive rather than constructive, charged with hatred rather than brotherly love, marked by envy, jealousy, covetousness, and greed rather than by far-sighted patriotism and altruism.

"Chinese history alternates between good government and anarchy," said the late Doctor Sun Yat Sen, hero of the Nationalist movement, in his famous book, "The Three Principles for the People," "and in times of anarchy there has always been the struggle for imperial power. Foreign countries have always fought battles either for religion or for freedom, but in China, during these thousands of years, the question fought over has always been imperial power." This would seem to be a fairly accurate diagnosis of the present situation. Certainly the greater part of the Chinese generals are to-day fighting not for a principle but for imperial power. The fact that they do not openly so state may be due to the last paragraph of lecture seven in "The Three Principles," where Doctor Sun says: "Each time in Chinese history when the government has changed, those who had great military power contended for the throne; if their armies were smaller they sought to be kings or princes. To-day no one in the army, whether high or low, dares attempt to be even a king or a prince. This is a step forward as far as quarrels in history are concerned." It is said that Chang Tso Lin would like nothing better than to establish a dynasty, particularly as he has an attractive and energetic son and several husky little grandsons. Although some of his

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followers have urged him to assume imperial power, he has been content hitherto with gradual promotion from the rank of general to marshal and during this past year from marshal to generalissimo. Rumor has it that the imperial robes of office have been ordered.

Nevertheless, it seems foolish to expect China to become a unified nation, in the Western sense of the term. I am inclined to agree with Doctor John Willis Slaughter when he says in his recently published "East and West in China": "Representative government must make its beginning in the villages, expand to areas not too large for the personal character and influence of the gentry to be lost to view, and then develop into representative provincial government. China must in the end be a federation of provinces on a system of representation which should, for a long time, be as simple as possible. . . . It is natural that China, involved in the circumstances of effecting a change, should imagine that all good things can be made to flow from a wise and powerful central authority. There is no basis in history for this expectation. National achievement rests with a people, and not with a government. No people have proved this in a more impressive manner by their past than have the Chinese. Some day Chinese leadership may produce a genius who realizes how very little government China needs. At that point she will have mastered the first and greatest of all political lessons."

China has four times as many people as the United States. Her people differ from one another as do the peoples of Europe. Her culture is largely mediæval. Only a small percentage of her people can read. The educated classes of the different countries of Europe in the Middle Ages could read the same language, though they could not understand one another's ordinary conversation. So it is in China to-day. Mediæval Latin was spoken by relatively few people; so with classical Chinese.

Modern China is just about as cohesive as Europe was in the Middle Ages. The Holy Roman Empire crumbled. China appears to be falling apart. Mediæval industry was largely a family affair; so it is in China to-day. It took the people of western Europe several centuries to emerge from the Middle Ages. Yet their culture was not nearly so old and firmly established as is Chinese culture. China is not likely to become Westernized in our day. Family loyalty is not likely to give way suddenly to patriotism.

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# Spider, Spider

BY CONRAD AIKEN

A new story by one who is cutting an individual pathway in American fiction. He is author of "Your Obituary, Well-Written," in the November SCRIBNER'S, and of the widely discussed novel "Blue Voyage."

JUST as he allowed himself to sink gloomily into the deep brown leather chair by the fireplace, reflecting, "Here I am again, confound it—why do I come here?"—she came swishing into the room, rising, as she always did, curiously high on her toes. She was smiling delightedly, almost voraciously; the silver scarf suited enchantingly her pale Botticelli face.

"How nice of you to come, Harry!" she said.

"How nice of you to ask me, Gertrude!"

"*Nice* of me? . . . Not a bit of it. Self-indulgent."

"Well——!"

"Well."

She sat down, crossing her knees self-consciously; self-consciously she allowed the scarf to slip half-way down her arms. It was curious, the way she had of looking at him: as if she would like to eat him—curious and disturbing. She reminded him of the wolf grandmother in "Little Red Riding-Hood." She was always smiling at him in this odd, greedy manner—showing her sharp, faultless teeth, her eyes incredibly and hungrily bright. It was her way—wasn't it?—of letting him know that she took an interest, a deep interest, in him. And why on earth shouldn't she, as the widow of his best friend?

"Well," she again repeated, "and have you seen May lately?" She gave him this time a slower smile, a smile just a little restrained; a smile, as it were, of friendly inquisition. As he hesitated, in the face of this abrupt attack (an attack which was familiar between them, and which he had expected and desired), she added, with obvious insincerity, an insincerity which was candidly conscious: "Not that I want to pry into your personal affairs!"

"Oh, not in the least. . . . I saw her last night."

"Where? At her apartment?"

"How sly you are! . . . Yes, after dinner. We dined at the Raleigh, and had a dance or two. Good Lord, how I hate these fox-trots! . . . Then went back and played the phonograph. She had some new Beethoven. . . . *Lovely* stuff."

"*Was* it?"

She lowered her lids at him—it was her basilisk expression. As he met it, tentatively smiling, he experienced a glow of pleasure. What a relief it was, to sink comfortably into this intimacy! to submit to this searching, and yet somehow so reassuring, invasion! He knew this was only the beginning, and that she would go on. She would spare nothing. She was determined to get at the bottom of things. She would drag out every detail. And this was precisely what he wanted her to do—it was pre-



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cisely for this that he felt a delighted apprehension.

"And I suppose," she continued, "she told you about our lunch together? For of course she tells you everything."

"Not everything, no. But she did mention it. . . . As a matter of fact, she was rather guarded about it. You didn't hurt her feelings in some way—did you?"

There was a pause. The fire gave a muffled sap-explosion, a soft explosion muffled in ashes; and they looked at each other for rather a long time with eyes fixedly and unwaveringly friendly. She smiled again, she smiled still, and began drawing the sheer bright scarf to and fro across her shoulders, slowly and luxuriatingly. She was devilish attractive: but decidedly less attractive than devilish. Or was this to do her an injustice? For she was honest—oh, yes, she was appallingly honest; always so brutally outspoken, and so keenly interested in his welfare.

"If I did, I didn't mean to," she murmured, letting her eyes drop. "Or *did* I mean to? . . . Perhaps I did, Harry."

"I thought perhaps you did. . . . Why did you want to?"

"Why? . . . I don't know. Women *do* these things, you know."

"You don't like her."

Hesitating, she threw back her fair head against her clasped hands.

"I like her," she said slowly, and with an air of deliberation, "but I find it so hard to make out who she *is*, Harry. I wish she weren't so reserved with me. She never tells me *anything*. Not a blessed thing. Heaven knows I've tried hard enough to make a friend of her—haven't I?—but I always feel that she's keeping me at a distance, playing a sort of game with me. I never feel that she's natural with me. Never."

He took out a cigarette, smoothed it between his fingers, and lit it.

"I see," he said. "And what was it you said that could have hurt her?"

"What was it? . . . Oh, I don't know. I suppose it was what I said about her way of *laughing*. I said I thought it was too *controlled*—that if she weren't just playing the part of a polite and innocent young lady she would let herself go. You *know* it's not natural, Harry. And she seemed to think that was my insidious way of accusing her of hypocrisy."

"Which it was."

"Well—was it? . . . Perhaps it was."

"Of course it was. . . . Confound it, Gertrude—what did you want to do that for? You know she's horribly sensitive. And I don't see how you think *that* kind of thing will make her like you!"

He felt himself frowning as he looked at her. She was swinging her crossed knee. She was looking back at him so honestly—oh, so very honestly—her long green eyes so wide open with candor—and yet, as he always did, he couldn't help feeling that she was very deep. She was kind to him, she was forever thinking of his interests, first and foremost; and yet, just the same——

"It was just a moment of exasperation, that was all. . . . Hang it, Harry! It infuriates me to think that she's playing that sort of game with *you*. You're too nice, and too guileless, to have that sort of thing done to you."

*Smiling—smiling—smiling.* That serpentine Botticelli smile, which had something timid in it, and something wistful, but also something intensely cruel.

"Don't you worry about me."

"But I do worry about you! Why shouldn't I worry about you? . . . Good

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Lord! If I didn't, who would? . . . I'm perfectly sure *May* doesn't."

She emphasized this bitter remark by getting up; moving, with that funny long stride of hers (which was somehow so much too long for her length of leg), to the fireplace. She took a cigarette from the filigree silver box on the mantelpiece and lifted it to her mouth. But then she changed her mind and flung the cigarette violently into the fire.

"Hang it," she said, "what do I want a cigarette for? . . . *I* don't want a cigarette."

She stood with one slipper on the fender, staring downward into the flames. It was odd, the effect she produced upon him: a tangle of obscure feelings in conflict. There were moments, he was sure, when he thoroughly detested her. She had the restlessness of a caged animal—feline, and voluptuous, and merciless. She wanted to protect him, did she, from that "designing" May? But she also, patently, wanted to devour him. Designing May! Good heavens! Think of considering poor May, poor ingenuous May, designing! Could anything be more utterly fantastic? He saw May as he had seen her the night before. She had been angelic—simply angelic. The way she had of looking up at him as if from the very bottom of her soul—while her exquisitely sensitive and gentle face wavered to one side and downward under the earnestness of his own gaze! No, he had never in his life met any one who loved so simply and deeply and all-surrenderingly, or with so little *arrière pensée*. She was as transparent as a child, and as helpless. She gave one her heart as innocently as a child might give one a flower. Gertrude could, and would, torture her unrelentingly. Gertrude would riddle her—Gertrude would tear her to pieces—with that special gleaming cruelty which the sophisticated reserve for the unsophisticated. And none the less, as usual, he felt himself to be powerfully and richly attracted and stimulated by Gertrude: by her fierceness, her intensity, the stealthy, wolflike eagerness which animated her every movement. He watched her, and was fascinated. If he gave her the least chance, wouldn't she simply gobble him up, physically and spiritually? Or was he, perhaps, mistaken—and was all this merely a surface appearance, a manner without meaning?

"No, I can't make it out," he said, sighing. He relaxed, with a warm feeling of comfort and happiness, as if a kind of spell, luxurious and narcotic, were being exerted over him. "She isn't at all what you think she is—if you really *do* think she is. . . . She's as simple as a—primrose. And, in spite of her self-centredness, she is fundamentally unselfish in her love of me. I'm convinced of that."

"My *dear* Harry! . . . You know *nothing* about women."

"Don't I?"

"*A primrose!* . . ."

She laughed gently, insinuatingly, lingeringly, derisively, as she looked downward at him from the mantelpiece. She was delighted, and her frank delight charmed him. How she ate up that unfortunate, that highly unfortunate, primrose! She was murderous; but he couldn't help feeling that she made something truly exquisite of murder—as instinctive and graceful as a lyric.

"A primrose!" she repeated gaily. "But, of course, I see what you mean. You *are* sweet, Harry. But your beautiful tenderness deserved something better. She has, I know, an engaging naïveté of appearance and manner. But

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surely you aren't so innocent as to suppose that it isn't practised? Are you?"

"Yes and no. Of course, what one calls a manner is always, to some extent, practised. But if you mean she is insincere with me, no. She is perfectly sincere. Good heavens, Gertrude, have I got to tell you again that she's in love with me—frightfully in love—as I am with her? One can't fake love, you know. And what on earth would she *want* to fake it for—assuming that she could?"

"That's easy enough. She wants your money. She wants your prestige. She wants your social position—such as it is. She'd give her eye-*teeth* to be married to you, whether she loved you or not."

How sharply she pronounced the word "teeth," and with what a brightening and widening of her incomparable eyes! Really, she ought to be in a zoo. She reminded him of that leopard he had seen the other day, when he had gone with his two little nieces to the Bronx. He had sat there, in his cage, so immobile, so powerful, so still, so burning with energy in his spotted brightness; and then, without the smallest change of expression, he had uttered that indescribably far-away and ethereal little cry of nostalgic yearning, his slit eyes fixed mournfully on Alison. Good heavens—it had curdled his blood! For all its smallness and faintness and gentleness, it had been a sound of magnificent power, a prayer of supernal depth and force. Wasn't Gertrude's magic of exactly the same sort? It was in everything she did. She was not beautiful, precisely—she was too abrupt, too forceful, too sharp, for that. Despite her grace, and the undeniable witch-charm of her face, her intensity gave her whole bearing an odd angularity and feverishness. He even felt, occasionally, that she might some day, all of a sudden, go quite mad. Stiff, stark, staring mad. Lycanthropy? For certainly it wouldn't surprise one to hear her howl like a wolf. And this animal madness in her spirit was a part of, if not the very base of, her extraordinary power to fascinate. One followed her queer evolutions as if hypnotized. If she entered a room, one looked at no one else. If she left a room, one felt as if one's reason for being there had gone.

"I wish I could make you *see* her properly," he mourned, stretching out his legs toward the fire.

"Go ahead! . . . Try."

"But what's the use? You seem determined—for whatever reasons—*not* to see her."

"Not in the least. I'd *like* to believe you—I'd like nothing better."

"Women will never, never, *never* do justice to those members of their own sex who attract men in the perfectly natural way that May does. Of course she attracts men—and of course she knows it. How could she help it? Can the crocus help it if the sparrow wants to tear her to pieces? It's not a trick or a falsity in her. She's as naturally affectionate, and as guileless in her affections, and as undiscriminating, I might add, as a child of six. And one can see, with a little divination, that she has been painfully hurt, over and over again, by this habit of hers of wearing her heart on her sleeve. She gives her soul away forty times a day, just out of sheer generosity, just because she has such a *capacity* for love; and she is rewarded by a suspicious world with jeers and mud. That's always the way it is. The counterfeit makes its way. And the genuine is spat upon."

"How tactful you are to me!"

"Aren't I!"

"I distrust, profoundly, that ma-

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donna type. Really, my dear Harry, it's too easy."

"*You* couldn't do it!"

"No, thank God, and I don't want to. I'd rather be honest."

They were silent, and in the pause the black marble clock on the mantel struck the half-hour. Gertrude's face had become smooth and enigmatic. Abstractedly, she gazed down at her gray-slippered foot, turning it this way and that to make the diamonded buckle sparkle in the firelight. What was she thinking about? What was she feeling? What waxen puppets was she melting in the powerful heat of her imagination? He waited for her next move with an anticipation which was as pleased as it was blind. One never knew where Gertrude would come up next. But one always felt sure that when she came up she would come up with the sharp knife in her mouth and the fresh pearl in her hand.

"I have the feeling that she wouldn't even be above blackmail. Or a breach-of-promise suit. I hope you don't write her incriminating letters!"

"Oh, *damn!*"

"But go ahead with your charming portrait, your pretty Greuze portrait. I'll really do my best to be credulous."

"My dear Gertrude, if you could have seen her in that wood, last week, looking for Mayflowers under the dead leaves! . . ."

It was hopeless, perfectly hopeless, in the light of that baleful smile! He wanted to shut his eyes. It was like trying to sleep under a spot-light. Was there no refuge for poor May? . . . For it had been enchanting—enchanting. He had never expected again, in this life, to encounter a human spirit of such simplicity and gaiety and radiant innocence. That moment, now forever immortal in his memory, when he had found a nest of blossom among the brown pine-needles, and she had come galloping — positively galloping — toward him, with a dead oak branch in her hand! And the pure ecstacy of her young delight as she stared at the flowers, bending over and putting one hand lightly on his arm!

Gertrude collapsed into her chair, helpless with amusement; giving herself up to her laughter, she made him feel suddenly ashamed of that remembered delight.

"Oh—oh—oh—oh!" she cried.

"Well!"

"The shy arbutus! . . . Forgive me, Harry, but that's too funny. How old *are* you?"

He flung his cigarette at the back-log and grinned.

"I knew it was no use," he grumbled amiably. "I can't make you see her, and it's no use trying."

"Well—I can see this much. You *are* in love with her. Or you couldn't possibly be such a fool. But it's precisely when you're in love that you need to keep your wits about you. Or the wits of your friends. . . . You *mustn't* marry her, Harry."

"Well—I don't know."

"*No!* . . . It would be ruinous."

"Would it? How can you be so sure?"

"You think, I suppose, that life would be insupportable without her."

"An agony that I can't bear to think of. And to think that some other man ——!"

"I know the feeling. I've been in love myself."

"It's pretty bad."

"Of course it is. Every time. But that doesn't prove anything. Not a single thing. That sort of agony is largely imagination. . . . Do you *really* think you'll marry her?"

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"Well—I haven't exactly asked her to. But I shouldn't wonder if I would."

It was queer—he felt, and quite definitely, that he had said this to her as if challengingly, as if to see how she would react to it—as if, almost, he hoped to force her to some spectacular action. He smiled lazily to himself, his eyes glazed by the firelight.

She jumped up again, electric, her scarf slipping to the floor.

"Let's have some sherry!" she said. "Would you like to get it?—in the dining-room. You know where it is."

"Good idea."

He stooped to pick up her scarf, accidentally touching her silken instep as he did so. She stood unmoving. Funny—he had the impression that she was shivering. Cold? . . . Excitement? . . . He wondered, idly, as he crossed the library to fetch the sherry decanter; and he came back with the tray, still wondering, but wondering with a pleasant confusedness. He began humming a theme from Opus 115.

"You know, those late Beethoven things are wonderful—wonderful." He put down the tray and removed the stopper from the decanter. "The purity of the absolute. For pure and continuous ecstasy——"

"Purity! . . . You seem to have purity on the brain. . . . Thanks, Harry."

"Here's looking at you. . . . Old times."

"Old times."

They sipped at the lightly held glasses and smiled.

"I wish," she then said, in a tone that struck him as new and a little forced—as if, in fact, she were nerving herself to something—"that you'd do me a favor."

"You bet."

"If I thought there was any way in which *I* could save you, Harry—any way at all—I'd do it. Anything. And if ever you feel yourself on the brink of proposing to her—or if anything goes wrong—I mean, if she should let you down in any way, or not turn out what you thought—well, then, I wish you'd propose to me. Propose to me first. . . . Come to Bermuda with me. That's what I mean."

She drew her feet beneath her, in the chair, and smiled at him brightly but nervously.

"Heavens, Gertrude, how you do astonish me!"

"Do I? . . . I've always, in a funny sort of way, been in love with you, you know."

"Well—since you mention it—I've had my moments with *you*."

"Was one of them two years ago in Portsmouth? . . ."

"How did you know?"

"Do you think a woman doesn't guess these things? . . . I not only knew but I also knew that you knew that I knew."

"Well, I'll be damned!"

He sighed, he smiled foolishly, and for the moment he felt that he didn't quite dare to meet her eyes. He remembered that ride in Tommy's old Packard, and how she had so obviously leaned her shoulder against him; and afterward, when they were looking at the etchings in the Palfrey House, how she had kept detaching him from the others, calling to him to come and look at this or that picture, and standing, as he did so, so very close to him. The temptation had been very sharp, very exciting; but nevertheless he had run away from it, precipitately, the next day.

"You do alarm me," he added weakly. "And, in this age of withering candor, I don't see why I shouldn't admit that the idea is frightfully nice. But it hardly seems quite fair to May."

"Oh, bother May! . . . May can per-

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fectly well look after herself—don't you worry about May. . . . What I'm thinking of is what is fair to *you*."

"How angelic of you!"

"Not a bit. It's selfish of me. Deeply. Why not be perfectly frank about these things? I don't believe in muddling along with a lot of misunderstandings and misconceptions. . . . It's unfair to May; but what I feel is that it's only by that kind of treachery to May that you can ever escape from her. I don't say you *would* escape from her—but you might. And for your own sake you *should*. . . . Quite incidentally, of course, you'd make *me* very happy."

"If it weren't for May, it would make me very happy too. But you won't mind my saying that this May thing is very different. I'm in love with her in an extraordinary way—a way that I can't find any adequate symbol for. . . . Call it the shy arbutus, if you like."

"Oh, damn you and your shy arbutus!"

She sprang up, flung her scarf angrily into the chair, and went swiftly across the room to the desk. She put down her sherry-glass beside the brass candlestick (made in the likeness of a griffin), revolved it once or twice between thumb and finger, and then picked it up again, turning back toward the fireplace. He twisted himself about in his chair so as to watch her. She stood looking at him, with her fair head flung back and the glass held before her. She was looking at him in an extraordinary manner—as if, in some remote, chemical way, she were assaying him, wondering which catalyzer to try next. Melodrama? Tenderness? Persuasion? Aloofness? . . . She hesitated. He felt sure, for an instant, that she was going to come and perch herself on the arm of his chair, and perhaps even put her arm round his neck. And he wasn't sure that he would so very much mind it. Mightn't it—even—be the beginning of the end? The notion both horrified and pleased him. Perhaps this was exactly what he had hoped for? It would be very easy—in these circumstances—to forget May. It was positively as if she were being drawn away from him. Gertrude would kiss him; and the kiss would be a spider's kiss; it would numb him into forgetfulness. She would wrap him up in the soft silk of oblivion, paralyze him with the narcotic, insidious poison of her love. And May—what would May be to him then? Nothing. The faintest and farthest off of recollected whispers; a sigh, or the bursting of a bubble, worlds away. Once he had betrayed her, he would be free of her. Good Lord—how horrible! . . . The whole thing became suddenly, with a profound shock, a reality again.

She came back toward him, tentatively, with slow steps, slow and long and lagging, as if, catlike, she were feeling the rug with her claws. She held her head a little on one side and her eyes were narrowed with a kind of doubting affection. When she stood close to his chair she thrust the fingers of her right hand quickly into his hair, gave it a gentle pull, and then, as quickly withdrawing, went to the fender. He smiled at her during this action, but she gave him no smile in answer.

"Shall we turn on the radio"—she said lightly—"and have a little jazz?"

"If you like. . . . No—let's not. This is too interesting."

"Interesting! . . . Ho, ho!"

"Well, it is, Gertrude."

"So, I dare say, is—hell."

"Oh, come now—it isn't as bad as that."

"But what further is there to say? It's finished."

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"But is it?"

"That, my dear, dear Harry, is for you to say; and you've as good as said so, haven't you? You've been awfully nice about it."

He felt a little awkward—he felt that in a way she was taking an unfair advantage of him. And yet he couldn't see exactly how. He sat up straight in his chair, with his hands on his knees, frowning and smiling.

"If you could only *like* May!" he murmured. "If you could only see in her what I see in her—her amazing spiritual beauty! Then, I'm sure——"

"Give me some more sherry, Harry—I'm cold. And my scarf."

"Why, you're shivering!"

"Yes, I'm shivering. And my aged teeth are chattering. And my pulse is both high and erratic. Is there anything else I can do for you?"

She smiled at him bitterly and coldly as he picked up the silver scarf from the chair; but the smile became really challenging as he held up the scarf for her turning shoulder. It became brilliant. It became beautiful. He allowed his hands to rest on her shoulders and looked at her intently, feeling for her a sudden wave of tenderness and pity, and of something else as well.

"The sherry!" she said, mocking.

"All right—I'll get it."

"Well—*get* it."

He inclined his face and gave her a quick kiss—and then another—at which she made no protest and no retreat; and then turned away, dropping his hands.

"And now let's have some jazz," she cried, as he filled her glass from the decanter. "I feel like dancing. . . ."

"The devil you do!" he said.

She emptied her glass, and turned her back to put it on the mantelpiece. She did this quite simply, without any sort of self-consciousness; there was nothing histrionic in the gesture; it was the entire naturalness of the action that made it, somehow, heart-breaking. And instantly he moved to her and touched her arm, just above the elbow, with his hand. She began trembling when she felt his touch, but she did not turn. And as he felt her trembling it was as if, also, he felt in himself the tiny beginning tremor of a great disaster. He was going to embrace her—he was going to give himself up. And May, stooping for arbutus in the wood, became remote, was swept off into the ultimate, into the infinite, into the forgotten. May was at last definitely lost—May was dead. He experienced a pang, as of some small spring broken in his heart, painful but obscure; the dropping of a single white petal; and that—for the moment—was all.

For the moment! . . . He hesitated, looking down at the copper-gold convolutions of Gertrude's hair, and at the fair round neck still so beautifully young. He had the queer feeling that this hair and this neck were expectant. They were waiting, waiting consciously, to be touched. They were waiting for him to perform this act of treachery, they were offering to reward him for it, to reward him with oblivion. But was that oblivion going to be perfect? *Would* May be forgotten? *Could* May be forgotten? . . . Good God—how horrible! He closed his eyes to the chaos and terror of the future; to the spiritual deaths of himself and May; the betrayal and the agony. . . . And then he felt himself beginning to smile; while, with his finger and thumb, he gently tweaked a tiny golden watch-spring of hair which curled against the nape of the white neck.

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# Nancy Hanks

BY KATHERINE GARRISON CHAPIN

She walked with careful footsteps up the slope,
Picking her way across the fresh light snow.
She did not have to look ahead or grope—
Surely this was a way that she should know;
She'd walked it many times, but just to-day
It seemed a slower and more painful way—
She had to stop, and catch her breath, and lean
Her weight against a tree
Only a moment, so as not to be
Breathless when she went in the little door
(Pain made you breathless anyway).

Inside the house she knew what she would meet
And that was why she stood here
For a moment, in the sweet
Clear winter air that held a touch of spring,
That soft elusive air that wanders blowing
Up from the south on days when everything
Is hushed in winter, and there is no knowing
Why skies should suddenly be gentle. . . .
Where she stood it was as if a wing
Had brushed against her cheek;
And with that slow deep sense of earth,
Which those who seldom speak
But live so much in silences can feel,
She seemed to sense new life in everything
Under the snow, new sap in buried roots
Reaching to some warm depth of earth,
Pushing and groping to another birth.

Inside the house she knew how it would be;
The Granny Woman who would help her, sitting there
Talking of other babies, other pains,
And what they did in other places where
She went; how this one wore
A yellow petticoat to guard against
The rheumatism or the croup,
And this, and that, a string of mountain lore
Passed on by word of mouth



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Among that straggling group
Of lonely proud-necked women.
The little cabin room,
Tidied and set against the night,
Would shine with firelight
And long fantastic shadows on the walls—
The walls that soon would press her in so close
Leaving no room for the escape of pain. . . .

But here under the sky,
Perhaps for the last time again,
She could reach out and feel the space;
That haunting sense of space that seemed to lie
Beyond the edge of all her thoughts;
That held the answer to her prayers,
And all the dark sealed questions of her life.
There, shadowy and hidden, was the face
Of God, if only one could reach
Enough to see. If only one could teach
The soul to hear,
There were so many things to learn
Out of the silence.

She was not afraid
Of silences, or loneliness, or storms,
Only of drouth and hunger, and the heavy breath
Of sickness that could spread a trail of death,
And bitter sight of graves just newly made.
Pity would sear her like a burn,
Pity and aching tenderness.
But grief would close her lips,
And pain she learned to press
Close, close into her silence. But distress
Of children, and old people, and the dumb
Distress of beasts would soften her to words,
Few, short-clipped gentle words that come
So hard to those who seldom speak.

Sometimes the road across the wilderness—
That hard-won road
That bore the endless load
Of lives that moved, and settled, and moved on—
Sometimes that road would beckon to her,
As if it urged her to be gone
Across the hills, and down the river
Out into a world

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Where there were people everywhere,
People who lived strange, easier lives,
And did not stay,
Facing the same blue line of mountains
And the same unyielding struggle day by day.

But if she let her thoughts go down that road
She never turned her footsteps, and her face
Was set within the compass of the place
Where life had set her feet.
She did not find the way
Always so hard to meet;
And when she went about her tasks by day
Often an old song echoed in her heart,
And made a rhythm for her moving feet.
But when she sat beside the fire, apart
A little in the shadows, in these long
And sombre winter evenings, she had dreamed
Only of one thing passionately, till it seemed
That every thought within her must belong
Only to this,—her happiness, her griefs,
The hopes she held and treasured one by one,
Her deep-felt doubts, and her old firm beliefs
Were centered only on her child . . . her son. . . .

Now where she stood she saw the pale light fade,
And the blue shadows lengthen on the snow.
And so she slowly turned once more to go,
Picking the footprints that her feet had made.
The air was growing colder, and it laid
A chill upon her heart, as if a breath had blown
Out of some desolate way that she must go alone.

How could she know the stars stood watching—
Watching, pressed back against the sky,
Where no stars stood before,
As she walked up the slope
And laid her hand
Upon that cabin door?

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# A Southerner Views Lincoln

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Injudicious praise has spoiled the fame of Lincoln, says this descendant of a long line of Southerners. Mr. Rutledge received his college education in the North and is now a teacher in Pennsylvania and an author of note. He essays to present a balanced judgment, shorn of hero-worship.

THE figure of Washington towers sublimely for the whole nation; the figure of Lincoln has, for millions of our fellow Americans, not yet emerged. Still is it cloudy, storm-shrouded. The South, generous-hearted but sorrow-stricken, views him with undetermined bright eyes. It is as a Southerner that I should like to attempt to give the view of Lincoln now obtaining below the Mason-Dixon line; and I do this in the hope that thereby the dangerous apotheosis of Lincoln may be somewhat stayed by a more human view.

If the South's opinion can be calmly and considerately given, some good should accrue; and I do not believe that any clear mind of the South to-day would wish to attempt to diminish, even in the slightest degree, the just fame that is Lincoln's. While it is true that, with the stroke of a pen, he destroyed a noble civilization, and established, as far as the race question is concerned, something like a permanent chaos, Lincoln was regarded by many in the South, even during the Civil War, with a good deal of kindness. I shall never forget what my father said to me one day when, as a lad, I had made some derogatory remark about Lincoln, thinking, of course, that a Confederate colonel who had seen four years of fighting and had lost everything would echo my bitterness. Instead, my father looked at me with eyes in which the mercy lights of memory and reconcilement shone. "Son," he said, "Old Abe had a tough job."

In that simple remark there was an unmistakable sympathy; and, as it came from one whom I revered, it impressed me deeply; and it has ever since helped to determine my attitude toward one of the most tragic figures in American history.

It is my honest hope that the opinion of President Lincoln now to be expressed will, without detracting from his greatness, serve to humanize him.

To understand exactly the question of the relation of President Lincoln to the South, I think that the whole matter of union is one which needs to be examined. No one with any experience in life will deny that union by force—that is, mere physical union—is anything but abhorrent. When human beings are not bound by affection no other tie will long hold them.

It was such a hold that the federal Union had on the South until the South was given palpable reason to understand that the power in Washington might not be the guaranty of her safety.



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General Lee said on the subject of the Union, writing from Texas in January, 1861:

"The South, in my opinion, has been aggrieved by the acts of the North, as you say. I feel the aggression and am willing to take every proper step for redress. It is the principle I contend for, not individual or private benefit. As an American citizen, I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and her institutions, and would defend any State if her rights were invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. I hope, therefore, that all constitutional means will be exhausted before there is a resort to force. Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom, and forbearance in its formation, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it were intended to be broken by every member of the Confederacy at will. It is intended for perpetual union, so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a government (not a compact) which can only be dissolved by revolution, or by the consent of all the people in convention assembled. It is idle to talk of secession. Anarchy would have been established, and not a government, by Washington, Hamilton, Madison, and all the other patriots of the Revolution.

"Still, an union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness, has no charms for me. I shall mourn for my country, and for the welfare and progress of mankind. If the union is dissolved and the government disrupted, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people, and, save in defense, will draw my sword no more."

The South believes that President Lincoln saved the Union from the peril into which the long years of discord, and perhaps his own radical stand and the policy of his own political party, had thrust it. What first imperilled the Union was the abolitionist; what brought that peril to a crisis was the Republican party; for, though that party disavowed the ideals of the abolitionists, the candid searcher after truth has no difficulty in apprehending that the abolitionists expressed themselves politically in the Republican party; and that President Lincoln, managing to appeal to both the conservative Republicans and the radical abolitionists, won the approval, the confidence, and the votes of each.

There appears no authentic evidence that the South overrated the actual hostility of the party that elected Abraham Lincoln; but it did overrate his own hostility, as it underrated his magnanimity. Yet it seems also that those aching years in the White House developed the humanity of the President, so that, as the clouds deepened, and as shadows of personal grief gathered, he began to emerge, something like a planet from a ragged storm-rack, effulgent with a light from other worlds than ours.

Injudicious praise has rather spoiled the genuine fame of Lincoln. I do not believe that his partisans are wise in attempting to clear him of responsibility in precipitating the Civil War. We must not minimize his share in launching that bloody and dramatic contest. As far as I can discern, and I have tried to examine the whole matter with pains-

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taking care, his very position compelled him to accept more responsibility than any other in the matter. It is an error of major magnitude to assume that he was innocent in the matter of starting the war. I do not claim that, from his view-point, he was not right; he himself, as we shall see, was in doubt. But it was wholly in his power to effect war or peace. He chose war.

To decide on war was, under the circumstances, an astonishing thing, for his party hardly represented the moral and political sentiment of the country. Lincoln had been elected because the Democrats had been hopelessly divided. The vote cast for him was 1,866,452; the vote cast against him and the things for which his party stood was 2,823,471. In the North and West alone there were 1,288,611 votes cast against Lincoln. In Oregon and California, sufficiently removed from the heated areas to judge rather impartially, the Democratic vote outnumbered the Republican two to one. In spite of this fact, Lincoln received the votes of the electorate in those States. Had the Democrats not been divided, a Democrat would have been overwhelmingly elected, for the true sense of the voters of 1860 was undoubtedly Democratic.

To be absolutely candid, Lincoln, an apparently cautious man, was elected on a dangerous issue. If beyond the presidency he had a great ambition to free the slaves, was that a legitimate ambition? From the way the people voted, they apparently saw more clearly the peril than the politicians cared to have them see it, recognizing that, in a very real sense, Lincoln was practically committed to a political and social revolution, slow but inevitable. The integrity of their understanding did not welcome the thought of any revolution, least of all the kind contemplated. They must have felt, too, that Lincoln was reasoning as a politician and not as a statesman when he made no distinction between the lovers of liberty from all lands who thronged voluntarily to our free shores and the unhappy savages who were brought here by compulsion in chains. The American people felt that such reasoning was not of a kind to be trusted.

After the election, though the South was out of the Union, it was peacefully out. The time, it would appear, was a time for conciliation. President Lincoln seemed to be conciliatory, but in reality he was not, for he would consider no concession. He underestimated the spirit and the earnestness of the South. Almost any concession would have been better than the sacrifice of more than a half-million of the bravest Americans. This nation, from the loss of that valiant blood, has never recovered, and never can. Peace was talked, but no peace was offered; and the compromise suggested did not meet with the President's approbation.

Those interested in the life of Lee are fond of discussing what they are pleased to call Lee's great decision; that is, his determination to forego the glory of leading the armies of the Union against his own people for the perilous and almost hopeless task of drawing his sword for the South. It is seldom discerned that, in a sense, Abraham Lincoln made a far greater decision. The current American idea of him—that he was a passive innocent—is not only utterly false, but is unfair. To discover what Lincoln really thought and did we have but to examine his own words. Let it be remembered, however, that, though the dread responsibility of determining war was Lincoln's, I do

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not say, and I do not see how any man can fairly say, that the guilt of declaring war was his.

He and the South had come to an almost impossible constitutional difficulty. A way out must be found. As President, Lincoln himself must find it, or at least he so considered. It was imperative that he should choose, for, as he himself declared: "On the territorial question *I* am inflexible." There were millions in the North and in the South who were not inflexible when it came to considering terms of adjustment. If the more powerful of two opposing parties is inflexible, the weaker party not only can never hope for a generous peace but has to choose between war and unconditional surrender.

We find a truly militant note sounded by Lincoln in his "house-divided speech." "With strange discordant elements we gathered from the four winds and formed and fought the battle through [he is referring to the elections of 1850] under the constant hot fire of a disciplined, proud, and pampered *enemy*. Did we brave all then to falter now—now, when the same *enemy* is wavering, dissevered, and belligerent?"

Earlier, when he took occasion to dispute the decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, his attitude was hardly that of one who is willing peacefully to abide by the mandates of the highest tribunal in the land. We see therefore that at last, when the crisis had actually come to a decision between peace and war, the politician in Lincoln, who had always been dominant, triumphed. The war fulfilled many of his own predictions; it was the logical result of the theories upon which his political faith was based; indeed, it is not too much to say that the North was led into war by one who had visioned it afar off.

He says, in the First Inaugural: "*I* hold that, in contemplation of universal law and the Constitution, the union of these States is perpetual." Such a view was his own. Again, regarding a policy to be adopted toward the South, he wrote Secretary Seward: "If this must be done, *I* must do it." To the credit of Seward let it be said that as a preliminary to an amicable adjustment he urged that Fort Sumter should be yielded. Lincoln alone decided against this; that is, he alone decided for war. Mr. Seward wrote a friend: "There is but one vote in the cabinet, and that is cast by the President." To the end of the war Lincoln maintained this same absolute control. When he despatched Secretary Seward to meet the Confederate commissioners at the Hampton Roads conference he finished his brief letter with this imperative: "You will not assume to definitely consummate anything."

Lincoln took the initiative in the Civil War. He declared that he had to choose whether the Union with all its benefits should be preserved for posterity or whether it should not. He decided that only by a war could it be preserved. Many think otherwise. That he was honest in his opinion is apparent. But it is likewise apparent that a war was the most costly, the most terrible, and the most inefficient method of preserving the Union.

Even after the attack on Fort Sumter had been provoked—when, according to Nicolay, "the Confederate authorities found themselves face to face with the fatal alternative either to begin war or to allow their rebellion to collapse" —peace was possible. Who had presented that fatal alternative? What could any brave beleaguered people do

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save what the people of the South did? Yet, even after that sham battle of Fort Sumter, the President might have called for Congress instead of for an army of volunteers. War was waged against the South for nearly three months ere Congress assembled.

Let us by all means give President Lincoln credit for saving the Union—as it was saved; but it was his own way, and it was, I think, a calamitous one, especially since other ways were possible.

What drove Virginia out of the Union was Lincoln's call for volunteers. The administration, unless it deliberately wanted war, as Senator Douglas had claimed, blundered when it alienated the Old Dominion. A little more patience, a little more diplomacy—and the whole aspect of things would have changed. Lincoln's call for troops to invade the South was an irrevocable mistake. He was doing the very thing that he had declared in his First Inaugural was among "the gravest of crimes."

The present enjoyments of the federal Union we owe to President Lincoln. I am grateful for them, as any true American should be. Yet in my heart I believe they might be even greater had President Lincoln's great decision been for peace instead of war.

In a very real sense President Lincoln was not so much the savior of the old Union as he was the creator of a new Union. Indeed, it is hardly too much to declare that the present Union was conceived and established by him. The old Union was a rope of sand. It provided for disunion. It sanctioned secession. It formed the Disunited States. Perhaps a war was necessary to found a new nation—an indestructible union of States. The Civil War destroyed the old Union and created a new one. The Republican party of 1860 was, in reality, a military organization. And, during the perilous years that followed, our old Constitution was so racked and strained, and was so amended, that, in effect, it became a new one. The Union Lincoln found was one of discord and hatred; the one he founded is one of mutual esteem and indissoluble affection—still lacking, perhaps, in complete confidence and affection of all the parts for one another, but still a permanent union. The one over which he was called to rule would not, could not, last. He made another. If I really wished signally to honor the memory of President Lincoln, I should cease calling him the Great Emancipator, which, in a very genuine sense, is a term of opprobrium, and I should call him the Founder of the Federal Union.

While it is true that in the Cooper Union speech and in certain of his other pre-election addresses Lincoln said some things about the South that any Southerner of that day could not help resenting, his utterances, in the main, considering the rancor of the times, were singularly mild and fair. He once said, with that strange, sullen pride of a commoner, that he was no gentleman; yet I hardly know another man so long in public life who said so much on malignant subjects and yet said so little that could be called malicious. In public debates he seems to have been singularly forbearing and courteous. After he became President he was even more considerate.

I have searched all of Mr. Lincoln's writings in vain to discover any real rancor against the South, or even any unfairness, at a time when, in his position, to be unfair would have been natural, and—what to an ordinary mortal is far more tempting—politic,

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and, from a party view-point, patriotic. Yet there is no difficulty in apprehending that his purposes were political; and in discovering also—what perhaps was to be expected—that he did the South that peculiar injustice that must needs be done by one who does not fully understand.

However, the South believes that the Lincoln of 1865 was a different Lincoln from the same man of 1860. Viewed in any light, his is a sad story. What manner of man he was at the earlier time, few understood; but there seems no doubt that those terrible years deepened his heart, broadened his sympathies, amplified the powers of his humanity. There is no biographer of his who does not dwell on the deep and apparently abiding melancholy of the man. I have come, through reading those biographies, through studying that woful face, through feeling the fearful crisis of those times, to believe that much of Lincoln's secret sorrow and grieving came from a genuine consciousness that the South had been made the pitiful victim of a gigantic and ghastly mistake. Unless I have been unable to take aright the stature of Lincoln's humanity, he could not have failed to include in his sympathies the alienated, the assailed, the devastated, the heroic South. As a lover of true liberty and as a profound student of the sphere of the state, he must have known, for he was too wise not to know, that, in a broad and genuine sense, the South was contending for a principle essentially just and noble—the right of a people to self-determination. I believe he did know; furthermore, I believe that only his official position prevented him from voicing his knowledge.

President Lincoln's determined clemency and liberality toward the South at the close of the war all of us admire. He knew that the South's vain and pitiful struggle was one for which he himself was in part responsible. He therefore was, in a sense, discharging a duty when he was liberal-minded. Of all the great men on the Union side, he alone appeared to discern that the North owed the South the simple justice of compassion. Too long, I think, the opinion has prevailed that the North was the only one who had anything to forgive. Lincoln knew better. He planned to forgive, and he hoped to be forgiven.

There are some things that President Lincoln could have done that the South wishes had been done; for example, probably no ruler in the history of the world who did not himself take command of armies was so intimately in touch with his generals. It seems not altogether in keeping with Lincoln's reputation for mildness and mercy that he sanctioned a march like General Sherman's, and that no restraining word was given to check the wanton devastation. Because of the general's avowed purpose, it was incredible that the President did not know of it; yet we listen in vain for the word of restraint or rebuke. I suppose he thought that the sooner the war could be brought to a close, by any means whatsoever, the better. Yet the nature of General Sherman's march through Georgia and the Carolinas must have been shocking to the President. Many Southern writers have execrated both Sherman and Lincoln; undoubtedly the former was vindictive. Such a charge, however, cannot be clearly made against the President. Yet it is impossible that he was not aware of the spirit of that ruthless campaign of devastation. And these ruined homes and fields were

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American, whose owners were rebels in a no more base sense than had been their fathers who had established liberty on this continent.

On December 18, 1864, General Halleck, Chief of Staff to President Lincoln and necessarily in close touch with him, writes to Sherman as follows: "Should you capture Charleston, I hope by some accident the place will be destroyed. And if a little salt can be sown on its site, it may prevent the future growth of nullification and secession." Sherman, on the 24th, answers as follows: "I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and do not think that 'salt' will be necessary. When I move, the Fifteenth Corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will naturally bring them into Charleston first; and if you have watched the history of that corps you will have remarked that they do their work pretty well. The truth is, the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance on South Carolina."

It seems a tragic pity also that President Lincoln refused to receive the Confederate commissioners in 1861. Of all men, Lincoln was one of the most effective in accomplishing results by conference. Nothing was to be risked by such a meeting, and everything was to be gained. But the emissaries were condemned without being heard. The South believes that this treatment was caused by one of two things: either the President had already determined upon a course of action, or else for once his native sagacity forsook him. Of the two, the former appears the more probable; for to deny audience to those who are attempting to avert war and who have the power to avert war, is, in effect, to declare war. Not to honor a flag of truce is to continue hostility. Any man who will make peace only on his own terms is a man of war. The South, generous, proud, impulsive, quick to sense a purpose by an attitude, interpreted President Lincoln's treatment of her commissioners as an insult. But it was worse than that: it was a mistake—unless, indeed—for I would do him full justice—that prophetic and visioning mind, ample in comprehension, had even then determined upon the vast design of war, emancipation, and a new and imperishable Union.

The South has always regretted that Abraham Lincoln never took a more reassuring attitude toward the John Brown affair. On several occasions he referred to it; and, while he never spoke approvingly of it, he never denounced it. He appeared to feel that Brown was a fool to attempt so wild a design; but he did not call him a murderer and a criminal. Lincoln, of course, was campaigning; and he had to hold both the abolitionists and the mild Republicans. By denouncing Brown he would lose the vote of the former. By praising Brown he would lose the vote of the latter. He did neither. Political exigency compelled him to take a middle course; but such a course had in it no reassurance for those people of the nation against whom Brown had bloodily conspired.

In the Fort Sumter affair, surely it was a little paltry to compel the South to defend herself and then to declare to the world, especially to a deluded American public, that the South had wilfully begun the conflict. The South to-day does not know whether to be more amazed over the blindness of the North to this palpable ruse or more amused over the fertility of the President's invention.

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Says J. H. Barrett, a stanch Republican, formerly commissioner of patents and author of a life of President Lincoln: "This work"—of the secret military and naval despatches concerning Fort Sumter—"involved nice problems of diplomacy, as well as prudent care to place the *onus* of commencing civil war unequivocally upon the secession leaders. Much of the seeming mystery which enveloped the six weeks preceding the attack on Fort Sumter . . . was due to state secrets, over which the curtain should still rest."

My own opinion is that the American people would now prefer to have the curtain lifted.

After the close of the Civil War, what President Lincoln's attitude toward the South would have been we can surmise with a considerable degree of certainty. I believe it would have been generous. Nicolay says: "He struck slavery its death-blow with the hand of war, but he tendered the slaveholders a golden equivalent with the hand of friendship and peace." Such a statement is only possibly true, for death overtook the President before he had had a chance to reveal his purposes. Yet it would not, I think, have been less generous and manly than that of Grant toward Lee at Appomattox, which really left little to be desired. It is likely, though no man can declare it to be a certainty, that what the South received from the victorious North during those worse-than-war years that succeeded General Lee's surrender she would have been saved from had Lincoln lived.

His death was sincerely lamented by the South; indeed, the true temper of the South can best be shown from the fact that, while many abolitionists and radical Republicans openly rejoiced in his passing, an event which they rightly believed removed the chief obstructive force to the designs of their vengeance, the South sorrowed at the death of Lincoln. John G. Nicolay declares: "There was one exception to the general grief too remarkable to be passed over in silence. Among the extreme radicals in Congress Mr. Lincoln's determined clemency and liberality toward the Southern people had made an impression so unfavorable that, though they were shocked at his murder, they did not, among themselves, conceal their gratification that he was no longer in the way. In a political caucus, held a few hours after the President's death, 'the feeling was nearly universal,' to quote the language of one of their most prominent representatives, 'that the accession of Johnson to the presidency would be a godsend to the country.' "

The very spirit manifested then by such radicals existed *before* the Civil War; it was that spirit that the South dreaded; and it was from people capable of such a spirit that the South wished to be politically separated.

Only a few days before his assassination the spirit of the South was shown to him. While Richmond was burning and while General Weitzel's negro soldiers were plundering the helpless place, the President visited the city; and though he walked through throngs of silent and sorrowful-eyed people, who could not in their hearts help regarding him as in a measure the instigator of their woes, no word of malediction was spoken against him, no finger was lifted to do him harm. Indeed, had he at that time visited Charleston, I believe he would have been safe; for, whatever faults the people of the South may have, treachery is not one of them.

As far as I can ascertain, speaking as a Southerner, and speaking with all

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sincerity, Lincoln's attitude toward Southern people was what we expect from a man great of heart. If he did not do all that might have been done, the power that limited him was mortal fallibility, not meanness. In the hour of his triumph, while others talked of bloody reprisals, executions, merciless vengeance, President Lincoln would have none of these. Over and over he kept repeating: "Judge not that ye be not judged."

No man, I think, admired the Confederate soldier more than did Lincoln himself. I am sure he must have felt as Charles Francis Adams did when, taunted in England over the brilliant victories of Lee and Jackson, he nobly said: "Sir, the victors are my countrymen." And it is certain that the President must have honestly envied, during the first three years of the war, the superb capacity of the Southern commanders, the unwavering energy and valor of the Confederate soldiers. Of Jackson he said: "He is a brave, honest Presbyterian soldier. What a pity it is that we should have to fight such a gallant fellow!" And on the last day of his life, looking at a portrait of General Lee, he said: "It is the face of a noble brave man. I am glad that the war is over at last."

I for one believe in the sincerity of these utterances. They are healing, reconciling; and I believe that they may be accepted as characteristic of Lincoln's spirit.

Had Lincoln lived, the South believes that he would have been swift to bury every blade forever. He would have relegated hatred to the hell whence it always arises. Of bitterest enemies he would have made friends. Quite incalculable would have been his power to reconcile; he would have made it easy to obey the law of love. Upon the torn heart of the South I know he would have laid, for blessing and for healing, his gentle, mighty, gnarled, and loving hand. When the war was over, it would have been *done*, had Lincoln lived. Yet, thank God, his spirit survives; and if that spirit cannot make this country, from Canada to the Gulf, and from one ocean to the other, affectionately *one*, I know no other almighty solvent so persuasive, so noble, and so powerful. The South is inhabited, not by fire-eaters and by languorous aristocrats, but by human beings; and when President Lincoln is presented to them authentically, they will accept him. For it is a glory of our common humanity that we cannot escape loving one who is great of heart.

It is generally supposed that the war was precipitated by the hot-blooded behavior of Southern leaders. But history errs which teaches thus. Let any man read Calhoun's last speech in the Senate, and Jefferson Davis's last speech, and he will discover that these are calm, pleading utterances for peace. Among all the leaders on both sides, omitting the irresponsible abolitionists, I do not know one who took a more implacable stand, from first to last, than Lincoln. Looking at the whole matter calmly, and in the full light of impartial history, I can see why the South acted as she did, and I can honor her for so doing; and I can see why President Lincoln pursued steadfastly the course that he considered best for that day, and for what he felicitously called "the vast future."

There were, indeed, details of that plan that might have been improved; yet on the hinge of a mighty revolution who can cover everything? Seward's doctrine of "the irrepressible conflict"

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was the true one. Two opposing civilizations collided. Both were, I think, to blame for the catastrophe. But from the dust and chaos of that stupendous conflict certain heroic figures emerge, the serene light of immortal fame resting upon their unsullied glory. For that most sacred hall of fame which is the loving heart of the American people, not the North nor the South but the whole nation, presents to a grateful posterity Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee.

During the summer recently passed I stood on the sea-wall in Charleston and looked across the harbor to where Fort Sumter looms above the sunlit waves. I thought of the tremendous symbolism of that fortress; I thought of the valiant and the brave, many of them of my own blood, who had fought there and had died there; and I thought of the bitterness of the struggle extended to a hundred sanguinary fields; I thought of that banner of the South which had so long waved over that fort, which now floats over no sea or land but has been folded with tears away; and I thought of the proud hopes and pure ambitions, once alive and beating in gallant hearts—and now in the dust quiescent. Yet I can say, with an honest heart, that a victory for the South could have conferred no loftier heritage than is conferred by the defeated valor of Lee and of Jackson; and that I am glad that out of it all came peace and reunion, and the American nation.

# February

By Helen Santmyer

She knew that now he never would come here
Again, never forgive the words that she
Had spoken,—cool words uttered casually
While her cool fingers moved the teacups. Fear
Struck at her heart. She let no sign appear,
But, when he rose, said to him easily,
"It is not twilight yet,—the light, you see,
Changes so soon after the turn of year."

He spoke without ironical intent
His brief farewell, "As February goes
You'll find the days much longer." And he went
Away with some trite reference to spring.
The street door closed. The shadows, lengthening,
Deepened the mauve and violet of the snows.

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# Prophetic Medicine

BY C. WARD CRAMPTON

The physician, as science advances, is coming more and more to be the prompter for us mortals on the hectic stage of life. Doctor Crampton, organizer of an important health-service clinic, tells of a new phase of medicine.

FORESIGHT is one of man's highest qualities.

Jack Hanford, my guide and friend, was inspecting our equipment. We were to leave at sunrise for a thirty-day trip by river and trail into the wilderness.

He knew what was ahead of us. He examined the canoes, blankets, guns, provisions, utensils, clothing, and gear with an eye that saw forward over every mile and every hazard of the journey. At last he was satisfied. Content, we turned in for a good night's rest, eager for the days ahead. Foresight begets confidence and safety.

From the beginning men have sought to know their future. In the past we came to the soothsayers, palmists, crystal-gazers, and their kind. To-day they apply to the physician, for medicine is developing a new phase—prophecy. By means wholly scientific, physicians are able to read the record of the past, assay the evidence of the present, and forecast the future. What is more, the physician is increasingly able to deliver with his prophecy a constructive guide, designed to defeat the dangers and increase the prospects of realizing the brightest possibilities of the future.

As Jack Hanford said: "On our twelfth day out we go down the Saw Tooth Rapids. Wallace broke a leg there and his tenderfoot was drowned. They are tough, but we are ready for them, you bet, and I'll show you a good time."

Much in the same manner the physician visions the future years, guides his health client through the dangers, and makes the oncoming time the best time that can be shaken from the lap of the gods.

For example, take a similar case of foresight. William Adamson, aged forty, had just been overhauled and his physician had completed the casting of his medical horoscope. He turned to the waiting health client with this verdict: "There is nothing seriously wrong with you. For the present, you may be assured. You have no disease. Your condition, however, is about the average of the city man of the corporation vice-president type. In a few days you will get a six-page record of your tests with my recommendations. Your prospects? You will live, on your present programme, till fifty-two or fifty-three. By good fortune and following very simple instructions, you can probably live and live well to seventy-five or over, and keep your health and vigor reasonably well, of course barring accidents. And perhaps by that time we can do even better for you."

"Now, doctor," replied the health client, "I like what you say, especially about keeping my health and vigor, but



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how do you know what my prospects are and how do you speak so confidently that you can prolong my life from fifty-two to seventy-five or more if I do what you say?"

"No! You mistake me," returned the physician; "I can't prolong your life to seventy-five. No doctor can. But, if you follow your guide—and you won't have to become either an ascetic or a hermit—you can—if you weather that critical time around fifty."

"But come back to the point. How do you know?" persisted the client.

So he was told about prophetic medicine somewhat as follows:

There are two parts to prophetic medicine: first, the casting of the vital horoscope; and second, the writing of a chart which will guide between Scylla and Charybdis across pleasant seas toward the Isles of the Blest.

Forecasting, in its crude form, is a familiar task for the doctor. For example, certain muscles are stiff as boards. "You have pain, fever, a leucocytosis, etc."; forecast—your appendix is ruptured; you will probably die in a few days, unless— "Your diastolic pressure is 150, arteries rotten"; forecast—apoplexy, probably in three years, unless — "There is a hard lump here and a few smaller ones there"; forecast—you have a cancer and will die in three to six months, unless— This is simple, every-day danger-meeting and danger-defeating work. The subject has become more subtle, to meet the demands of foresighted folk who do not wish to die of appendicitis, apoplexy, cancer, or any other illness.

*Heredity.*—First, we must know you —*you,* completely down to the ground and underground, too, for your ancestors are there. The fruit of the family tree may be an acorn, an apple, a cone, a nut, or a lemon—depending upon the tree. Lemons perish quickly; a hickory-nut keeps alive for a long time. They have a susceptibility to their own special disease. Pine-rust attacks no acorn stock. Every man has tendencies and resistances which form part of him. The histories of parents, grandsires, uncles, aunts, and older brothers give clews, hints, and, sometimes, smashing thunderclaps of evidence like the following:

A charming society invalid of forty-five, with twelve doctors' diagnoses, agreeing in substance — "nothing wrong, only neurasthenia." Let us go back and examine the fruit of the family tree in previous seasons: father dead at sixty, apoplexy; mother, fifty-four, "dropsy"; uncle, fifty, "blood pressure"; and in grandfathers, one Bright's disease and the other pneumonia at fifty and ninety-four, respectively; three brothers died similarly before fifty-six, one brother living—he's sick—blood pressure, 270! With ten out of twelve dying between fifty and fifty-six from some breakdown in the heart or blood vessels, what would you expect would be the prospects of your attractive matron of forty-five, with "only neurasthenia"?

Therefore, a study of heredity is the first essential in the human survey. It gives orientation. It puts north, east, west, and south on the chart of prophecy and guidance which we have started to make, but it gives no details.

"Do you believe in heredity?" is a common question. The answer is: "Yes, of course." The farmer is seldom surprised with a crop of potatoes when he has planted wheat. He plants wheat; he raises wheat—naturally, if it is not uprooted, trampled upon, burned up, or drowned out. If it lives, it is wheat—

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good, bad, standard, or peculiar, but still wheat. Heredity gives us the theme of the life-story; we and the fates control the plot and try to make a long and interesting tale.

With a year's work on the underlying causes of her neurasthenia our society matron has a better chance of reaching a happy seventy than the average, unforesighted woman of her class.

Not always do we have such explicit evidence of heredity as in the case of the lady of the fragile arteries, nor is it as easy of interpretation as this seems to be. Manifestations interchange, alternate, skip, link, or double in a generation. Science is beginning to sense its problem and opportunity. Much is known, but a wealth of crude fact lies underfoot waiting for the digging.

*Previous Illness.*—"Coming events cast their shadows before." Some of these prophetic shadows are the illnesses of former years. Every illness is a battle. Stress always reveals vital qualities. If your man has been sick, it means, first, that he was open to attack—susceptible to the disease. This susceptibility may remain, or the body may be fortified so that it will be immune to further assault. Immunity is conferred by scarlet fever, smallpox, and the like. The battle, though it ends in victory, may leave the body weakened and open to attack from any enterprising bacillus. Pneumonia may follow influenza, tuberculosis, measles, etc. Weakness and half-cured foci of bacilli may pave the way for the deterioration diseases of the heart, arteries, kidneys, and these, in turn, will let down every organ of the body.

Peculiar, unsuspected relationships between little illnesses in childhood and adolescence and the grave disabilities of later life are commencing to appear as possibilities and probabilities of various surety. This is a matter of age-long observation and folk-lore. It is on its way to be sifted out scientifically. But no physician voices his suspicions to give substance to man's innate propensity to worry. It is sufficient that every illness gives its evidence to the medical prophet.

May these prophecies increase in number and clarity and may our ability to avert their fulfilment rise above their menace! At present, this is at once one of the youngest and most hopeful fields of research in prophetic medicine.

*Life Management.* — While facts from the past crowd into the medical forecast, the signs of the present are even more significant. It is important to our purpose to know the manner of living and its method (if any). The middle economic class outlives the proletariat and the aristocrat; the workers, leading lives of more normal load, outlast the drones who bear no loads save of their own making. Some trades are hazardous—stone-grinders, aviators, criminals, actors, and writers have their own special dangers. Physicians are short-lived, due to exposure to disease and worry, and irregularity in sleep and food. Occupations make tendencies toward some variety or group of illnesses which are large factors in the longevity quotient.

Habits make or break a man. Rest, work, play, food, drink, worry, and the customary reaction to the impacts of life are potent for good and evil. They often determine what kind of illness will attack and the manner of its defeat or victory. In some degree they always influence the result, for man's conduct is guided rather by appetite than by forward vision. Yet the wise will more

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commonly survive, breed, and bear their kind, and the world moves on.

It is hard to say which kind of case makes the surgeon worry more—the semi-alcoholic good fellow or the overfed prediabetic. Here is another group of facts of varying proof and worth that add to the rapidly growing mass of data in the human audit. Science is attacking the problem of human-life management and distinguishing facts from proverb and preachment.

*Architecture — Human.* — Hitherto all our information has been provided by the record of the seeker at the shrine of health. Now it is time to look at the man himself. First, we look at his body structure, for the structure of a man is both historic and prophetic. So in houses. They show infinite variation. They vary in original plan from Gothic to Renaissance, in height from cottage to skyscraper, in quality of material from granite and steel to paper and paste, in distinction from one of a row of "Buy your own" homes to the product of an architect's carte blanche. In short, they differ as the hovel and the lordly modern hotel. And you may be assured there is a similar wide difference in the living within them, for the internal fittings are akin in quality to the exteriors. So with bodies.

Houses bear signs of past experiences. The exterior is discolored here, the shingles are coming off, the porch is "rickety," one side bulges, a window is broken; or, on the contrary, everything is trim and in good repair with scars of wear well hidden. So again in human frames.

Every day a practical builder is asked: "How long will this building last? What must I do to keep it up?" And he can give a good answer, upon which you can place your confidence and invest your money. His verdict, of course, depends upon how much you wish to spend—there is always an "if." The physician looks upon the human structure in the same way and gives the same kind of answer.

There are a host of fascinating data-explorations in this field. It is a new adaptation of the science of anthropology to the service of the health prophet. For example, here is a shallow Harrison's groove across a manly chest. That did not merely "happen." It was caused by illness in the first two years of life which kept the bones soft, the belly bulging and pushing out the lower ribs, while baby sat like a Buddha. He could not crawl about; he was late in walking, early in talking, and got over his feebleness by dint of cod-liver oil and care, or in spite of soothing syrup. He won, for he is here to-day. But at a cost. Now we know from the Harrison's groove his general class. His genus and species will be determined later.

Add to this one sign eighty to a hundred and sixty more which are commonly to be noted, and a thousand others which can be found by the initiated, and you have a science in itself.

As a part of organized, scientific medicine this is new; as a speculation it is as old as Hippocrates himself. Laycock, Di Giovanni, Kretschmer abroad, Lewellys Barker and George Draper in this country have pushed forward the subject of clinical anthropology toward a field of brilliant usefulness. Draper has found distinct structural differences between those who are susceptible to gastric ulcer on the one hand and gall-bladder disease on the other. A most significant sign is the breadth of the angle made by the lower border of the ribs across the abdomen. One with

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a narrow subcostal angle, from 24 to 55 degrees, has an 80 per cent chance of being a member of the ulcer group; with an angle of from 55 to 75 degrees he enters the nephritis or hypertension group, while with a subcostal angle of 75 degrees his chance of pernicious anæmia increases. When we see these angles we see tendencies but not certainties, and we know what to look for and what to guard against.

*Endocrines.*—Much if not all of human structure, as we find it, has been due to the potent influences of the endocrine glands. Endocrinology is a medical science still in its awkward adolescence. It deals with the newly discovered functions of the pituitary, thyroid, adrenal, and other glands of internal secretion. Good team-work of these glands during development makes a well-balanced human structure.

Seldom, however, are their various balances even. The glands vary in power and leadership. They influence, if they do not direct, growth and development, and determine the type of adult human structure. Lincoln and Wilson, for example, were typical "pituitaries." Most of our outstanding financiers are similar in type, although we also find thyroid or adrenal types who make tremendous successes—in their own thyroid or adrenal fashion. Each type has its weakness, strength, immunities, susceptibilities, as characteristic as its structural appearance.

Endocrinology has implications that run through the destinies of men and nations. It needs (and is getting) exact methods and long-continued research with anthropology, medicine, chemistry, sociology, and education combining to reap the huge rewards that are clearly ahead.

Taking an old pseudoscience and squeezing out the wine of truth is one of the most productive and fascinating methods of modern research. Even astrology has a basis of truth in the fact that those who are born in the spring, like the young of beasts and birds, have a whole summer to establish themselves to meet the strains of winter.

The country doctor has his perennial battle with the stork family in the early spring. With the improvement in houses, more recent biologically, other months have their birth survivals born out of seasonal rhythm.

Palm-reading is very old and has scant scientific foundation. Yet a book has been written on "The Hand and Disease," which classifies the hand type according to disease potentialities. Here is a real contribution which articulates with recent studies in constitution. Froelich has clearly shown that the pointed conical fingers with little fat dimples at the knuckles reveal a deficiency in pituitary influence which accompanies a peculiar type of body, a laxity of the joints and muscles and a tendency to asthenia and asthma. It is the opposite of the well-knuckled long fingers of the intellectually and physically vigorous. Cheek-bones, eyebrows, the angle of the jaw, skin color, texture, moisture, and temperature provide data for the prophecy and life-guide of the oncoming medical scientist. To keep from being blown away by the gusty winds of speculation, however, he needs firm footing on the sane, solid earth of standard medical knowledge, though he need not be buried alive therein.

The fascinating prophetic data of structure gathered from the dawn of mankind and reaching into the long future are supplemented by tests of your applicant for longevity as a going physiological concern. We have been con-

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cerned with the machine; now we wish to test the quality of its operation.

The voices of bodily operation reveal body condition. The heart has a song as varied as speech. It speaks sweet, confident, vigorous regularity, labored weariness, or defective mechanism as clearly as an automobile engine. There are big, booming, strong hearts, quick, fidgety hearts—some stumble, others trip; some are muffled, others are as clear as a flute. The hearts of brothers are often more alike than their noses, but they all tell their story, historical and prophetic. The lungs, also, may slide smoothly, with a rhythmic whisper of serene health, or hoarsely proclaim their hidden discomforts.

The signs and sounds of present illness are familiar to the physician. The preclinical signs of illness and the varying degrees of health and vigor are more subtle, and new methods are required.

*Physiological Assay.*—One of these is the blood-ptosis test, a readable vital index of physical condition. It tells whether you are well or sick and how sick you really are. It will distinguish between perfect condition and staleness in an athlete, between the beginning and the end of a day's work. It will reveal the descent into sickness and the happy progress of recovery. It has been used by the scientist, the New York State Ventilation Commission, for example, to test the effects of various systems of ventilation on the human body. It is used by athletic trainers in the selection of the personnel of athletic teams, and can give advance evidence of the physical condition of the pugilist. In the argot of science, "it tests the efficiency of the sympathetic control of the blood distribution," the function upon which life itself depends every flying second of existence. The blood-ptosis test is an example of the new range of physiological tests.

But the most dramatic part of the health audit is the search for the presence or prospect of unnoticed disease.

*Heedless Humanity.*—The human race is not yet perfect. It exhibits peculiarities in conduct which, when viewed in the pure light of reason, are absurd.

Most of us are like a slightly deaf man walking on a railroad-track. He enjoys the scenery, sunshine, and fresh air. He makes progress over the rather rough going underfoot to which he gives most of his attention. You warn him of the danger of his course. He looks at you with a superior smile and remarks: "I'm all right. I'm getting ahead. I have no pain. Why should I worry? The more trouble you look for, the more you find." Abashed, you slink away. But the rails begin to sing; a train is coming. You shout: "Hey, you fool! Don't you know a train is coming?" He replies with dignity: "Sir! Your news is unwelcome. I have followed this course for some time. I know my own business. There certainly has been no train on the pathway since I have trodden it. You annoy me." And he resumes his perilous path. As the train approaches, it whistles. You try to pull him off the track. Too late! A sickening crunch—! He waited for a pain and he got it.

This happens every day, everywhere. The modern physician is the onlooker. He would shout more loudly and much more effectively if he were not held back by a sense of propriety called "medical ethics." Besides, he is so busy with his regular job of repairing people who have already been damaged by trains of symptoms and disease.

Disease gives forewarning. Chronic

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illness grows underground for years before a symptom sprouts. Those who come to the doctor with heart or kidney disease, or high blood pressure, have had the condition for a long time without knowing it. There is no way that he could know that he was on the road to illness. There are no sign-posts, "Twenty miles to Kidney Hollow," "You are entering Cardiac Corners"—at least, none that the traveller himself can see.

*Preclinical Signs.*—Medicine, however, can see signs of oncoming illness. They are called "preclinical signs." The term is a new one and marks the beginning of an era, but only the beginning.

Some preclinical signs have been already definitely tabulated; not all are clear. Many are in the probable class, but some are sure signs. The few we know, if applied, would increase the expectancy of men a decade and greatly prolong their capacity for the fight and frolic of life. They apply to every age and a hundred fascinating examples could be told.

*Fathers and Sons.*—Here sits John Robinson, aged forty-four. He had his examination two weeks ago and now, a complete convert, brings his two sons, nineteen and twenty-one. John is a model father, except for his arteries. Three factors, at least—constitution, colon, and focal infection—are responsible for his deterioration, of perhaps 60 per cent. We can hold him there, however, probably for years and keep him a provider for his fine family longer than you would think.

Now we have his sons. They look like the father from the outside—tall, rangy, powerful. Their tissues feel, look, and transmit light as their father's. The heart-sounds are nearer alike than their voices. But their arteries are absurdly, pathetically made out of the same kind of material. The sons' are 40 and 50 per cent hard, the father's 60 per cent. The father's blood pressure is 200, the sons' the "text-book normal," 120—as yet.

There they sit, the man of forty-four, the sons half his age. We see the father's early years in the sons and confirm the constitutional element in the father's blood pressure. The arterial condition has developed for twenty years. We should have liked to have the father in hand twenty years ago, but we have the sons. We see what is going to happen to them, and we see how we are going to prevent it. Or, at least, we know how to try, for who to-day will claim to soften hard arteries? What time will tell depends upon the success of our research.

We should like to have the records of one hundred thousand clinical fathers and two hundred thousand preclinical sons. We could guarantee big returns to the human race and to every one of the fathers and sons as well. The study of this is only in its infancy.

At present we know no sure preclinical signs of diabetes before the blood sugar content rises. There are a few most promising claimants for the dishonor-roll, however, which go back several years before the appearance of sugar in the kidney output. This is not the place to talk about them, for every one who would read the list would have a tendency to adopt diabetes as a possibility and worry. And worry is one of the chief causes of trouble.

Preclinical signs are the aristocrats of medical diagnosis. They are refined, subtle, and, as yet, as difficult to harness as an unbroken thoroughbred colt, but they must and will be harnessed to the medical chariot.

Evident but unnoticed signs of pres-

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ent illness, however, are commonplace, though not always of easy observation. It requires only ordinary medical skill to go over the human frame and distinguish the many varieties of illness which, in our dim ignorance, afflict us.

Any skilful physician can find and recognize the signs of present illness that pass unnoticed because they do not give pain. It requires only time and painstaking care. This is the field usually covered by the common health examination, at present confined merely to a search for signs of disease. This is important, indeed, but only a part of the prophetic medicine.

*A Wise Physician.*—For example, here is a man of fifty-four, a prominent physician who decided to have a "health" examination. Yes, he had a complaint, the rather common complaint of being tired and sleepy in the afternoon. He had had thirty years' long labor in his profession, rising to an honored position and competence. He had a soft, neglected body. Despite unfailing regularity, an intestinal stasis was present. He had unknowingly allowed himself to poison his body for many years, and his kidneys were showing the first faint signs of protest. In another few years he would be a "case" of chronic nephritis—"Bright's disease." This when well established is incurable. It brings a constant struggle against high blood pressure, swelling abdomen and feet, headaches and malaise. "You are a lucky man," he was told. "Now we are ahead of it all. We can manage our margin to your every advantage. Your weariness will disappear. You will feel ten years younger, and your prospect of living long will be quadrupled."

*The Human Ostrich.*—There are one hundred thousand men in America over fifty years of age in similar case. They can be saved if they have a good examination and follow instructions.

Perhaps one-third of these men lack knowledge. They have never heard that a health examination is desirable and necessary. They do not know that it saves lives, although newspapers, health-extension institutions, life-insurance companies, and medical societies have spread the gospel.

Another one-third have been convinced that a health examination is a good thing. It certainly ought to be done, and "some time" they will have one, but they never do.

Many know the values of the health examination, who yet refuse to have one. They belong to the human "ostrich" type. They are brave, rather than courageous. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." "If anything is wrong with me, I prefer not to know it." They hide their small heads in the sands of ignorance—their bulky bodies exposed to approaching danger. A hint is not enough; they wait for a kick and they get it.

Of the small remainder who take their health examinations, some will fall into the hands of a busy, hurried physician who has his whole attention on curing disease. He makes a cursory, rapid examination in a crowded office hour, slaps his man on the back and says: "There is absolutely nothing the matter with you. You can get a $100,000 insurance any day." This may be partly true, but it is wofully misleading.

Some will get a thorough examination and decide that all these precautions are foolishness. They disregard the disagreeable instead of facing it and fighting through.

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The wise and fortunate ones who get an expert examination and follow their instructions will enter the zone of serene safety and live longer lives, enjoy maximum happiness, and give ripened service to the world.

*Sight and Foresight.*—At the present time the world needs more health education, increased general knowledge, a larger confidence in physicians, and a greater number of physicians able and willing to meet the increasing demands of a thorough, painstaking human audit. The ignorant and blind will continue to perish, and the wise and courageous reap their customary reward.

Crude life-saving by discovery of evident or silent disease, while only a part of the prophetic-medicine movement, gives huge rewards. Of six thousand men examined by an insurance company (reported by Dublin and Fisk), there was a decrease of deaths amounting to 28 per cent—surely worth while.

One with a statistical turn of mind may wish to consider the defects found in apparently healthy people, in a group of sixteen thousand—ranging from forty-five to fifty-four years of age:

| | PER CENT |
|---|---|
| Faulty posture | 21 |
| Flat feet | 15 |
| 20 per cent overweight | 19 |
| Defective vision | 30 |
| Nasal defects | 58 |
| Infected teeth | 31 |
| Frequent colds | 14 |
| Sugar in urine | 5 |
| Casts in urine | 5 |
| Teeth suspicious of infection | 44 |
| Cardiac conditions | 20 |
| Arterial thickening | 25 |
| Blood pressure raised | 11 |
| Constipation | 40 |
| Hemorrhoids | 18 |
| Albumin in urine | 17 |
| Use of patent medicines and laxatives | 20 |

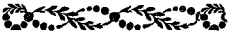
Every one of these is a preclinical sign of danger; every one as much a handicap as if the feet were shod with lead.

These burdens sap strength and break constitution. Relief will depend upon how long they have been borne and how severe a handicap they are.

For the intelligent, far-sighted, upstanding man of fifty, these facts will be received with acclaim. He will rejoice in knowing how he can increase his vital capital and draw great dividends of health, power, and worthwhile longevity.

The human race, however, as we have suggested, is far from perfect. Foresight is not yet too common a trait. The tenderfoot who started at the beginning of our story had foresight enough to select a good guide and sense enough to follow him, and Jack Hanford himself had foresight and experience in handling many a tenderfoot on his journey through the wilderness.

Where there has been a great human need, science has always striven forward to fill it. To meet the demands of human foresight, there dawns a new development of human science—prophetic medicine.



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# Blue Jewels

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

I've sometimes thought I'd like to be a pirate,
Cleanlier and friendlier than most pirates be,
And have a treasure-house of many jewels,
Cut in all quaint, strange forms to pleasure me.

There'd be an aviary; there'd be parrots
With emerald wings and topaz tails, and necks
Of moonstone and of opal; and they'd never
Shriek out insulting words, or give you pecks.

There'd be a lovely hermit thrush, an "hour bird,"
Of some brown, dim, rare jewel; and a bright
Golden canary of one giant topaz;
And red-birds flaming out a ruby light.

There'd be a garden; emerald stems and leafage,
And diamond dew on amethystine bloom;
Flowers of all precious stones, and all perennial;
A glory not to die in Autumn gloom.

But most, I think, I'd like a patch of berries
Carved of deep sapphires, frosted with pounded pearl;
A blueberry patch to sparkle up a hillside
With leaves of emerald, ransom for an earl.

And then—I step outside my mountain cabin,
And all around the camp the silver-green
Blueberry bushes dance in light, while heavy
Knobs of blue jewels hang, the leaves between.

And so don't urge me; I won't be a pirate;
I don't like parrots much, the gaudy things;
And what's a hermit thrush without his forest,
And those five longing, liquid notes he sings?

As for blue jewels, on a thousand bushes
Outside my door the frosted sapphires lie
Nodding in sunlight; and a thought comes to me,
From such blue jewels one makes blueberry pie.



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# As I Like It

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

THORNTON WILDER's new novel, "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," has made an impact on the professional reviewers deeper than any novel since "The Constant Nymph." And no wonder. Although I admired "The Constant Nymph" immensely, I think "The Bridge" a better book in every way. The style is better, the philosophy is deeper, the characters more original, the sympathy for human nature more tender. This is a work that no other man could have written. One hesitates to use the word genius, but there is something akin to that mysterious essence in the pages of this novel.

It is my firm conviction that Thornton Wilder is a star of the first magnitude; he will take his place among the leading novelists of our time. Since this is so, a little personal information about him may not be impertinent. His father is Amos Parker Wilder, one of the editors of the New Haven *Journal Courier*. When I was a freshman at Yale, Amos Wilder was a senior. He was one of the ablest and wittiest men in college, a shining light in public speaking. After graduation he was for a time editor of the New Haven *Palladium* and then for some years the editor of a daily paper in Madison, Wis. He took the post of consul-general at Hong Kong and after his return to America had charge of the interests of "Yale in China." But he is a born journalist, and is now in his right place again as a newspaper editor. He is a man of extraordinary mental gifts, both with tongue and typewriter.

Thornton Wilder's mother, to whom he has dedicated "The Bridge," was Miss Isabel Niven of Dobbs Ferry, daughter of the Reverend Doctor Niven, pastor of the Presbyterian church. When I was twenty-three, I was teaching in Westminster School at Dobbs Ferry; one of my duties was to accompany the boys to church every Sunday morning. There were two Protestant churches in the village, and I was assigned to the Episcopal. As soon as the service was over I went to the Presbyterian Sunday-school, where I taught a class of clever young girls, two of whom were the Morton sisters, daughters of the late G. Nash Morton, whose articles I have frequently cited in this column; another was Isabel Niven, who had (and has) a brilliant and highly cultivated mind. She is the wife of Amos Wilder, and the mother of five admirable children, one of whom is Thornton, the author of "Cabala," "The Bridge," and several plays. It will be seen, then, that Thornton Wilder has an inheritance of brains from both father and mother.

He is thirty years old this year. As an undergraduate at Yale he was unusually versatile, original, and clever. He played and composed music, wrote much prose and verse, and stood well in the studies of the course. He was a shining light in the Elizabethan Club and in that small group known as "The



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Pundits." He spent two years after graduation in Italy, a year at the graduate school in Princeton, and is now master of a house in Doctor Mather Abbott's great school at Lawrenceville.

I make no apology for these biographical details, for very soon everybody will be talking about Thornton Wilder, and "wanting to know."

An important event in Shakespeariana is the completion of "The Yale Shakespeare," in forty attractive little volumes. There are the thirty-seven plays, the "Sonnets," the "Poems," and "Shakespeare of Stratford," by Tucker Brooke, containing only the known facts of his life, and contemporary documents and references. The last volume to appear was the "Poems," edited by the distinguished scholar Albert Feuillerat, professor of English literature at the University of Rennes. Every play has the text complete, with just enough notes and supplementary matter to aid the average man, without getting in his way. This is the best edition of Shakespeare now on the market, both for students and the general reader.

"Kitty," by Warwick Deeping, is a good novel, continuously interesting, and, although it is a story of the Great War, the real war is the fight to a finish between two women, a man's mother and his wife. The foundation philosophy of Mr. Deeping's novels, from which they derive their force and significance, might be called Virile Independence. It is time to have done with social conventions that hamper the development of the free spirit; to let nothing cramp or limit a sincere and honest mind. "Kitty" is a charming novel; and I wish I could induce more readers to secure a copy of one of this author's earlier and less-known books, "The House of Adventure," for I feel sure they would enjoy it.

Gamaliel Bradford's "Life of D. L. Moody" is one of the best biographies he has written, which is saying a good deal. There are probably several million persons living who heard Moody and Sankey; and it is safe to say that no one who ever heard them has forgotten the experience. Moody was a mystic endowed with superlative common sense. He appealed to all classes, educated and uneducated; one of the greatest tributes came from the late A. C. Benson, master of Magdalene College, Cambridge. Mr. Bradford does not write from the amen corner, but his attitude is quite free from either irony or condescension. One finishes the book with the belief that Moody was a man of genius.

The Reverend R. F. Dixon, of Wolfville, Nova Scotia, writes me that he is reading "Peg Woffington" for the third time, and wishes that there might be a revival of interest in Charles Reade. This is an excellent idea. Let all Scribnerians in Canada and in the United States who remember the works of this English novelist with pleasure, unite in giving Charles Reade a prominent place in the membership of the Come Back Club. When I was a boy I read all his novels; and, although I have not opened them for many years, I can remember many scenes and characters. The transfusion of blood in "Griffith Gaunt" and the duel; the shipwreck in "Hard Cash," when the deep voice of Cooper broke the solemn stillness—"Scuttled, by God!"; Peg Woffington in the picture-frame; the English skylark in "It is Never Too Late to Mend"; the opera-singer Klosking breaking the bank in "A Woman Hater"; and, above all, the terrific scene when the two friends killed "the Abbot," in "The Cloister and the Hearth." It is not necessary to make any attempt to revive interest in *that* romance, because it has an imper-

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ishable place in English literature. I have often wondered if Charles Reade himself knew how superior this book was to the rest of his work. The other novels are interesting and well written, with good plot and characters; but "The Cloister and the Hearth" is one of the world's favorite romances.

George Macaulay Trevelyan has succeeded in one of the most difficult tasks. He has written a manual, a text-book, and at the same time a work of literary art, full of charm and beauty. His one-volume "History of England" is admirably compact, well adapted for use as a text-book in colleges, and yet it has no smell of the classroom. It is as interesting as a good novel.

I opened Trevelyan's "History" at random, at page 352, and found the following paragraph, which gives a good idea of the style:

> As Drake entered Plymouth Sound after nearly three years' absence from Europe, his first question to some passing fishermen was whether the Queen were alive and well. Yes, in spite of all her enemies, she was still alive, and well enough to come next year and knight him on board his ship at Deptford. It was the most important knighthood ever conferred by an English sovereign, for it was a direct challenge to Spain and an appeal to the people of England to look to the sea for their strength. In view of this deed, disapproved by her faithful Cecil, who shall say Elizabeth could never act boldly? Her bold decisions are few and can be numbered, but each of them began an epoch.

To those who are interested in English literature of the seventeenth century I recommend the new edition of the "Poems and Letters of Andrew Marvell," in two volumes, edited by H. M. Margoliouth. For the first time a complete critical text of the poems appears, with the text of the "Satires" based on contemporary manuscripts. The second volume contains nearly four hundred letters by Marvell, most of them printed directly from manuscript. Marvell's best-known poem is perhaps "The Garden," and the best-known lines in it are:

> "Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade."

In this scholarly series of new and definitive editions there have already appeared Donne, Herrick, Vaughan, and Crashaw.

Mark Van Doren has made an admirable abridged edition of the famous "New England Diary" of Samuel Sewall, in one attractive volume. I have read every word of this book with intense interest. It covers the close of the seventeenth century and the beginning of the eighteenth; the most picturesque, not to say bizarre, entries are of course those dealing with the old widower's second and third marriages, with the quaint courtships that preceded them. Although I am not a Freudian, there is plenty of Freud stuff here. "For every age love has its tortures," said the wise Turgenev. Apparently neither religion nor scholarship nor public office—in this case all three—can prevent an old man in love from making an ass out of himself. Such is life. Such it really is. Jehovah Jireh!

Professor George C. D. Odell, of Columbia, has produced a veritable *magnum opus* in "Annals of the New York Stage," two big volumes, abundantly illustrated, covering the century from 1721 to 1821. Although this work is the result of years of patient research and necessarily is made up to a large extent of statistics, it is animated throughout by the author's unashamed passion for the theatre; and it is this love of the stage, of the art of acting and presentation, that keeps up, all the long dusty road, the courage of both author

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and reader. It is good news that succeeding volumes are already in hand.

Burns Mantle, the drama critic, has produced another volume in his excellent series, "The Best Plays of 1926-1927." This is a complete and invaluable record of the contemporary American stage; and whether one agrees with the "best ten" or not, one must commend Mr. Mantle for his absolute fairness in selecting them.

The amphibious novelist Ben Ames Williams, who has written so many stirring tales of the ocean and of the farm, has made his most ambitious effort in the very long novel "Splendor," which is really an epic of journalism. This is an account of the life and adventures of a newspaper man, beginning with his work as a small boy on a Boston daily paper and carrying on to his development in middle age. I have seldom read a novel that seemed so truthful; one feels that all the characters and incidents are verifiable. There is not a single very good or very bad person, they are all rather betwixt and between; there is not a single extraordinary event. The style is as undistinguished as the material. Yet it is all interesting, because true. Possibly length was essential to the plan; yet I am certain the novel would have more readers if it were shorter by two hundred pages.

There is, however, one new novel that I wish were two hundred or even a thousand pages longer; that is the thrilling story "No Other Tiger," by the reliable A. E. W. Mason. I did not believe that he could write a more exciting yarn than "The House of the Arrow," which I read in 1925. But this is even better. From the first sentence on the first page to the last word on the last page—well, run, not walk, to the nearest book-shop and get a copy.

Young Lindbergh is as genuine and honest in his writing as he is in all his other activities. This boy is almost too good to be true, but he happens to be both good and true. In order to catch the tide, a book had been prepared from notes dictated by him, and when he arrived in New York he was urged to release this book. They told him that if it could be published at the "psychological moment" a million copies would be sold, but that if he waited the sale would not exceed a hundred thousand. He refused. He sat down and wrote many hours a day for some weeks, and produced his own book—"We."

Those who believe that "literary criticism" consists in denunciation should read "Notorious Literary Attacks," by Albert Mordell, who has unearthed in his previous volumes much important and valuable material. Mr. Mordell has collected fifteen reviews of famous writers, which are not only curious because mistaken, but for the light they throw on certain tendencies in nineteenth-century literature, as well as on standards of taste and social morality. Just about the best thing in the book is Mr. Mordell's introduction, which is full of wisdom and as near impartiality as can reasonably be expected from any one.

Willa Cather's "Death Comes for the Archbishop" is a beautiful book, beautiful in its setting, in its mellow tone, in its literary style. Only one who combines pictorial imagination with a command of first-rate prose could write such a narrative. It was a book written to please herself, which explains perhaps why it pleases so many readers of good taste. I advise all who enjoy this story to get a copy of that excellent periodical *The Commonweal,* for November 23, and read Willa Cather's illu-

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minating letter, written by request. I quote a few sentences—the article is three and a half columns.

> My book was a combination of the general and the particular, like most works of the imagination. I had all my life wanted to do something in the style of legend, which is absolutely the reverse of dramatic treatment. Since I first saw the Puvis de Chavannes frescoes of the life of Saint Geneviève in my student days, I have wished that I could try something a little like that in prose; something without accent, with none of the artificial elements of composition. . . . The essence of such writing is not to hold the note, not to use an incident for all there is in it—but to touch and pass on. I felt that such writing would be a delightful kind of discipline in these days when the "situation" is made to count for so much in writing, when the general tendency is to force things up. In this kind of writing the mood is the thing—all the little figures and stories are mere improvisations that come out of it. . . .
>
> Writing this book (the title, by the way, which has caused a good deal of comment, was simply taken from Dürer's Dance of Death) was like a happy vacation from life, a return to childhood, to early memories.

A new novel representing the younger generation is "Rebellion," by Mrs. Mateel Howe Farnham. Mrs. Farnham is a daughter of the famous American novelist and journalist Ed Howe, and this is her first book. I find this story steadily interesting and the conflict between daughter and father dramatic and appealing. In a newspaper review the other day I saw the statement that this book had little to say to the sophisticated reader. I thank God I am not sophisticated. I have only one objection to this book and that is astronomical. As so often happens in modern fiction, the moon refuses to behave scientifically. On page 152 occurs this sentence: "A little timid new moon hung in the East."

Emil Ludwig's biography of Bismarck is a work full of information, insight, and sound judgment. It ought to please nearly everybody except Poultney Bigelow. An American octogenarian, who spent much time in Berlin in his youth, writes me:

> I have finished the Bismarck. It is a great book but I can easily imagine readers finding themselves mired in it. German politics are not of eternal interest. . . . I must say Ludwig explains a lot of things in Germany that had long puzzled me. William James and I years ago in Berlin read the *National Zeitung* and tried hard to make out what it was all about, and the various times I was there later I sought for a light and heard much talk, but German talk is not always illuminating. Ludwig is.

Any reader who likes Ludwig's "Bismarck" or his "Napoleon" is sure to like his book "Genius and Character," consisting of interesting and often profound biographical essays.

Among the new books of poems I especially recommend "The Bright Doom," by John Hall Wheelock. In 1922 Mr. Wheelock published a book of verse called "The Black Panther," which seemed to me original work of a high order. "The Bright Doom" contains the very fine poem "Affirmation," which Mr. Wheelock read before the Harvard Phi Beta Kappa at last commencement. What is specially notable throughout this new book is the unashamed ecstasy of living. Mr. Wheelock is not among the deniers of life, but among the affirmers; and, whatever a man's creed or philosophy may be, he should get some inspiration from the spirit displayed in these poems.

The late Walter J. Travis, the first American-trained golfer to win the amateur championship of Great Britain

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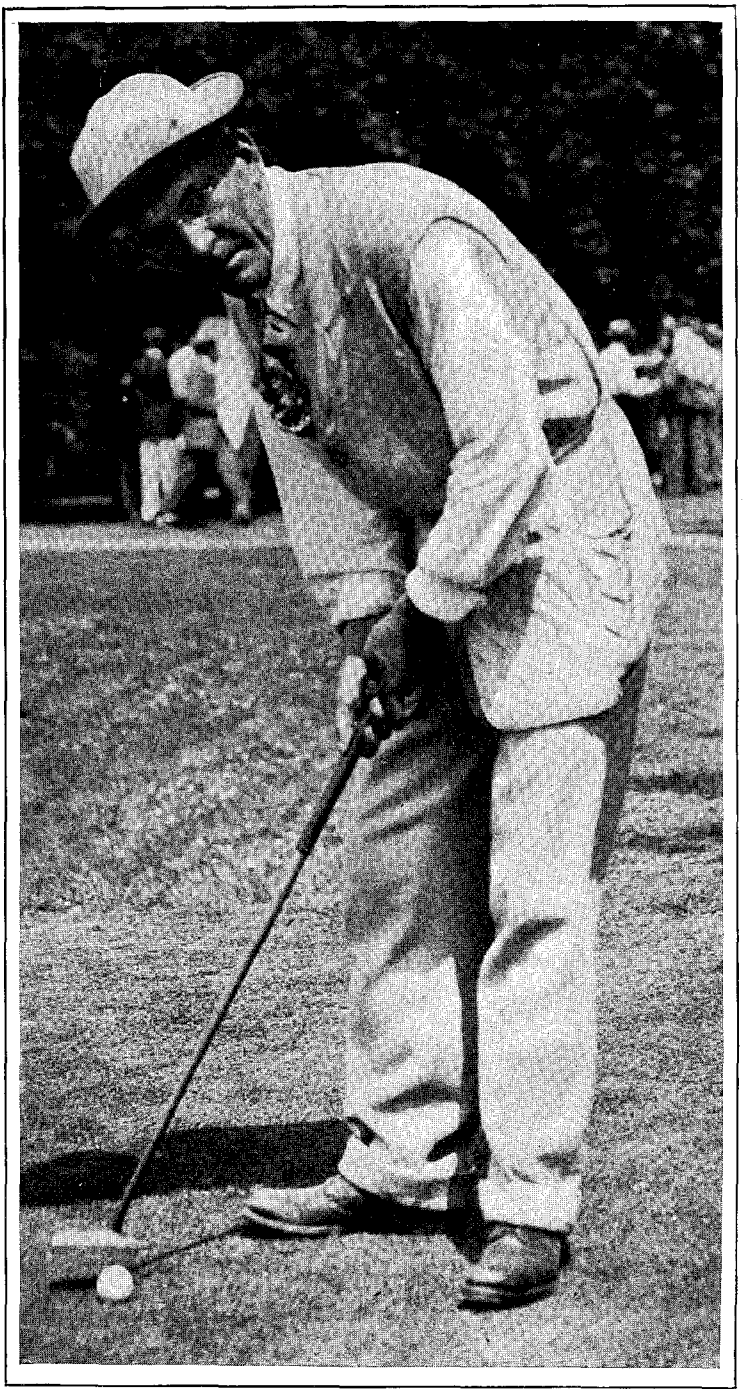

The Late Walter J. Travis.

The first American-trained golfer to win (in 1904) the amateur championship of Great Britain.

The London *Times* in a recent tribute says: ". . . that ominous, almost sinister little figure with the black cigar and the Schenectady putter is still familiar to the imagination of all British golfers."

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(1904), received a fine tribute in a recent number of the London *Times*.

He never came back again, and among the thousands who watch golf today there are few who saw him play; but that ominous, almost sinister little figure with the black cigar and the Schenectady putter is still familiar to the imagination of all British golfers.

Mr. Travis had a formidable rather than an engaging personality. He kept himself to himself; he played silently and dourly: . . . we were inclined to say that he ought to have been beaten. Yet one solid, uncompromising fact sticks in my head—namely that when Mr. Travis had reached the final, we were afraid, mortally afraid, that Mr. Travis was going to win. . . .

It is his putting that has become legendary, and it was wonderful. . . . I never have seen, however, such utter consternation as was produced by Mr. Travis's putting in that final at Sandwich, nor any putting that had about it such a suggestion of black magic. This was enhanced, no doubt, by the man himself. As he stood there after the stroke, still as a statue, watching the ball with those inscrutable eyes of his pursuing its inexorable course, he seemed a wizard to be burned at the stake. . . . As a game-player he had essential greatness.

*As he stood there after the stroke*—many players walk right after their putt up to the hole; Mr. Travis knew better than that. Indeed, most golfers would have profited by playing with Mr. Travis, for he believed in adhering rigidly to the rules of the game, not conceding putts, and not allowing other players and caddies to stroll ahead of the man who was to make the next shot.

But, after all, the best thing about Mr. Travis was not his golfing—the best thing was himself, his mind, his character. He had an interesting mind, a great range of information on many subjects, and was one of the best conversationalists I ever knew. I loved the man, and do honor his memory.

With reference to my remark in a previous number of SCRIBNER'S that during one summer I played golf ninety-two consecutive days, I take pleasure in printing a letter I received from one of the high-class amateur players of America, a man who has won important championships.

My own practise in Sunday golf does not coincide with yours, though I have no particular quarrel with the Sunday golfer. I cannot recall ever having played golf on Sunday since I began the game as a caddy in 1910; but I have done Sunday caddying when we needed the two dollars or so earned on the ordinary busy Sunday. But I did not play myself. . . . Two years ago I missed playing in an exhibition match scheduled for a Sunday, in which my friend Chick Evans and I were to be paired against Jock Hutchinson and the Marshall, Michigan, "pro." My no-Sunday-Golf resolution I didn't want to break. I would have felt uncomfortable had I played. . . .

Back in 1923 I entered the National Amateur Golf Championship at Flossmoor Country Club, Chicago. The first 18 holes of qualifying, on a Saturday, I finished with an 83; but I "rested the Seventh Day" instead of practising my shaky putts. In fact, I ran as far away from Flossmoor and the whole nerve-wracking business as I could—to Wheaton, Illinois, where I listened that morning to a rather dull sermon. On the final 18 holes of qualifying the following day I had a surprising and highly gratifying 74, within one stroke of the lowest score of the day, Francis Ouimet's 73. Doesn't that argue for my case? In 1926, however, playing in the National Amateur held at Baltusrol, New Jersey, it didn't work so well. On Sunday I listened to an eloquent, wise sermon by Dr. Charles R. Brown of Yale, delivered in the St. Nicholas M. E. Church, New York City. The next day in the first qualifying round my total was rather well up in the eighties. Incidentally, Dr. Brown's sermon, "Familiarity and Reverence," contained several pertinent interpretations of the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath Day." . . . I wonder what he would have said on Sunday golf. . . .

As to church attendance, doesn't Dr. Oliver

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Wendell Holmes argue about as persuasively as may be for those religious services presided over by an able minister of God: "I have in my breast a plant called reverence; I go to church to have it watered"?

I might have added, though I did not, that on every one of those Sundays in which I played golf, I also preached in the local church. I believe that if more Sunday golfers would go to church and more churchgoers would play Sunday golf, the results would be advantageous. Worship and recreation make a splendid combination for Sunday.

*Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work.*

An old divine said there was more profanation of the second clause than of the first. "Six days shalt thou labour." Perhaps if this commandment were universally kept, there would be enough food, fuel, and clothing for every one. Every lazy man breaks the commandment oftener than the workers.

Henry Welles Durham writes from Nicaragua, about the happy ending of "Lost Ecstasy":

I claim, with some personal knowledge of open spaces and roughnecks, that the moving-picture ideal union of refinement and vulgarity, would not last many days beyond the discovery of the incompatibility between the ideals of baths every day, and semi-permanent underwear. The gloomy hero of Locksley Hall was right about the relative places of wife, dog and horse after the honeymoon in such a romance. You recall in David Copperfield; "There can be no disparity in marriage like unsuitability of mind and purpose" which includes the habits of thought and belief produced by breeding. A thoroughbred mare and a jackass may produce a useful offspring but won't make a good team. The infatuation the author has imagined is quite possible, the happy ending implied puts the tale in the cinema class. . . .

After taking this exception to a judgment of yours, and I enjoy reading them whether or not I agree with them, I come to a more serious grievance, which is against the leading paper in that same September Scribner's. . . .

In thirty years of adult observation I have noticed no material enrichment in the vocabularies, either of the construction camp, the fraternity house, or the gatherings of polite society. Only a short time ago, I was asked by a lady visiting here from one of the great centers of advanced culture in the Mississippi basin, if my wife still felt any ill effect from the recent injury to her limb. But she is in favor of women's riding astride and voting, or rather she takes all that for granted, and would be insulted if called a Victorian. . . .

During H. M. Tomlinson's all-too-short visit in America I had the pleasure of meeting him at dinner at the house of my friends Doctor and Mrs. Henry S. Canby. He is, as might naturally be expected, an extremely interesting man. He told me that not only was "Gallions Reach" the first novel he had published, it was the first he had ever written. He wrote it merely to see if he could; well, he could and did. "Gallions Reach" is an extraordinary book; having a combination of objective description, like the memorable shipwreck, and mental analysis; the diagnosis of the hero's mind and conscience being truly profound. No author likes to be told that he resembles another; I will not say, then, that Mr. Tomlinson's work resembles that of Conrad, but simply that it is worthy of Conrad.

After the dinner we adjourned to the Elizabethan Club, where Mr. Tomlinson read an excellent paper on contemporary literary tendencies, showing that he is an incurable idealist, a believer in truth and beauty.

In the Boston *Sunday Herald* for November 13 there was an interview

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with Mr. Tomlinson, written by Mr. Carl Warton. The *Herald* is to be congratulated on having on its staff a journalist of such caliber, for the interview is beautifully written; it is dignified, but full of "news values." Mr. Tomlinson's tribute to the literary and educational value of the Bible is interesting.

Now how does it happen, that one of his vocational training, lacking in organized literary preparation, could become, even in years, so masterful an artist? Mr. Tomlinson thanks the Bible for it.

"It was the custom in our home," he said, "to read a Chapter in the Bible each night. The family gathered around the table and my father read. It was a custom we boys detested and yet, owing to the fact that my father had a good voice, we could not help listening and absorbing the measure and literary beauty the Bible unquestionably has. Moreover there were always good books around us. Shakespeare, Tennyson, Browning, Washington Irving. I always enjoyed Irving. It is the same with books as with music. Children who have never heard good music do not appreciate it in later life, as a rule. They do not recognize it. It is so with books. Children who do not come in contact with good books do not appreciate them and do not reflect them. There is no better starting point than the Bible.

"The Bible to me," continued Mr. Tomlinson after a pause, "is a miracle. It could not be done again. Forty men were given that job of translating, and they produced a book. Think what would happen today if 40 scholars should undertake it! They could never agree. The Bible was done by inspired men. The book reads like a personal document."

Good news for ailurians. My colleague, Professor Karl Young, who is spending his sabbatical year in the British Museum, sends me a long editorial from the London *Times* for October 25, headed "Russ." It is the obituary of the famous cat at the lion-house of the Zoo who lived to be sixteen years old. He spent his days and nights in the company of the lions, and, while they had to eat the meat that others had killed, he caught and ate mice.

Thomas Caldecot Chubb writes from Paris:

I was sent your short comments in, I believe, the last number of Scribners, but instead of hurting me like everything, they pleased me immensely. They proved that my story was read which is the most delightful of all sensations.

In justification of my remarks—but *not* in defense of Iowa of which I know little or nothing—let me point out that with the exception of Holland Porter and the girl Leonie Paulin who were at least largely invented, virtually everybody in the story was based on someone I actually knew in Florence. The teaparty actually took place. There was a lady from Iowa. She was extremely tiresome and ordinary, to use no stronger words. She would have been—having created him, I claim the right to say—and she should have been extremely annoying to Holland Porter.

That much for Iowa, which except for the unfortunate lady in question—name and address not furnished on request, though they are in existence—may be the center of sophistication and refinement of the universe for all I know about it. . . .

I have my own nomination to make for the Ignoble Prize. It is "persist in using." I don't know about Mr. Elcock who shares my glory, but so far I have discussed Iowa for praise or defamation only once. Wouldn't it be more correct to let me "persist in using" before you say I do? Besides that I have a strong suspicion that the phrase is a fairly venerable cliché.

From Miss Mary L. Beech, of Medina, Ohio:

Whenever I have a bright idea which I plan to contribute to your "As I Like It" department, I'm certain to read my "original gem" in the next issue of the magazine. For instance, I despise "humans" and "gesture," but lazily allowed someone else to nominate each for the Ignoble Prize. Then, last August, after the Winchester verger had reverently removed the rug which covers the stone, I

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copied Isaac Walton's epitaph, only to find that it was published that very month.

Henceforth the firstlings of my heart shall be the firstlings of my hand. Consequently I'm sending you an excerpt from a faded old diary belonging to my great-aunt, which I recently found in her Kentucky home. It is so deliciously mid-Victorian that I hope you will like it.

". . . Kentucky, July 30, 1857. Sunday Mr. E— accompanied me home from church and renewed his proposal that I should be his. What shall I do with such constant, unwearied love! It was a beautiful night. All nature was quiet and happy around us, with nothing to disturb the profound calm, for it was late! And there on the porch in the bright moonlight of the summer eve, I yielded to his fervent protestations of undying affection and consented to unite my fate with his."

## THE IGNOBLE PRIZE

From Frederick J. Shepard, of Buffalo:

*Society girl,* even if it be hard to suggest a substitute; but why is a member of fashionable circles any more a member of society than other human beings? Furthermore, for years I have been trying to get writers to say "woman voters" instead of "women voters." Nobody would say "girls students" or "ten feet rule" . . . even if the Bible does say "menservants" it does not say "maids servants" but "maid servants."

From Elin C. Nordstrom, of Manchester, N. H.:

The newspaper writer, who, in reporting Mr. Chaplin's visit to his wife, in one of the New York Tabloids, this summer, wrote: "The couple hoped each other was feeling well."

From Mrs. J. F. Herrick, of Washington, D. C.:

Has not the abominable and popular "All righty" a place among the Ignoble?

From Miss Ella C. Rowell, of Brooklyn. She quotes from the New York *Times:*

"Genaro, still an optimist, flaunts immigration authorities."

Having noticed this abuse (flaunt for flout) twice in one day in the New York *Times* I am moved to send you still another candidate for your Ignoble Prize.

Archibald Craig, of Jersey City, also vigorously attacks "flaunt" for "flout."

From Mrs. C. E. K. Burnham, of Norwich, Conn.:

The word "home" for "house."

From Clarence R. Lynn, Balboa Heights, Canal Zone:

(a) Yiddish dialect rot. (b) Modern Pepys' diaries.

From Miss Elizabeth R. Shaw, of North Girard, Pa.:

"He-man." Why not "it-baby" or "her-woman"?

Walter McKee, of Detroit, enters the Faery Queene Club. He read the poem through this past summer at the beautiful village of Port Austin, eight and one-half miles from my Michigan house. He agrees that the Thumb summer climate is the best in the world.

Miss Gertrude H. Haight, of Syracuse, N. Y., read the whole poem and tells me so in the rhymed archaic speech of Spenser himself.

On October 28 Mr. and Mrs. Flockhart and Amelia M. Woolrich, all of Somerville, N. J., joined the Fano Club. On October 31 Mrs. Emily T. Howe came in.

On the calendar of a Presbyterian church in Dayton, Ohio, there was printed (Nov. 13): "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my wife." A gentleman in the audience writes me: "My endorsement

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comes through living with her for nearly 50 years—and hoping for more."

In the Boone (Iowa) *Republican:*

LADIES' AID

Following the musical program, Mrs. J. T. Miller read an article on "Personal Devils." Seventeen were present.

J. M. Lightfoot, of Chesham, N. H., got a packet of matches on a trip to California whereon is printed: "Mail in this Cover and Secure FREE handsome leather tooth pick pocket case."

ASTRONOMICAL VAGARIES

Edson M. Peck, of Bristol, Conn., writes: "I, myself, once had the pleasure of seeing the full moon gently drop into the ocean in the early evening, on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House in the second act of 'La Gioconda.'"

L. Wayland Dowling, professor of mathematics at the University of Wisconsin, writes:

I read with pleasure your quotation from Professor Shapley's book "The Stars" in the November issue of Scribners.

This quotation reminded me at once of a statement in Fogazzaro's "Leila" which expresses closely the same idealism.

Signor Marcello and his young friend are standing on the mountainside in the evening and looking down at the lights of the village below, and Marcello remarks:

"Quei lumicini là nel buio, ecco la filosophia. Chi va intorno la notte con un lume cosi non vede più le stelle."

A man from Boston who has been reading Halliburton's books finds that his conceit is trying. His adventure was interesting, and, I think, showed good taste rather than a surprising amount of boldness. . . . I still wish the poor fellow had not shrieked so much at the top of his voice, it's bad for the voice. Even after this recantation, I call the book the Vainglorious Adventure. . . . To point out Halliburton's exaggeration, take his swimming the Hellespont. My granddaughter did the same thing without any fuss at all. The whole book demands coloured glass and cotton in the ears.

Mrs. E. J. Swasey, of Riverside, Conn., writes that she is collecting the letters of her grandfather, Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, for early publication. She will be grateful to persons who will send her any letters of his in their possession; the originals will be copied and promptly returned.

H. C. Chatfield-Taylor's admirable biography of Goldoni has appeared in an Italian translation by the distinguished scholar Edgardo Maddalena, Lecturer on Italian literature at the University of Vienna and Professor at the Royal Institute of Pedagogy, Florence. This is an honor to American scholarship and letters.

I recommend book-lovers and book-collectors to buy a copy of the first edition of Thornton Wilder's novel "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," because it is certain to go up in price. Copies of the first edition of Robinson's poem "Tristram" (1927) have already gone up to nearly ten times the original value. Those who wish to know whether they have or have not a copy of the genuine first edition of "Tristram" can find out by looking at page 86, line 2. If it has the typographical error rocks for rooks, it is a copy of the genuine first edition.

For current announcements of the leading publishers see the front advertising section.

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# The Sculpture of Edward McCartan—The Winter Academy

BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ

Some time before the year is out the people of New York will be looking at one of the most conspicuous sculptural decorations ever erected in the city. It is to take the shape of a gigantic clock, lifted sixty feet above the ground on the north façade of the towering New York Central Building in Park Avenue. The dial will be about thirteen feet high. The reclining figures supporting it, Transportation on one side and Industry on the other, will be nearly four times the size of life. A few symbolical accessories will be introduced into the more or less pyramidal composition, but this aims to be one of simple line and mass. Carved in limestone it will be decorative, but, as I have said, portentously conspicuous. Countless thousands will look up at it every day as they come down the avenue. They will note the hour. Also, I think, they will get an impression of beauty. The model promises that and there is good augury, too, in the previous works of the artist, Edward McCartan. This seems an appropriate moment in which to consider the origins and nature of his art.

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He was born in Albany in 1879 and appears to have gravitated toward sculpture from his earliest years. He began to draw, instinctively, in childhood, and by the time he was ten years old he had modelled in clay the figure of a lion. All through the period of his schooling these preoccupations continued and he was still in his teens when he came down to Brooklyn to embark upon his profession, entering Pratt Institute to study under Herbert Adams. An interlude ensued of brief employment in business, and then followed further training at the hands of George Gray Barnard and Hermon MacNeil, at the Art Students' League, which prepared him for three years in Paris. Injalbert was his master at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, but I gather that his attendance at this institution was of an intermittent character, hardly more important to him than constant visits to the Louvre and contact with antique and Renaissance sculpture. McCartan's French experience coincided with the resounding period in Rodin's vogue, and he shared in the prevailing enthusiasm for that master. He recalls especially the interest with which he observed the development of their patinas upon Le Penseur and Les Bourgeois de Calais, placed out in the open for the purpose near his own studio. But there is no trace of Rodin's influence in his work.

It was back in Paris, around 1908, that he made the first sketch for The Kiss, a marble of a mother and her child that stands in the Albright Gallery at Buffalo. But the modelling of this was not resumed until long after-



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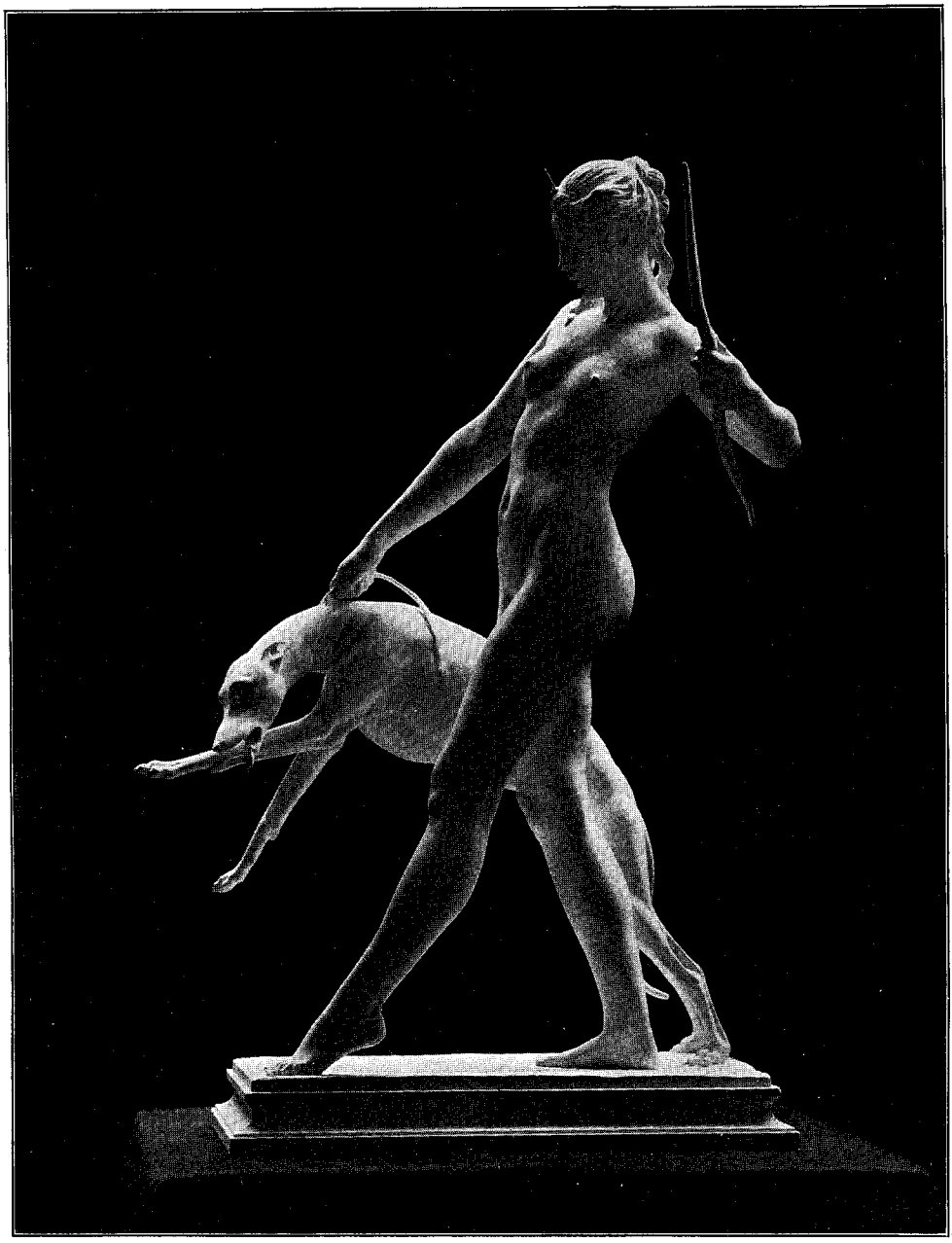

Diana.

From the sculpture by Edward McCartan.

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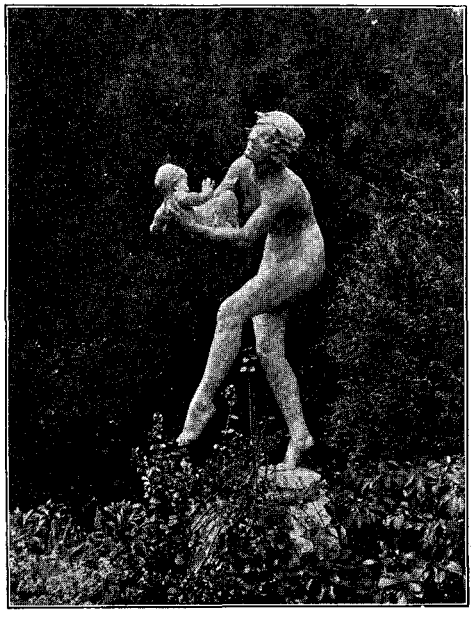
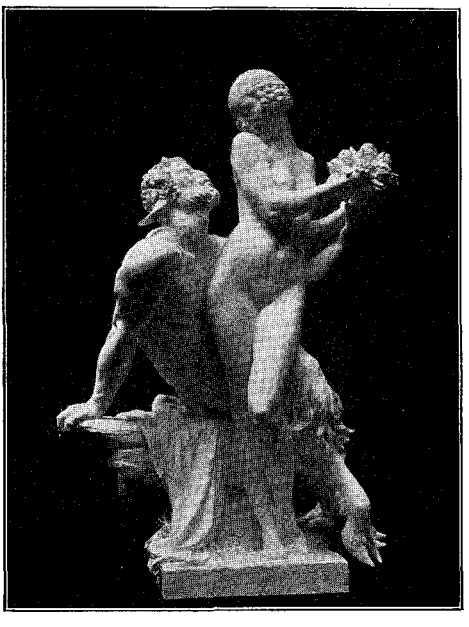
The Eugene Field Memorial.



The Spirit of the Woods.



Nymph and Satyr.

From the sculptures by Edward McCartan.

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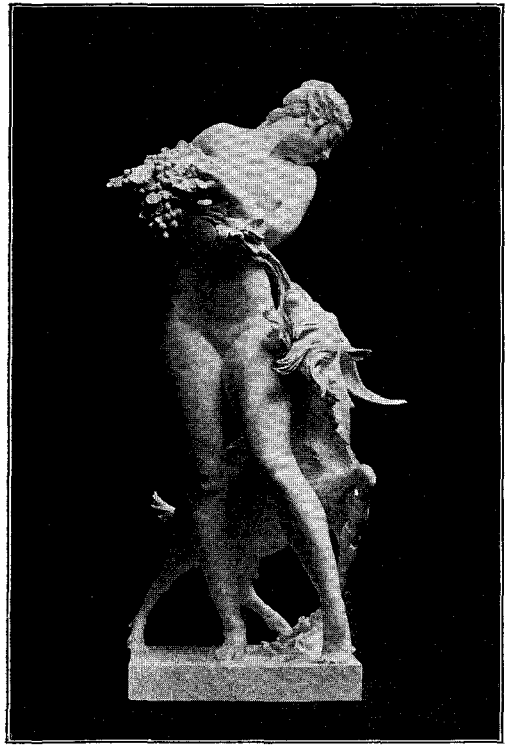
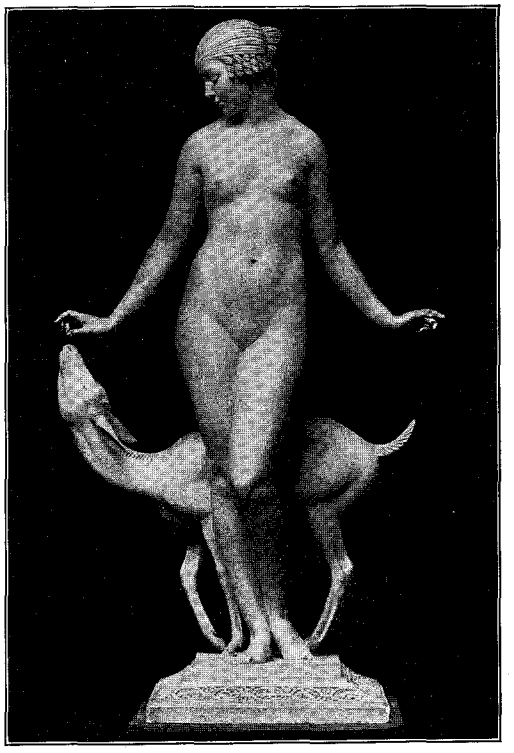
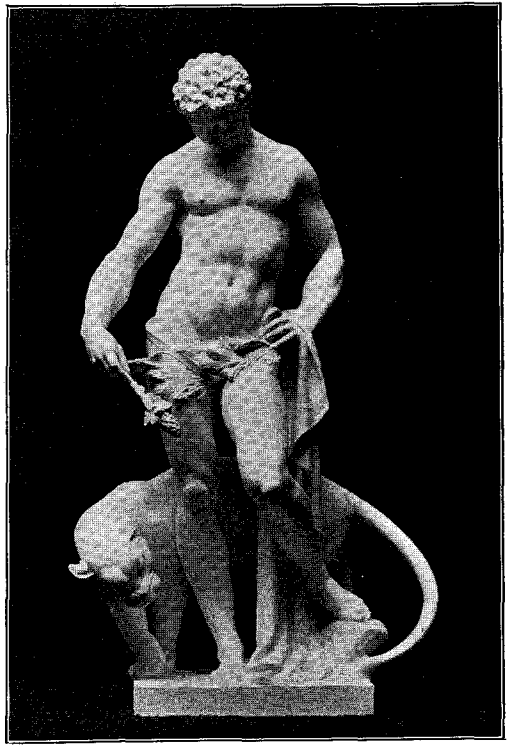


Girl with Goat.



Isoult.



Boy with Panther.

From the sculptures by Edward McCartan.

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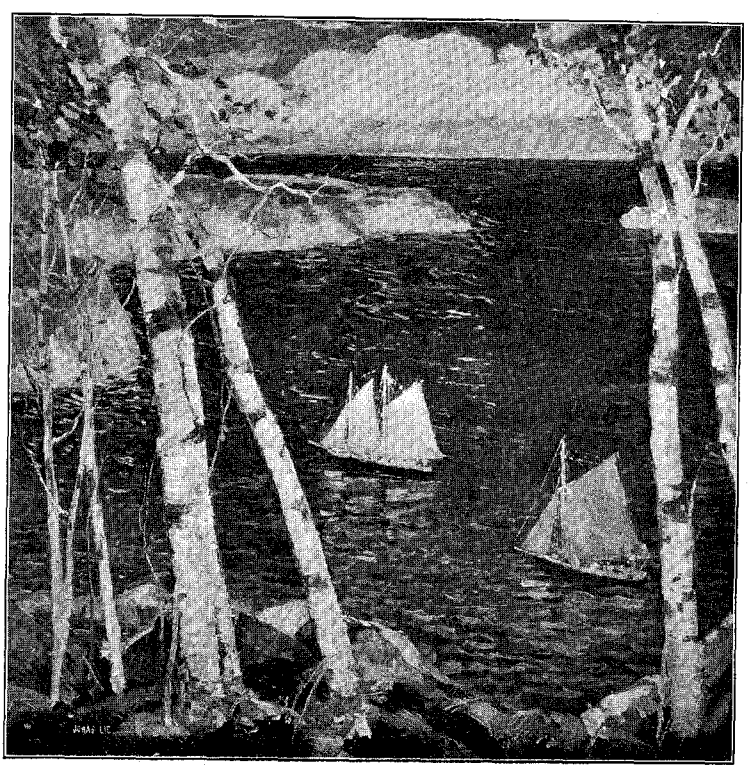
T. Shardin, Esq.

From the painting by Lilian Westcott Hale in the Winter Academy.

Cypripedia.

From the painting by Sergeant Kendall in the Winter Academy.



The Cloud.

From the painting by Jonas Lie, N. A., in the Winter Academy.

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ward, the completion of the thing being postponed to 1924. Indeed, he seems to have proceeded with great deliberation upon his career, designing a few pieces of his own on returning to America but earning a livelihood as helper in more than one studio. None of our sculptors has evolved his art out of a more comprehensive practical experience. Under Karl Bitter he was busily occupied in the big studios at Hoboken where the endless mass of stuff for the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo was developed. He spent his time not modelling but "pointing up." Working later for Adams and MacNeil he got deeper into the mysteries of technique. All this made him a seasoned craftsman, so that he can make a cast, chisel stone, do any of the tasks that fall to a sculptor's lot.

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In this earlier formative time there slowly ripened in McCartan's imagination the conception of sculpture which had been growing in him from the beginning, fostered by long hours in contemplation of the fountains and other open-air statuary at Versailles. He had arrived then at the conviction that sculpture, as he saw it and felt impelled to make it, would be sculpture enveloped, allied with its background and environment, a thing essentially decorative. He learned to distinguish between the "museum piece," the sculpture standing as it were in a vacuum, and the "garden piece," the sculpture fit to bear the test of close scrutiny but above all things functioning as an episode in a living world. The distinction is important, as every exacting observer of garden sculpture knows. Some bronzes, admirable in themselves as works of modelling, look when placed out-of-doors as though they really belonged in the house. McCartan struck the right note with a kind of clairvoyant touch. I have not seen his first production, a Pan for a garden at White Plains, but I well remember the Spirit of the Woods, which came next, the dancing nymph balancing a baby in her outstretched hands which has a lovely setting to-day in the Harold Pratt garden at Glen Cove. I came upon it in an exhibition which may or may not have placed some greenery about the statue. I know that it immediately seemed to create its own natural surroundings, to evoke a sense of sylvan beauty, intimate and free. The thing had *élan*. This sculptor, who thinks of form less as the embodiment of an idea than as a decorative pattern, had nevertheless given his figure an animating principle and in its lithe young movement made it the very image of woodland grace and magic.

Chronology carries us not long after the foregoing statue to an interesting parting of the ways. We are confronted by two salient works, a Nymph and Satyr, which takes us from the blithe naturalism of the Spirit of the Woods to a sophisticated, intensely decorative mood akin to that of Clodion, and an essay in pretty sentiment, the Eugene Field Memorial for Lincoln Park, at Chicago. The latter is a considerable monument. The hovering fairy is about seven feet high, looking down upon the children grouped against a granite base. It is clever, picturesque, and, if you like, exactly the right thing in the right place, a conception breathing the sweet airs of childhood, illustrative of Field's genius—a true memorial. But as sculpture it seems to me almost irrelevant in the story of McCartan's progress. All that is characteristic of him in it is the polished workmanship and a certain

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lightness of touch. Otherwise it is a conventional performance, and particularly does it disclose in its sentimental aspect a motive outside his real range. The parting of the ways was to prove, for him, a matter of no dubiety whatever. He made his choice and it was on the side of that *métier* which the Nymph and Satyr proclaims. That foreshadowed the specific path he was to take and to which he was to adhere in successive works such as the Girl with Goat, the Boy with Panther, the Diana, the Artemis, and the Isoult, which brings us to the present time, abreast of the new clock.

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How is it that the works named just now may be said to prefigure a successful design in the decoration for the New York Central Building? In the first place, through the evidence they afford that McCartan is a thoroughly able and original sculptor. The two merits are peculiarly intertwined in his case. I have spoken of his rigorous discipline in respect to technical research. There has gone with it a singularly penetrating study of form. His figures are organic, realized from within. They are decorative, but they have the vitality of life. And to this genuineness of theirs I would ascribe a good deal of that originality to which I have alluded. McCartan has been too busy interrogating the actualities of form to permit anything like a "derivative" quality to creep into his work. He has profited by the museums. It has aided him to study Greek sculpture and the art of Michael Angelo. Clodion is not the only eighteenth-century Frenchman of whom I think when I look at the American's compositions. I think, in fact, of the whole delightful school, that did so much to implant a light, graceful type of plastic art, in so many decorative episodes, indoors and out, in the French social scene a century and more ago. Sometimes the atmosphere of Houdon in particular seems revived by McCartan. It is impossible to avoid recollection of it in the presence of the Diana, for example. Yet that very work leaves the sculptor's essential originality unchallenged. It is a matter not of an old formula renewed but of independent expression in a kindred language. I would call McCartan not a conscious disciple of the eighteenth century but one of its spiritual descendants.

He is a child of Houdon, say, simply in that it is natural to him to compose in terms of an animated mundane elegance and to stress in his figures the precious quality of line. The Diana is perhaps his outstanding triumph in this regard. Its contours have a delectably pure and flowing linear distinction. How spare and refined the lovely figure is! It is delightful, as you apprehend it, to reflect upon the artist's escapes during his pupilage in Paris. He had no traffic with either the earthy power of Falguière or the supersensitive virtuosity of Rodin, but went wide of the pitfalls concealed by both. The exquisiteness of feeling which characterizes the Diana is carried over, rather, into some such fine dry light as we associate with the more academic works of Houdon. Just as the spirit of the thing is purged of merely sensuous elements, so the ideal of form set forth, and the technical mode that defines it, are chastened, clarified, given a certain keenness and elevation.

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Three factors count in the achievement of this lucid, high-bred effect. There is felicity of design. Observe the pattern made of figure and animal not only in the Diana but in all the other

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groups. Then there is the circumstance that these sculptures, though usually modest in scale, have been somehow seen, primarily, "in the large." The Nymph and Satyr was projected as a statue seven feet high, in stone. Go to the Metropolitan Museum, where the Diana stands in bronze, and you will find that it is hardly more than two feet high. But the artist has been putting it into a bronze of nearly seven feet for a Greenwich garden, and, while this has required a rehandling of some of the modulations of form, the design, as such, has submitted easily to the transposition. In composition and in scale he is true to the simple clarity which makes him, to my mind, a faintly Houdonesque sculptor. But the thing that clinches the point is the third of the special ingredients I have in mind, the ingredient of style. I use the word not in the customary sense, implying a specifically personal attribute, but rather in that broad connotation which brings many artists of varying idiosyncrasies into a kind of alliance. That slender, supple, poised Diana, the vivacious Girl with Goat, the serene Isoult, have the style of a *gaillard* carriage, of a distinguished gesture, style as it is manifested in the flourish of a flawless act or in the finish of a perfect epigram.

The Isoult, a six-foot bronze, as the embodiment of an idea sprang from a romantic source. McCartan got his heroine out of Maurice Hewlett's Forest Lovers. But it is not quite as a romanticist that he has rounded out this work of art. The colorful theme is in some sort sifted through the warm tapestry of the enchanting tale, and, if not precisely de-personalized, is at any rate simplified until it takes on an almost classical reticence. Remark the synthesizing of the maiden's hair, and the similarly generalizing touch in the treatment of the fawn. Throughout, the sculptor makes you feel his reserve, his selective taste, that same handling of form, I repeat, which belongs to the cool, calculating, fastidious Houdon. It is upon just such refined, rarefied work that the benison of style descends. This distinction of style is what gathers together and validates all of McCartan's traits as a sculptor.

It makes him a beguiling figure in American art. There never can be too warm a welcome for work that, like his, interprets gracious, delicately imaginative motives and envelops them in what I may call the nobility of a great plastic tradition. He is American, yes, but as I have endeavored to show, there functions again in him the urbanely decorative purpose which has adorned not only eighteenth-century France but other places in other times. He makes sculpture, as it has been made in the historic episodes from Tanagra down, small in scale, part and parcel of a choice background, pleasing to the eye, and, even more than that, in a thoroughly sophisticated way lovable. It goes happily into a luxurious *milieu*. I recall one of his pieces raised against a tapestried background in a stately hall. It made a fascinating incident, falling into its place in a truly brilliant manner. But these statues pass, by a kind of predestination, into a garden. There, in a green space, they seem most fittingly to live their life of measured movement and linear beauty. I am told that McCartan finds difficulty in inventing titles for them, as though such poetry as is in his bronzes—and they have poetic charm—were something subordinate to his aim. It is an appropriate anecdote, pointing to the artist in him pure and simple. He is nothing if not

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the absorbed weaver of decorative plastic patterns.

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The Winter Academy has just opened as I write and it will be gone before these lines appear in print. But I cannot let it go without expressing some appreciation of an uncommonly good exhibition. Last spring the modernists were given a room to themselves, and there we could see "our young lions all at play." It was not the most edifying spectacle in the world and this season the experiment was not repeated. The result was an ensemble illustrating the familiar walk and demeanor of the Academy of Design. That, if we are to believe the modernists who assail this institution in season and out of season, is indicative of only uninspired convention. As a matter of fact, the Academy, with all its faults—and it is not faultless—happens to maintain a principle of high value, the principle of honest, instructed workmanship. It is the Academy's ill fortune—and ours—that the crop of brilliant men of genius is always slender, everywhere. To realize that you have only to go to London, or Paris, or any European capital, and see how a few good painters are swamped in vast companies of duffers. There never was an epoch poorer than our own in resplendent leaders. But how stupid it is to let that circumstance blind us to the really fine work that is nevertheless being done here and there! More of it, I think, might be lured into the Academy than actually gets there, but I found plenty to admire in the particular exhibition to which I refer.

The full-length by Lillian Westcott Hale abundantly deserved the Altman prize that it received, the highest award which the Academy has to bestow. It proved a spirited, really interesting portrait, and it was especially impressive technically. I saw any number of good portraits on the walls, and while the exhibition was weak in *genre,* as any American exhibition, for some occult reason, is seemingly bound to be, there were several strong figure-pieces by Sergeant Kendall, Philip Hale, Will Foster, and so on. The Carnegie prize was justly given to Jonas Lie for a beautiful coast scene, The Cloud, and there were many other delightful open-air studies in the show. American art is nowhere more personal or distinguished than in its landscape-paintings. In every department the Winter Academy struck me as being possessed of inspiriting productions numerous enough to counterbalance the usual contingent of negligible pictures. I can understand the hatred of the modernists for these exhibitions. They think, fondly, that Matisse has obliterated everything else. But it is a grave error to browbeat the Academy as though it were a hotbed of mediocrity and nothing more. It is helping to keep alive some standard of technical integrity, the standard which modernism is constantly threatening.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found in the Fifth Avenue Section.

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# The Greene Murder Case

(Continued from page 186 of this number)

she left behind her was largely a substantiation of Hemming's outpourings. She, though, did not regard the two murders as the acts of an outraged God. Hers was a more practical and mundane view.

"There's something awful funny going on here," she had said, forgetting for the moment the urge of her coquettish spirits. "The Greenes are queer people. And the servants are queer, too—what with Mr. Sproot reading books in foreign languages, and Hemming preaching about fire and brimstone, and cook going around in a sort of trance muttering to herself and never answering a civil question.—And such a family!" She rolled her eyes. "Mrs. Greene hasn't got any heart. She's a regular old witch, and she looks at you sometimes as though she'd like to strangle you. If I was Miss Ada I'd have gone crazy long ago. But then, Miss Ada's no better than the rest. She acts nice and gentle-like, but I've seen her stamping up and down in her room looking like a very devil; and once she used language to me what was that bad I put my fingers in my ears. And Miss Sibella's a regular icicle—except when she gets mad, and then she'd kill you if she dared, and laugh about it. And there's been something funny about her and Mr. Chester. Ever since Miss Julia and Miss Ada were shot they've been talking to each other in the sneakiest way when they thought no one was looking. And this Doctor Von Blon what comes here so much: he's a deep one. He's been in Miss Sibella's room with the door shut lots of times when she wasn't any more sick than you are. And Mr. Rex, now. He's a queer man, too. I get the creeps every time he comes near me." She shuddered by way of demonstration. "Miss Julia wasn't as queer as the rest. She just hated everybody and was mean."

Barton had rambled on loquaciously with all the thoughtless exaggeration of a gossip who felt herself outraged; and Markham had not interrupted her. He was trying to dredge up some nugget from the mass of her verbal silt; but when at last he sifted it all down there remained nothing but a few shining grains of scandal.

The cook was even less enlightening. Taciturn by nature, she became almost inarticulate when approached on the subject of the crime. Her stolid exterior seemed to cloak a sullen resentment at the fact that she should be questioned at all. In fact, as Markham patiently pressed his examination, the impression grew on me that her lack of responsiveness was deliberately defensive, as if she had steeled herself to reticency. Vance, too, sensed this attitude in her, for, during a pause in the interview, he moved his chair about until he faced her directly.

"Frau Mannheim," he said, "the last time we were here you mentioned the fact that Mr. Tobias Greene knew your husband, and that, because of their acquaintance, you applied for a position here when your husband died."

"And why shouldn't I?" she asked stubbornly. "I was poor, and I didn't have any other friends."

"Ah, friends!" Vance caught up the word. "And since you were once on friendly terms with Mr. Greene, you doubtless know certain things about his past, which may have some bearing on the present situation; for it is not at all impossible, d' ye see, that the crimes committed here during the past few days are connected with matters that took place years ago. We don't know this, of course; but we'd be very much gratified if you would try to help us in this regard."

As he was speaking the woman had drawn herself up. Her hands had tightened as they lay folded in her lap, and the muscles about her mouth had stiffened.

"I don't know anything," was her only answer.

"How," asked Vance evenly, "do you account for the rather remarkable fact that Mr. Greene gave orders that you were to remain here as long as you cared to?"

"Mr. Greene was a very kind and generous man," she asserted, in a flat, combative voice. "Some there were that thought him hard, and accused him of being unjust; but he was always good to me and mine."

"How well did he know Mr. Mannheim?"



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There was a pause, and the woman's eyes looked blankly ahead.

"He helped my husband once, when he was in trouble."

"How did he happen to do this?"

There was another pause, and then:

"They were in some deal together—in the old country." She frowned and appeared uneasy.

"When was this?"

"I don't remember. It was before I was married."

"And where did you first meet Mr. Greene?"

"At my home in New Orleans. He was there on business—with my husband."

"And, I take it, he befriended you also."

The woman maintained a stubborn silence.

"A moment ago," pursued Vance, "you used the phrase 'me and mine.'—Have you any children, Mrs. Mannheim?"

For the first time during the interview her face radically changed expression. An angry gleam shone in her eyes.

"No!" The denial was like an ejaculation.

Vance smoked lethargically for several moments.

"You lived in New Orleans until the time of your employment in this house?" he finally asked.

"Yes."

"And your husband died there?"

"Yes."

"That was thirteen years ago, I understand. —How long before that had it been since you had seen Mr. Greene?"

"About a year."

"So that would be fourteen years ago."

An apprehension, bordering on fear, showed through the woman's morose calmness.

"And you came all the way to New York to seek Mr. Greene's help," mused Vance. "Why were you so confident that he would give you employment after your husband's death?"

"Mr. Greene was a very good man," was all she would say.

"He had perhaps," suggested Vance, "done some other favor for you which made you think you could count on his generosity—eh, what?"

"That's neither here nor there." Her mouth closed tightly.

Vance changed the subject.

"What do you think about the crimes that have been committed in this house?"

"I don't think about them," she mumbled; but the anxiety in her voice belied the assertion.

"You surely must hold some opinion, Mrs. Mannheim, having been here so long." Vance's intent gaze did not leave the woman. "Who, do you think, would have had any reason for wanting to harm these people?"

Suddenly her self-control gave way.

"*Du lieber Herr Jesus!* I don't know—I don't know!" It was like a cry of anguish. "Miss Julia and Mr. Chester maybe—*gewiss,* one could understand. They hated everybody; they were hard, unloving. But little Ada—*der süsse Engel!* Why should they want to harm her!" She set her face grimly, and slowly her expression of stolidity returned.

"Why, indeed?" A note of sympathy was evident in Vance's voice. After a pause he rose and went to the window. "You may return to your room now, Frau Mannheim," he said, without turning. "We sha'n't let anything further happen to little Ada."

The woman got up heavily and, with an uneasy glance in Vance's direction, left the room.

As soon as she was out of hearing Markham swung about.

"What's the use of raking up all this ancient history?" he demanded irritably. "We're dealing with things that have taken place within the past few days; and you waste valuable time trying to find out why Tobias Greene hired a cook thirteen years ago."

"There's such a thing as cause and effect," offered Vance mildly. "And frequently there's a dashed long interval between the two."

"Granted. But what possible connection can this German cook have with the present murders?"

"Perhaps none." Vance strode back across the room, his eyes on the floor. "But, Markham old dear, nothing appears to have any connection with this débâcle. And, on the other hand, everything seems to have a possible relationship. The whole house is steeped in vague meanings. A hundred shadowy hands are pointing to the culprit, and the moment you try to determine the direction the hands disappear. It's a nightmare. Nothing means anything; therefore, anything may have a meaning."

"My dear Vance! You're not yourself."

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Markham's tone was one of annoyance and reproach. "Your remarks are worse than the obscure ramblings of the sibyls. What if Tobias Greene did have dealings with one Mannheim in the past? Old Tobias indulged in numerous shady transactions, if the gossip of twenty-five or thirty years ago can be credited.* He was forever scurrying to the ends of the earth on some mysterious mission, and coming home with his pockets lined. And it's common knowledge that he spent considerable time in Germany. If you try to dig up his past for possible explanations for the present business, you'll have your hands full."

"You misconstrue my vagaries," returned Vance, pausing before the old oil-painting of Tobias Greene over the fireplace. "I repudiate all ambition to become the family historian of the Greenes. . . . Not a bad head on Tobias," he commented, adjusting his monocle and inspecting the portrait. "An interestin' character. Dynamic forehead, with more than a suggestion of the scholar. A rugged, prying nose. Yes, Tobias no doubt fared forth on many an adventurous quest. A cruel mouth, though—rather sinister, in fact. I wish the whiskers permitted one a view of the chin. It was round, with a deep cleft, I'd say—the substance of which Chester's chin was but the simulacrum."

"Very edifying," snorted Markham. "But phrenology leaves me cold this morning.—Tell me, Vance: are you laboring under some melodramatic notion that old Mannheim may have been resurrected and returned to wreak vengeance on the Greene progeny for wrongs done him by Tobias in the dim past? I can't see any other reason for the questions you put to Mrs. Mannheim. Don't overlook the fact, however, that Mannheim's dead."

"I didn't attend the funeral." Vance sank lazily again in his chair.

"Don't be so unutterably futile," snapped Markham. "What's going through your head?"

"An excellent figure of speech! It expresses my mental state perfectly. Numberless things are 'going through my head.' But nothing remains there. My brain's a veritable sieve."

Heath projected himself into the discussion.

"My opinion is, sir, that the Mannheim angle of this affair is a washout. We're dealing with the present, and the bird that did this shooting is somewheres around here right now."

"You're probably right, Sergeant," conceded Vance. "But—my word!—it strikes me that every angle of the case—and, for that matter, every cusp, arc, tangent, parabola, sine, radius, and hyperbole—is hopelessly inundated."

* I remember, back in the nineties, when I was a schoolboy, hearing my father allude to certain picturesque tales of Tobias Greene's escapades.

## XI

### A PAINFUL INTERVIEW

*(Friday, November 12; 11 a. m.)*

Markham glanced impatiently at his watch.

"It's getting late," he complained, "and I have an important appointment at noon. I think I'll have a go at Rex Greene, and then leave matters in your hands for the time being, Sergeant. There's nothing much to be done here now, and your routine work must be gone through with."

Heath got up gloomily.

"Yes; and one of the first things to be done is to go over this house with a fine-tooth comb for that revolver. If we could find that gun we'd be on our way."

"I don't want to damp your ardor, Sergeant," drawled Vance, "but something whispers in my ear that the weapon you yearn for is going to prove dashed elusive."

Heath looked depressed; he was obviously of Vance's opinion.

"A hell of a case this is! Not a lead—nothing to get your teeth in."

He went to the archway and yanked the bell-cord viciously. When Sproot appeared he almost barked his demand that Mr. Rex Greene be produced at once; and he stood looking truculently after the retreating butler as if longing for an excuse to follow up his order with violence.

Rex came in nervously, a half-smoked cigarette hanging from his lips. His eyes were sunken; his cheeks sagged, and his short splay fingers fidgeted with the hem of his smoking-jacket, like those of a man under the influence of hyoscine. He gave us a resentful, half-frightened gaze, and planted himself aggressively before us, refusing to take the seat Markham indicated. Suddenly he demanded fiercely:

"Have you found out yet who killed Julia and Chester?"

"No," Markham admitted; "but we've

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taken every precaution against any recurrence. . . ."

"Precaution? What have you done?"

"We've stationed a man both front and rear——"

A cackling laugh cut him short.

"A lot of good that'll do! The person who's after us Greenes has a key. He has a key, I tell you! And he can get in whenever he wants to, and nobody can stop him."

"I think you exaggerate a little," returned Markham mildly. "In any case, we hope to put our hands on him very soon. And that's why I've asked you here again—it's quite possible that you can help us."

"What do I know?" The man's words were defiant, and he took several long inhalations on his cigarette, the ashes of which fell upon his jacket unnoticed.

"You were asleep, I understand, when the shot was fired last night," went on Markham's quiet voice; "but Sergeant Heath tells me you were awake until after eleven and heard noises in the hall. Suppose you tell us just what happened."

"Nothing happened!" Rex blurted. "I went to bed at half past ten, but I was too nervous to sleep. Then, some time later, the moon came out and fell across the foot of the bed; and I got up and pulled down the shade. About ten minutes later I heard a scraping sound in the hall, and directly afterward a door closed softly——"

"Just a moment, Mr. Greene," interrupted Vance. "Can you be a little more definite about that noise? What did it sound like?"

"I didn't pay any attention to it," was the whining reply. "It might have been almost anything. It was like some one laying down a bundle, or dragging something across the floor; or it might have been old Sproot in his bedroom slippers, though it didn't sound like him—that is, I didn't associate him with the sound when I heard it."

"And after that?"

"After that? I lay awake in bed ten or fifteen minutes longer. I was restless and—and expectant; so I turned on the lights to see what time it was, and smoked half a cigarette——"

"It was twenty-five minutes past eleven, I understand."

"That's right. Then a few minutes later I put out the light, and must have gone right to sleep."

There was a pause, and Heath drew himself up aggressively.

"Say, Greene: know anything about firearms?" He shot the question out brutally.

Rex stiffened. His lips sagged open, and his cigarette fell to the floor. The muscles of his thin jowls twitched, and he glared menacingly at the Sergeant.

"What do you mean?" The words were like a snarl; and I noticed that his whole body was quivering.

"Know what became of your brother's revolver?" pursued Heath relentlessly, thrusting out his jaw.

Rex's mouth was working in a paroxysm of fury and fear, but he seemed unable to articulate.

"Where have you got it hidden?" Again Heath's voice sounded harshly.

"Revolver? . . . Hidden? . . ." At last Rex had succeeded in formulating his words. "You—filthy rotter! If you've got any idea that I have the revolver, go up and tear my room apart and look for it—and be damned to you!" His eyes flashed, and his upper lip lifted over his teeth. But there was fright in his attitude as well as rage.

Heath had leaned forward and was about to say something further, when Vance quickly rose and laid a restraining hand on the Sergeant's arm. He was too late, however, to avoid the thing he evidently hoped to forestall. What Heath had already said had proved sufficient stimulus to bring about a terrible reaction in his victim.

"What do I care what that unspeakable swine says?" he shouted, pointing a palsied finger at the Sergeant. Oaths and vituperation welled shrilly from his twitching lips. His insensate wrath seemed to pass all ordinary bounds. His enormous head was thrust forward like a python's; and his face was cyanosed and contorted.

Vance stood poised, watching him alertly; and Markham had instinctively moved back his chair. Even Heath was startled by Rex's inordinate malignity.

What might have happened I don't know, had not Von Blon at that moment stepped swiftly into the room and placed a restraining hand on the youth's shoulder.

"Rex!" he said, in a calm, authoritative voice. "Get a grip on yourself. You're disturbing Ada."

The other ceased speaking abruptly; but

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his ferocity of manner did not wholly abate. He shook off the doctor's hand angrily and swung round, facing Von Blon.

"What are you interfering for?" he cried. "You're always meddling in this house, coming here when you're not sent for, and nosing into our affairs. Mother's paralysis is only an excuse. You've said yourself she'll never get well, and yet you keep coming, bringing her medicine and sending bills." He gave the doctor a crafty leer. "Oh, you don't deceive me. I know why you come here! It's Sibella!" Again he thrust out his head and grinned shrewdly. "She'd be a good catch for a doctor, too—wouldn't she? Plenty of money ——"

Suddenly he halted. His eyes did not leave Von Blon, but he shrank back and the twitching of his face began once more. A quivering finger went up; and as he spoke his voice rose excitedly.

"But Sibella's money isn't enough. You want ours along with hers. So you're arranging for her to inherit all of it. That's it—that's it! *You're* the one who's been doing all this. . . . Oh, my God! You've got Chester's gun—you took it! And you've got a key to the house—easy enough for you to have one made. That's how you got in."

Von Blon shook his head sadly and smiled with rueful tolerance. It was an embarrassing moment, but he carried it off well.

"Come, Rex," he said quietly, like a person speaking to a refractory child. "You've said enough——"

"Have I!" cried the youth, his eyes gleaming unnaturally. "You knew Chester had the revolver. You went camping with him the summer he got it—he told me so the other day, after Julia was killed." His beady little eyes seemed to stare from his head; a spasm shook his emaciated body; and his fingers again began worrying the hem of his jacket.

Von Blon stepped swiftly forward and, putting a hand on each of his shoulders, shook him.

"That'll do, Rex!" The words were a sharp command. "If you carry on this way, we'll have to lock you up in an institution."

The threat was uttered in what I considered an unnecessarily brutal tone; but it had the desired effect. A haunting fear showed in Rex's eyes. He seemed suddenly to go limp, and he docilely permitted Von Blon to lead him from the room.

"A sweet specimen, that Rex," commented Vance. "Not a person one would choose for a boon companion. Aggravated macrocephalia—cortical irritation. But I say, Sergeant; really, y' know, you shouldn't have prodded the lad so."

Heath grunted.

"You can't tell me that guy don't know something. And you can bet your sweet life I'm going to search his room damn good for that gun."

"It appears to me," rejoined Vance, "he's too flighty to have planned the massacre in this house. He might blow up under pressure and hit somebody with a handy missile; but I doubt if he'd lay any deep schemes and bide his time."

"He's good and scared about something," persisted Heath morosely.

"Hasn't he cause to be? Maybe he thinks the elusive gunman hereabouts will choose him as the next target."

"If there *is* another gunman, he showed damn bad taste not picking Rex out first." It was evident the Sergeant was still smarting under the epithets that had so recently been directed at him.

Von Blon returned to the drawing-room at this moment, looking troubled.

"I've got Rex quieted," he said. "Gave him five grains of luminal. He'll sleep for a few hours and wake up penitent. I've rarely seen him quite as violent as he was to-day. He's supersensitive—cerebral neurasthenia; and he's apt to fly off the handle. But he's never dangerous." He scanned our faces swiftly. "One of you gentlemen must have said something pretty severe."

Heath looked sheepish. "I asked him where he'd hid the gun."

"Ah!" The doctor gave the Sergeant a look of questioning reproach. "Too bad! We have to be careful with Rex. He's all right so long as he isn't opposed too strongly. But I don't just see, sir, what your object could have been in questioning him about the revolver. You surely don't suspect him of having had a hand in these terrible shootings."

"You tell me who did the shootings, doc," retorted Heath pugnaciously, "and then I'll tell you who I *don't* suspect."

"I regret that I am unable to enlighten you." Von Blon's tone exuded its habitual pleasantness. "But I can assure you Rex had

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no part in them. They're quite out of keeping with his pathologic state."

"That's the defense of half the high-class killers we get the goods on," countered Heath.

"I see I can't argue with you." Von Blon sighed regretfully, and turned an engaging countenance in Markham's direction. "Rex's absurd accusations puzzled me deeply, but, since this officer admits he practically accused the boy of having the revolver, the situation becomes perfectly clear. A common form of instinctive self-protection, this attempting to shift blame on others. You can see, of course, that Rex was merely trying to turn suspicion upon me so as to free himself. It's unfortunate, for he and I were always good friends. Poor Rex!"

"By the by, doctor," came Vance's indolent voice; "that point about your being with Mr. Chester Greene on the camping-trip when he first secured the gun: was that correct? Or was it merely a fancy engendered by Rex's self-protective instinct?"

Von Blon smiled with faultless urbanity and, putting his head a little on one side, appeared to recall the past.

"It may be correct," he admitted. "I was once with Chester on a camping-trip. Yes, it's quite likely—though, I shouldn't like to state it definitely. It was so long ago."

"Fifteen years, I think, Mr. Greene said. Ah, yes—a long time ago. *Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume, labuntur anni.* It's very depressin'. And do you recall, doctor, if Mr. Greene had a revolver along on that particular outing?"

"Since you mention it, I believe I do recall his having one, though again I should choose not to be definite on the subject."

"Perhaps you may recollect if he used it for target practice." Vance's tone was dulcet and uneager. "Popping away at tree-boles and tin cans and what not, don't y' know."

Von Blon nodded reminiscently.

"Ye-es. It's quite possible. . . ."

"And you yourself may have done a bit of desult'ry popping, what?"

"To be sure, I may have." Von Blon spoke musingly, like one recalling childish pranks. "Yes, it's wholly possible."

Vance lapsed into a disinterested silence, and the doctor, after a moment's hesitation, rose.

"I must be going, I'm afraid." And with a gracious bow he started toward the door. "Oh, by the way," he said, pausing, "I almost forgot that Mrs. Greene told me she desired to see you gentlemen before you went. Forgive me if I suggest that it might be wise to humor her. She's something of a dowager, you know, and her invalidism has made her rather irritable and exacting."

"I'm glad you mentioned Mrs. Greene, doctor." It was Vance who spoke. "I've been intending to ask you about her. What is the nature of her paralysis?"

Von Blon appeared surprised.

"Why, a sort of paraplegia dolorosa—that is, a paralysis of the legs and lower part of the body, accompanied by severe pains due to pressure of the indurations on the spinal cord and nerves. No spasticity of the limbs has supervened, however. Came on very suddenly without any premonitory symptoms about ten years ago—probably the result of transverse myelitis. There's nothing really to be done but to keep her as comfortable as possible with symptomatic treatment, and to tone up the heart action. A sixtieth of strychnine three times a day takes care of the circulation."

"Couldn't by any chance be a hysterical akinesia?"

"Good Lord, no! There's no hysteria." Then his eyes widened in amazement. "Oh, I see! No; there's no possibility of recovery, even partial. It's organic paralysis."

"And atrophy?"

"Oh, yes. Muscular atrophy is now pronounced."

"Thank you very much." Vance lay back with half-closed eyes.

"Oh, not at all.—And remember, Mr. Markham, that I always stand ready to help in any way I can. Please don't hesitate to call on me." He bowed again, and went out.

Markham got up and stretched his legs.

"Come; we've been summoned to appear." His facetiousness was a patent effort to shake off the depressing gloom of the case.

Mrs. Greene received us with almost unctuous cordiality.

"I knew you'd grant the request of a poor old useless cripple," she said, with an appealing smile; "though I'm used to being ignored. No one pays any attention to my wishes."

The nurse stood at the head of the bed arranging the pillows beneath the old lady's shoulders.

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"Is that comfortable now?" she asked.

Mrs. Greene made a gesture of annoyance.

"A lot you care whether I'm comfortable or not! Why can't you let me alone, nurse? You're always disturbing me. There was nothing wrong with the pillows. And I don't want you in here now anyway. Go and sit with Ada."

The nurse drew a long, patient breath, and went silently from the room, closing the door behind her.

Mrs. Greene reverted to her former ingratiating manner.

"No one understands my needs the way Ada does, Mr. Markham. What a relief it will be when the dear child gets well enough to care for me again! But I mustn't complain. The nurse does the best she knows how, I suppose.—Please sit down, gentlemen . . . yet what wouldn't I give if I could only stand up the way you can. No one realizes what it means to be a helpless paralytic."

Markham did not avail himself of the invitation, but waited until she had finished speaking and then said:

"Please believe that you have my deepest sympathy, madam. . . . You sent for me, Doctor Von Blon said."

"Yes!" She looked at him calculatingly. "I wanted to ask you a favor."

She paused, and Markham bowed but did not answer.

"I wanted to request you to drop this investigation. I've had enough worry and disturbance as it is. But *I* don't count. It's the family I'm thinking of—the good name of the Greenes." A note of pride came into her voice. "What need is there to drag us through the mire and make us an object of scandalous gossip for the *canaille*? I want peace and quiet, Mr. Markham. I won't be here much longer; and why should my house be overrun with policemen just because Julia and Chester have suffered their just deserts for neglecting me and letting me suffer here alone? I'm an old woman and a cripple, and I'm deserving of a little consideration."

Her face clouded, and her voice became harsh.

"You haven't any right to come here and upset my house and annoy me in this outrageous fashion! I haven't had a minute's rest since all this excitement began, and my spine is paining me so I can hardly breathe." She took several stertorous breaths, and her eyes flashed indignantly. "I don't expect any better treatment from my children—they're hard and thoughtless. But you, Mr. Markham—an outsider, a stranger: why should you want to torture me with all this commotion? It's outrageous—inhuman!"

"I am sorry if the presence of the officers of the law in your house disturbs you," Markham told her gravely; "but I have no alternative. When a crime has been committed it is my duty to investigate, and to use every means at my disposal to bring the guilty person to justice."

"Justice!" The old lady repeated the word scornfully. "Justice has already been done. I've been avenged for the treatment I've received these many years, lying here helpless."

There was something almost terrifying in the woman's cruel and unrelenting hatred of her children, and in the cold-blooded satisfaction she seemed to take in the fact that two of them had been punished by death. Markham, naturally sympathetic, revolted against her attitude.

"However much gratification you may feel at the murder of your son and daughter, madam," he said coldly, "it does not release me from my duty to find the murderer.—Was there anything else you wished to speak to me about?"

For a while she sat silent, her face working with impotent passion. The gaze she bent on Markham was almost ferocious. But presently the vindictive vigilance of her eyes relaxed, and she drew a deep sigh.

"No; you may go now. I have nothing more to say. And, anyway, who cares about an old helpless woman like me? I should have learned by this time that nobody thinks of my comfort, lying here all alone, unable to help myself—a nuisance to every one. . . ."

Her whining, self-pitying voice followed us as we made our escape.

"Y' know, Markham," said Vance, as we came into the lower hall, "the Empress Dowager is not entirely devoid of reason. Her suggestion is deserving of consideration. The clarion voice of duty may summon you to this quest, but—my word!—whither shall one quest? There's nothing sane in this house—nothing that lends itself to ordin'ry normal reason. Why not take her advice and chuck it? Even if you learn the truth, it's likely to prove a sort of Pyrrhic vict'ry. I'm afraid

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it'll be more terrible than the crimes themselves."

Markham did not deign to answer; he was familiar with Vance's heresies, and he also knew that Vance himself would be the last person to throw over an unsolved problem.

"We've got something to go on, Mr. Vance," submitted Heath solemnly, but without enthusiasm. "There's those foot-tracks, for instance; and we've got the missing gun to find. Dubois is up-stairs now taking finger-prints. And the reports on the servants'll be coming along soon. There's no telling what'll turn up in a few days. I'll have a dozen men working on this case before night."

"Such zeal, Sergeant! But it's in the atmosphere of this old house—not in tangible clews—that the truth lies hidden. It's somewhere in these old jumbled rooms; it's peering out from dark corners and from behind doors. It's here—in this very hall perhaps."

His tone was fraught with troubled concern, and Markham looked at him sharply.

"I think you're right, Vance," he muttered. "But how is one to get at it?"

" 'Pon my soul, I don't know. How does one get at spectres, anyway? I've never had much intimate intercourse with ghosts, don't y' know."

"You're talking rubbish!" Markham jerked on his overcoat, and turned to Heath. "You go ahead, Sergeant; and keep in touch with me. If nothing develops from your inquiries, we'll discuss the next step."

And he and Vance and I went out to the waiting car.

## XII

### A MOTOR RIDE

*(November 12—November 25)*

The inquiry was pushed according to the best traditions of the Police Department. Captain Carl Hagedorn, the firearms expert,* made a minute scientific examination of the bullets. The same revolver, he found, had fired all three shots: the peculiar rifling told him this; and he was able to state that the revolver was an old Smith & Wesson of a style whose manufacture had been discontinued. But, while these findings offered substantiation to the theory that Chester Greene's missing gun was the one used by the murderer, they added nothing to the facts already established or suspected. Deputy Inspector Conrad Brenner, the burglar-tools expert,† had conducted an exhaustive examination of the scene for evidential signs of a forced entrance, but had found no traces whatever of a housebreaker.

Dubois and his assistant Bellamy—the two leading finger-print authorities of the New York Police Department—went so far as to take finger-prints of every member of the Greene household, including Doctor Von Blon; and these were compared with the impressions found in the hallways and in the rooms where the shootings had occurred. But when this tedious process was over not an unidentified print remained; and all those that had been found and photographed were logically accounted for.

Chester Greene's galoshes were taken to Headquarters and turned over to Captain Jerym, who carefully compared them with the measurements and the patterns made by Snitkin. No new fact concerning them, however, was discovered. The tracks in the snow, Captain Jerym reported, had been made either by the galoshes given him or by another pair of the exact size and last. Beyond this statement he could not, he said, conscientiously go.

It was established that no one in the Greene mansion, with the exception of Chester and Rex, owned galoshes; and Rex's were number seven—three sizes smaller than those found in Chester's clothes-closet. Sproot used only storm-rubbers, size eight; and Doctor Von Blon, who affected gaiters in winter, always wore rubber sandals during stormy weather.

The search for the missing revolver occupied several days. Heath turned the task over to men trained especially in this branch of work, and supplied them with a search-warrant in case they should meet with any opposition. But no obstacle was put in their way. The house was systematically ransacked from basement to attic. Even Mrs. Greene's quarters were subjected to a search. The old lady had at first objected, but finally gave her consent, and even seemed a bit disappointed when the men had finished. The only room

* Captain Hagedorn was the expert who supplied Vance with the technical data in the Benson murder case, which made it possible for him to establish the height of the murderer.

† It was Inspector Brenner who examined and reported on the chiselled jewel-box in the Canary murder case.

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that was not gone over was Tobias Greene's library. Owing to the fact that Mrs. Greene had never let the key go out of her possession, and had permitted no one to enter the room since her husband's death, Heath decided not to force the issue when she refused point-blank to deliver the key. Every other nook and corner of the house, however, was combed by the Sergeant's men. But no sign of the revolver rewarded their efforts.

The autopsies revealed nothing at variance with Doctor Doremus's preliminary findings. Julia and Chester had each died instantaneously from the effects of a bullet entering the heart, shot from a revolver held at close range. No other possible cause of death was present in either body; and there were no indications of a struggle.

No unknown or suspicious person had been seen near the Greene mansion on the night of either murder, although several people were found who had been in the neighborhood at the time; and a bootmaker, who lived on the second floor of the Narcoss Flats in 53d Street, opposite to the house, stated that he had been sitting at his window, smoking his bedtime pipe, during the time of both shootings, and could swear that no one had passed down that end of the street.

However, the guard which had been placed over the Greene mansion was not relaxed. Men were on duty day and night at both entrances to the estate, and every one entering or leaving the premises was closely scrutinized. So close a watch was kept that strange tradesmen found it inconvenient and at times difficult to make ordinary deliveries.

The reports that were turned in concerning the servants were unsatisfactory from the standpoint of detail; but all the facts unearthed tended to eliminate each subject from any possible connection with the crimes. Barton, the younger maid, who had quitted the Greene establishment the morning after the second tragedy, proved to be the daughter of respectable working people living in Jersey City. Her record was good, and her companions all appeared to be harmless members of her own class.

Hemming, it turned out, was a widow who, up to the time of her employment with the Greenes, had kept house for her husband, an iron-worker, in Altoona, Pa. She was remembered even there among her former neighbors as a religious fanatic who had led her husband sternly and exultantly in the narrow path of enforced rectitude. When he was killed by a furnace explosion she declared it was the hand of God striking him down for some secret sin. Her associates were few: they were in the main members of a small congregation of East Side Anabaptists.

The summer gardener of the Greenes—a middle-aged Pole named Krimski—was discovered in a private saloon in Harlem, well under the benumbing influence of synthetic whiskey—a state of beatific lassitude he had maintained, with greater or lesser steadfastness, since the end of summer. He was at once eliminated from police consideration.

The investigation into the habits and associates of Mrs. Mannheim and Sproot brought nothing whatever to light. Indeed, the habits of these two were exemplary, and their contacts with the outside world so meagre as to be regarded almost as non-existent. Sproot had no visible friends, and his acquaintances were limited to an English valet in Park Avenue and the tradespeople of the neighborhood. He was solitary by nature, and what few recreations he permitted himself were indulged in unaccompanied. Mrs. Mannheim had rarely left the premises of the Greene house since she had taken up her duties there at the time of her husband's death, and apparently knew no one in New York outside of the household.

These reports dashed whatever hopes Sergeant Heath may have harbored of finding a solution to the Greene mystery by way of a possible accomplice in the house itself.

"I guess we'll have to give up the idea of an inside job," he lamented one morning in Markham's office a few days after the shooting of Chester Greene.

Vance, who was present, eyed him lazily. "I shouldn't say that, don't y' know, Sergeant. On the contr'ry, it was indubitably an inside job, though not just the variety you have in mind."

"You mean you think some member of the family did it?"

"Well—perhaps: something rather along that line." Vance drew on his cigarette thoughtfully. "But that's not exactly what I meant. It's a situation, a set of conditions—an atmosphere, let us say—that's guilty. A subtle and deadly poison is responsible for the crimes. And that poison is generated in the Greene mansion."

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"A swell time I'd have trying to arrest an atmosphere—or a poison either, for the matter of that," snorted Heath.

"Oh, there's a flesh-and-blood victim awaiting your manacles somewhere, Sergeant—the agent, so to speak, of the atmosphere."

Markham, who had been conning the various reports of the case, sighed heavily, and settled back in his chair.

"Well, I wish to Heaven," he interposed bitterly, "that he'd give us some hint as to his identity. The papers are at it hammer and tongs. There's been another delegation of reporters here this morning."

The fact was that rarely had there been in New York's journalistic history a case which had so tenaciously seized upon the public imagination. The shooting of Julia and Ada Greene had been treated sensationally but perfunctorily; but after Chester Greene's murder an entirely different spirit animated the newspaper stories. Here was something romantically sinister—something which brought back forgotten pages of criminal history.* Columns were devoted to accounts of the Greene family history. Genealogical archives were delved into for remote titbits. Old Tobias Greene's record was raked over, and stories of his early life became the common property of the man in the street. Pictures of all the members of the Greene family accompanied these spectacular tales; and the Greene mansion itself, photographed from every possible angle, was used regularly to illustrate the flamboyant accounts of the crimes so recently perpetrated there.

The story of the Greene murders spread over the entire country, and even the press of Europe found space for it. The tragedy, taken in connection with the social prominence of the family and the romantic history of its progenitors, appealed irresistibly to the morbidity and the snobbery of the public.

It was natural that the police and the District Attorney's office should be hounded by the representatives of the press; and it was also natural that both Heath and Markham should be sorely troubled by the fact that all their efforts to lay hands on the criminal had come to naught. Several conferences had been called in Markham's office, at each of which the ground had been carefully reploughed; but not one helpful suggestion had been turned up. Two weeks after the murder of Chester Greene the case began to take on the aspect of a stalemate.

During that fortnight, however, Vance had not been idle. The situation had caught and held his interest, and not once had he dismissed it from his mind since that first morning when Chester Greene had applied to Markham for help. He said little about the case, but he had attended each of the conferences; and from his casual comments I knew he was both fascinated and perplexed by the problem it presented.

So convinced was he that the Greene mansion itself held the secret to the crimes enacted there that he had made it a point to call at the house several times without Markham. Markham, in fact, had been there but once since the second crime. It was not that he was shirking his task. There was, in reality, little for him to do; and the routine duties of his office were particularly heavy at that time.*

Sibella had insisted that the funerals of Julia and Chester be combined in one service, which was held in the private chapel of Malcomb's Undertaking Parlors. Only a few intimate acquaintances were notified (though a curious crowd gathered outside the building, attracted by the sensational associations of the obsequies); and the interment at Woodlawn Cemetery was strictly private. Doctor Von Blon accompanied Sibella and Rex to the chapel, and sat with them during the services. Ada, though improving rapidly, was still confined to the house; and Mrs. Greene's paralysis of course made her attendance impossible, although I doubt if she would have gone in any case, for when the suggestion was made that the services be held at home she had vetoed it emphatically.

It was on the day after the funeral that Vance paid his first unofficial visit to the

* Among the famous cases mentioned as being in some manner comparable to the Greene shootings were the mass murders of Landru, Jean-Baptiste Troppmann, Fritz Haarmann, and Mrs. Belle Gunness; the tavern murders of the Benders; the Van der Linden poisonings in Holland; the Bela Kiss tin-cask stranglings; the Rugeley murders of Doctor William Palmer; and the beating to death of Benjamin Nathan.

* The famous impure-milk scandal was then to the fore, and the cases were just appearing on the court calendar. Also, at that time, there was an antigambling campaign in progress in New York; and the District Attorney's office had charge of all the prosecutions.

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Greene mansion. Sibella received him without any show of surprise.

"I'm so glad you've come," she greeted him, almost gaily. "I knew you weren't a policeman the first time I saw you. Imagine a policeman smoking *Régie* cigarettes! And I'm dying for some one to talk to. Of course, all the people I know avoid me now as they would a pestilence. I haven't had an invitation since Julia passed from this silly life. Respect for the dead, I believe they call it. And just when I most need diversion!"

She rang for the butler and ordered tea.

"Sproot makes much better tea than he does coffee, thank Heaven!" she ran on, with a kind of nervous detachment. "What a sweet day we had yesterday! Funerals are hideous farces. I could hardly keep a straight face when the officiating reverend doctor began extolling the glories of the departed. And all the time—poor man—he was eaten up with morbid curiosity. I'm sure he enjoyed it so much that he wouldn't complain if I entirely forgot to send him a check for his kind words. . . ."

The tea was served, but before Sproot had withdrawn Sibella turned to him pettishly.

"I simply can't stand any more tea. I want a Scotch high-ball." She lifted her eyes to Vance inquiringly, but he insisted that he preferred tea; and the girl drank her high-ball alone.

"I crave stimulation these days," she explained airily. "This moated grange, so to speak, is getting on my young and fretful nerves. And the burden of being a celebrity is quite overwhelming. I really have become a celebrity, you know. In fact, all the Greenes are quite famous now. I never imagined a mere murder or two could give a family such positively irrational prominence. I'll probably be in Hollywood yet."

She gave a laugh which struck me as a trifle strained.

"It's just too jolly! Even mother is enjoying it. She gets all the papers and reads every word that's written about us—which is a blessing, let me tell you. She's almost forgotten to find fault; and I haven't heard a word about her spine for days. The Lord tempers the wind—or is it something about an ill wind I'm trying to quote? I always get my classical references confused. . . ."

She ran on in this flippant vein for half an hour or so. But whether her callousness was genuine or merely a brave attempt to counteract the pall of tragedy that hung over her I couldn't make out. Vance listened, interested and amused. He seemed to sense a certain emotional necessity in the girl to relieve her mind; but long before we went away he had led the conversation round to commonplace matters. When we rose to go Sibella insisted that we come again.

"You're so comforting, Mr. Vance," she said. "I'm sure you're not a moralist; and you haven't once condoled with me over my bereavements. Thank Heaven, we Greenes have no relatives to swoop down on us and bathe us in tears. I'm sure I'd commit suicide if we had."

Vance and I called twice more within the week, and were received cordially. Sibella's high spirits were always the same. If she felt the horror that had descended so suddenly and unexpectedly upon her home, she managed to hide it well. Only in her eagerness to talk freely and in her exaggerated efforts to avoid all sign of mourning did I sense any effects on her of the terrible experience she had been through.

Vance on none of his visits referred directly to the crimes; and I became deeply puzzled by his attitude. He was trying to learn something—of that I was positive. But I failed to see what possible progress he could make by the casual methods he was pursuing. Had I not known him better I might have suspected him of being personally interested in Sibella; but such a notion I dismissed simultaneously with its formulation. I noticed, however, that after each call he became unaccountably pensive; and one evening, after we had had tea with Sibella, he sat for an hour before the fire in his living-room without turning a page of the volume of da Vinci's "Trattato della Pittura" which lay open before him.

On one of his visits to the Greene mansion he had met and talked with Rex. At first the youth had been surly and resentful of our presence; but before we went away he and Vance were discussing such subjects as Einstein's general-relativity theory, the Moulton-Chamberlin planetesimal hypothesis, and Poincaré's science of numbers, on a plane quite beyond the grasp of a mere layman like myself. Rex had warmed up to the discussion in an almost friendly manner, and at parting had even offered his hand for Vance to shake.

On another occasion Vance had asked Sib-

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ella to be permitted to pay his respects to Mrs. Greene. His apologies to her—which he gave a semiofficial flavor—for all the annoyance caused by the police immediately ingratiated him in the old lady's good graces. He was most solicitous about her health, and asked her numerous questions regarding her paralysis—the nature of her spinal pains and the symptoms of her restlessness. His air of sympathetic concern drew from her an elaborate and detailed jeremiad.

Twice Vance talked to Ada, who was now up and about, but with her arm still in a sling. For some reason, however, the girl appeared almost *farouche* when approached by him. One day when we were at the house Von Blon called, and Vance seemed to go out of his way to hold him in conversation.

As I have said, I could not fathom his motive in all this apparently desultory social give-and-take. He never broached the subject of the tragedies except in the most indirect way; he appeared, rather, to avoid the topic deliberately. But I did notice that, however casual his manner, he was closely studying every one in the house. No nuance of tone, no subtlety of reaction, escaped him. He was, I knew, storing away impressions, analyzing minute phases of conduct, and probing delicately into the psychological mainsprings of each person he talked to.

We had called perhaps four or five times at the Greene mansion when an episode occurred which must be recounted here in order to clarify a later development of the case. I thought little of it at the time, but, though seemingly trivial, it was to prove of the most sinister significance before many days had passed. In fact, had it not been for this episode there is no telling to what awful lengths the gruesome tragedy of the Greenes might have gone; for Vance—in one of those strange mental flashes of his which always seemed wholly intuitive but were, in reality, the result of long, subtle reasoning—remembered the incident at a crucial moment, and related it swiftly to other incidents which in themselves appeared trifling, but which, when coordinated, took on a tremendous and terrible importance.

During the second week following Chester Greene's death the weather moderated markedly. We had several beautiful clear days, crisp, sunshiny, and invigorating. The snow had almost entirely disappeared, and the ground was firm, without any of the slush that usually follows a winter thaw. On Thursday Vance and I called at the Greene mansion earlier than on any previous visit, and we saw Doctor Von Blon's car parked before the gate.

"Ah!" Vance observed. "I do hope the family Paracelsus is not departing immediately. The man lures me; and his exact relationship to the Greene family irks my curiosity."

Von Blon, as a matter of fact, was preparing to go as we entered the hallway. Sibella and Ada, bundled in their furs, stood just behind him; and it was evident that they were accompanying him.

"It was such a pleasant day," explained Von Blon, somewhat disconcertedly, "I thought I'd take the girls for a drive."

"And you and Mr. Van Dine must come with us," chimed in Sibella, smiling hospitably at Vance. "If the doctor's temperamental driving affects your heart action, I promise to take the wheel myself. I'm really an expert chauffeur."

I surprised a look of displeasure on Von Blon's face; but Vance accepted the invitation without demur; and in a few moments we were riding across town, comfortably installed in the doctor's big Daimler, with Sibella in front, next to the driver's seat, and Ada between Vance and me in the tonneau.

We went north on Fifth Avenue, entered Central Park, and, emerging at the 72d Street entrance, headed for Riverside Drive. The Hudson River lay like a sheet of blue-grass below us, and the Jersey palisades in the still clear air of early afternoon were as plainly etched as a Degas drawing. At Dyckman Street we went up Broadway, and turned west on the Spuyten Duyvil Road to Palisade Avenue overlooking the old wooded estates along the water. We passed through a private roadway lined with hedges, turned inland again to Sycamore Avenue, and came out on the Riverdale Road. We drove through Yonkers, up North Broadway into Hastings, and then skirted the Longue Vue Hill. Beyond Dobbs Ferry we entered the Hudson Road, and at Ardsley again turned west beside the Country Club golf-links, and came out on the river level. Beyond the Ardsley Station a narrow dirt road ran up the hill along the water; and, instead of following the main highway to the east, we continued

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up this little-used road, emerging on a kind of plateau of wild pasture-land.

A mile or so farther on—about midway between Ardsley and Tarrytown—a small dun hill, like a boulder, loomed directly in our path. When we came to the foot of it, the road swung sharply to the west along a curved promontory. The turn was narrow and dangerous, with the steep upward slope of the hill on one side and the precipitous, rocky descent into the river on the other. A flimsy wooden fence had been built along the edge of the drop, though what possible protection it could be to a reckless or even careless driver I could not see.

As we came to the outermost arc of the little detour Von Blon brought the car to a stop, the front wheels pointing directly toward the precipice. A magnificent vista stretched before us. We could look up and down the Hudson for miles. And there was a sense of isolation about the spot, for the hill behind us completely shut off the country inland.

We sat for several moments taking in the unusual view. Then Sibella spoke. Her voice was whimsical, but a curious note of defiance informed it.

"What a perfectly ripping spot for a murder!" she exclaimed, leaning over and looking down the steep slope of the bluff. "Why run the risk of shooting people when all you have to do is to take them for a ride to this snug little shelf, jump from the car, and let them topple—machine and all—over the precipice? Just another unfortunate auto accident—and no one the wiser! . . . Really, I think I'll take up crime in a serious way."

I felt a shudder pass over Ada's body, and I noticed that her face paled. Sibella's comments struck me as particularly heartless and unthinking in view of the terrible experience through which her sister had so recently passed. The cruelty of her words evidently struck the doctor also, for he turned toward her with a look of consternation.

Vance glanced quickly at Ada, and then attempted to banish the embarrassment of the tense silence by remarking lightly:

"We refuse to take alarm, however, Miss Greene; for no one, d' ye see, could seriously consider a criminal career on a day as perfect as this. Taine's theory of climatic influences is most comfortin' in moments like this."

Von Blon said nothing, but his reproachful eyes did not leave Sibella's face.

"Oh, let us go back!" cried Ada pitifully, nestling closer under the lap-robe, as if the air had suddenly become chill.

Without a word Von Blon reversed the machine; and a moment later we were on our way back to the city.

## XIII

### THE THIRD TRAGEDY

*(November 28 and November 30)*

The following Sunday evening, November 28, Markham invited Inspector Moran and Heath to the Stuyvesant Club for an informal conference. Vance and I had dined with him and were present when the two police officials arrived. We retired to Markham's favorite corner of the club's lounge-room; and soon a general discussion of the Greene murders was under way.

"I'm rather amazed," said the Inspector, his voice even quieter than usual, "that nothing has turned up to focus the inquiry. In the average murder case there are numerous lines to be explored, even if the right one is not hit upon immediately. But in this affair there appears to be nothing whatever on which to concentrate."

"That fact in itself, I should say," rejoined Vance, "constitutes a distinguishing characteristic of the case which shouldn't be overlooked, don't y' know. It's a clew of vital importance, and if only we could probe its significance I think we'd be on our way toward a solution."

"A fine clew that is!" grumbled Heath. "'What clew have you got, Sergeant?' asks the Inspector. 'Oh, a bully clew,' says I. 'And what is it?' asks the Inspector. 'The fact that there ain't *nothing* to go on!' says I."

Vance smiled.

"You're so literal, Sergeant! What I was endeavoring to express, in my purely laic capacity, was this: when there are no clews in a case—no *points de départ,* no tell-tale indications—one is justified in regarding everything as a clew—or, rather, as a factor in the puzzle. To be sure, the great difficulty lies in fitting together these apparently inconsequential pieces. I rather think we've at least a hundred clews in our possession; but none of them has any meaning so long as it's unrelated to the others. This affair is like one

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of those silly word-puzzles where all the letters are redistributed into a meaningless jumble. The task for the solver is to rearrange them into an intelligible word or sentence."

"Could you name just eight or ten of those hundred clews for me?" Heath requested ironically. "I sure would like to get busy on something definite."

"You know 'em all, Sergeant." Vance refused to fall in with the other's bantering manner. "I'd say that practically everything that has happened since the first alarm reached you might be regarded as a clew."

"Sure!" The Sergeant had lapsed again into sullen gloom. "The footprints, the disappearance of the revolver, that noise Rex heard in the hall. But we've run all those leads up against a blank wall."

"Oh, those things!" Vance sent a ribbon of blue smoke upward. "Yes, they're clews of a kind. But I was referring more specifically to the conditions existing at the Greene mansion—the organisms of the environment there—the psychological elements of the situation."

"Don't get off again on your metaphysical theories and esoteric hypotheses," Markham interjected tartly. "We've either got to find a practical *modus operandi,* or admit ourselves beaten."

"But, Markham old man, you're beaten on the face of it unless you can put your chaotic facts into some kind of order. And the only way you'll be able to do that is by a process of prayerful analysis."

"You give me some facts that've got some sense to 'em," challenged Heath, "and I'll put 'em together soon enough."

"The Sergeant's right," was Markham's comment. "You'll admit that as yet we haven't any significant facts to work with."

"Oh, there'll be more."

Inspector Moran sat up, and his eyes narrowed.

"What do you mean by that, Mr. Vance?" It was obvious that the remark had struck some chord of agreement in him.

"The thing isn't over yet." Vance spoke with unwonted sombreness. "The picture's unfinished. There's more tragedy to come before the monstrous canvas is rounded out. And the hideous thing about it is that there's no way of stopping it. Nothing now can halt the horror that's at work. It's got to go on."

"You feel that, too!" The Inspector's voice was off its normal pitch. "By God! This is the first case I've ever had that frightened me."

"Don't forget, sir," argued Heath, but without conviction, "that we got men watching the house day and night."

"There's no security in that, Sergeant," asserted Vance. "The killer is already in the house. He's part of the deadly atmosphere of the place. He's been there for years, nourished by the toxins that seep from the very stones of the walls."

Heath looked up.

"A member of the family? You said that once before."

"Not necessarily. But some one who has been tainted by the perverted situation that grew out of old Tobias's patriarchal ideas."

"We might manage to put some one in the house to keep an eye on things," suggested the Inspector. "Or, there's a possibility of prevailing upon the members of the family to separate and move to other quarters."

Vance shook his head slowly.

"A spy in the house would be useless. Isn't every one there a spy now, watching all the others, and watching them with fear and suspicion? And as for dispersing the family: not only would you find old Mrs. Greene, who holds the purse-strings, an adamantine obstacle, but you'd meet all manner of legal complications as a result of Tobias's will. No one gets a dollar, I understand, who doesn't remain in the mansion until the worms have ravaged his carcass for a full quarter of a century. And even if you succeeded in scattering the remnants of the Greene line, and locked up the house, you wouldn't have stamped out the killer. And there'll be no end of this thing until a purifying stake has been driven through his heart."

"Are you going in now for vampirism, Vance?" The case had exacerbated Markham's nerves. "Shall we draw an enchanted ring round the house and hang garlic on the door?"

Markham's extravagant comment of harassed discouragement seemed to express the hopeless state of mind of all of us, and there was a long silence. It was Heath who first came back to a practical consideration of the matter in hand.

"You spoke, Mr. Vance, about old man Greene's will. And I've been thinking that, if we knew all the terms of that will, we

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might find something to help us. There's millions in the estate, all of it left, I hear, to the old lady. What I'd like to know is, has she a full right to dispose of it any way she likes? And I'd also like to know what kind of a will the old lady herself has made. With all that money at stake, we might get on to a motive of some kind."

"Quite—quite!" Vance looked at Heath with undisguised admiration. "That's the most sensible suggestion that's been made thus far. I salute you, Sergeant. Yes, old Tobias's money may have some bearing on the case. Not a direct bearing, perhaps; but the influence of that money—the subterranean power it exerts—is undoubtedly tangled up in these crimes.—How about it, Markham? How does one go about finding out about other people's wills?"

Markham pondered the point.

"I don't believe there'd be any great difficulty in the present instance. Tobias Greene's will is a matter of record, of course, though it might take some little time to look it up in the Surrogate's files; and I happen to know old Buckway, the senior partner of Buckway & Aldine, the Greene solicitors. I see him here at the club occasionally, and I've done one or two small favors for him. I think I could induce him to tell me confidentially the terms of Mrs. Greene's will. I'll see what can be done to-morrow."

Half an hour later the conference broke up and we went home.

"I fear those wills are not going to help much," Vance remarked, as he sipped his high-ball before the fire late that night. "Like everything else in this harrowin' case, they'll possess some significance that can't be grasped until they're fitted into the final picture."

He rose and, going to the book-shelves, took down a small volume.

"And now I think I'll erase the Greenes from my mind *pro tempore,* and dip into the 'Satyricon.' The fusty historians pother frightfully about the reasons for the fall of Rome, whereas the eternal answer is contained in Petronius's imperishable classic of that city's decadence."

He settled himself and turned the pages of his book. But there was no concentration in his attitude, and his eyes wandered constantly from the text.

Two days later—on Tuesday, November 30—Markham telephoned Vance shortly after ten o'clock in the morning, and asked him to come at once to the office. Vance was preparing to attend an exhibition of negro sculpture at the Modern Gallery,* but this indulgence was postponed in view of the District Attorney's urgent call; and in less than half an hour we were at the Criminal Courts Building.

"Ada Greene called up this morning, and asked to see me without delay," explained Markham. "I offered to send Heath out and, if necessary, to come myself later on. But she seemed particularly anxious that I shouldn't do that, and insisted on coming here: said it was a matter she could speak of more freely away from the house. She seemed somewhat upset, so I told her to come ahead. Then I phoned you and notified Heath."

Vance settled himself and lit a cigarette.

"I don't wonder she'd grasp at any chance to shake the atmosphere of her surroundings. And, Markham, I've come to the conclusion that girl knows something that would be highly valuable to our inquiry. It's quite possible, don't y' know, that she's now reached a point where she'll tell us what's on her mind."

As he spoke the Sergeant was announced, and Markham briefly explained the situation to him.

"It looks to me," said Heath gloomily, but with interest, "like it was our only chance of getting a lead. We haven't learned anything ourselves that's worth a damn, and unless somebody spills a few suggestions we're up against it."

Ten minutes later Ada Greene was ushered into the office. Though her pallor had gone and her arm was no longer in a sling, she still gave one the impression of weakness. But there was none of the tremulousness or shrinking in her bearing that had heretofore characterized her.

She sat down before Markham's desk, and for a while frowned up at the sunlight, as if debating how to begin.

"It's about Rex, Mr. Markham," she said finally. "I really don't know whether I should have come here or not—it may be very disloyal of me. . . ." She gave him a look of appealing indecision. "Oh, tell me: if a person knows something—something bad and dangerous—about some one very close and very

* The Modern Gallery was then under the direction of Marius de Zayas, whose collection of African statuette-fetiches was perhaps the finest in America.

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dear, should that person tell, when it might make terrible trouble?"

"That all depends," Markham answered gravely. "In the present circumstances, if you know anything that might be helpful to a solution of the murder of your brother and sister, it's your duty to speak."

"Even if the thing were told me in confidence?" she persisted. "And the person were a member of my family?"

"Even under those conditions, I think." Markham spoke paternally. "Two terrible crimes have been committed, and nothing should be held back that might bring the murderer to justice—whoever he may be."

The girl averted her troubled face for a moment. Then she lifted her head with sudden resolution.

"I'll tell you. . . . You know you asked Rex about the shot in my room, and he told you he didn't hear it. Well, he confided in me, Mr. Markham; and he *did* hear the shot. But he was afraid to admit it lest you might think it funny he didn't get up and give the alarm."

"Why do you think he remained in bed silent, and pretended to every one he was asleep?" Markham attempted to suppress the keen interest the girl's information had roused in him.

"That's what I don't understand. He wouldn't tell me. But he had some reason—I know he did!—some reason that terrified him. I begged him to tell me, but the only explanation he gave was that the shot was not all he heard. . . ."

"Not all!" Markham spoke with ill-concealed excitement. "He heard something else that, you say, terrified him? But why shouldn't he have told us about it?"

"That's the strange part of it. He got angry when I asked him. But there's something he knows—some awful secret; I feel sure of it. . . . Oh, maybe I shouldn't have told you. Maybe it will get Rex into trouble. But I felt that you ought to know because of the frightful things that have happened. I thought perhaps you could talk to Rex and make him tell you what's on his mind."

Again she looked beseechingly at Markham, and there was the anxiety of a vague fear in her eyes.

"Oh, I do wish you'd ask him—and try to find out," she went on, in a pleading tone. "I'd feel—safer if—if . . ."

Markham nodded and patted her hand.

"We'll try to make him talk."

"But don't try at the house," she said quickly. "There are people—things—around; and Rex would be too frightened. Ask him to come here, Mr. Markham. Get him away from that awful place, where he can talk without being afraid that some one's listening. Rex is home now. Ask him to come here. Tell him I'm here, too. Maybe I can help you reason with him. . . . Oh, do this for me, Mr. Markham!"

Markham glanced at the clock and ran his eye over his appointment-pad. He was, I knew, as anxious as Ada to have Rex on the carpet for a questioning; and, after a momentary hesitation, he picked up the telephone-receiver and had Swacker put him through to the Greene mansion. From what I heard of the conversation that ensued, it was plain that he experienced considerable difficulty in urging Rex to come to the office, for he had to resort to a veiled threat of summary legal action before he finally succeeded.

"He evidently fears some trap," commented Markham thoughtfully, replacing the receiver. "But he has promised to get dressed immediately and come."

A look of relief passed over the girl's face.

"There's one other thing I ought to tell you," she said hurriedly; "though it may not mean anything. The other night, in the rear of the lower hall by the stairs, I picked up a piece of paper—like a leaf torn from a notebook. And there was a drawing on it of all our bedrooms up-stairs with four little crosses marked in ink—one at Julia's room, one at Chester's, one at Rex's, and one at mine. And down in the corner were several of the queerest signs, or pictures. One was a heart with three nails in it; and one looked like a parrot. Then there was a picture of what seemed to be three little stones with a line under them. . . ."

Heath suddenly jerked himself forward, his cigar half-way to his lips.

"A parrot, and three stones! . . . And say, Miss Greene, was there an arrow with numbers on it?"

"Yes!" she answered eagerly. "That was there, too."

Heath put his cigar in his mouth and chewed on it with vicious satisfaction.

"That means something, Mr. Markham," he proclaimed, trying to keep the agitation

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out of his voice. "Those are all symbols—graphic signs, they're called—of Continental crooks, German or Austrian mostly."

"The stones, I happen to know," put in Vance, "represent the idea of the martyrdom of Saint Stephen, who was stoned to death. They're the emblem of Saint Stephen, according to the calendar of the Styrian peasantry."

"I don't know anything about that, sir," answered Heath. "But I know that European crooks use those signs."

"Oh, doubtless. I ran across a number of 'em when I was looking up the emblematic language of the gypsies. A fascinatin' study." Vance seemed uninterested in Ada's discovery.

"Have you this paper with you, Miss Greene?" asked Markham.

The girl was embarrassed and shook her head.

"I'm so sorry," she apologized. "I didn't think it was important. Should I have brought it?"

"Did you destroy it?" Heath put the question excitedly.

"Oh, I have it safely. I put it away. . . ."

"We gotta have that paper, Mr. Markham." The Sergeant had risen and come toward the District Attorney's desk. "It may be just the lead we're looking for."

"If you really want it so badly," said Ada, "I can phone Rex to bring it with him. He'll know where to find it if I explain."

"Right! That'll save me a trip." Heath nodded to Markham. "Try to catch him before he leaves, sir."

Taking up the telephone, Markham again directed Swacker to get Rex on the wire. After a brief delay the connection was made and he handed the instrument to Ada.

"Hello, Rex dear," she said. "Don't scold me, for there's nothing to worry about. . . . What I wanted of you is this:—in our private mail-box you'll find a sealed envelope of my personal blue stationery. Please get it and bring it with you to Mr. Markham's office. And don't let any one see you take it. . . . That's all, Rex. Now hurry, and we'll have lunch together down-town."

"It will be at least half an hour before Mr. Greene can get here," said Markham, turning to Vance; "and as I've a waiting-room full of people, why don't you and Van Dine take the young lady to the Stock Exchange and show her how the mad brokers disport themselves.—How would you like that, Miss Greene?"

"I'd love it!" exclaimed the girl.

"Why not go along too, Sergeant?"

"Me!" Heath snorted. "I got excitement enough. I'll run over and talk to the Colonel* for a while."

Vance and Ada and I motored the few blocks to 18 Broad Street, and, taking the elevator, passed through the reception-room (where uniformed attendants peremptorily relieved us of our wraps), and came out upon the visitors' gallery overlooking the floor of the Exchange. There was an unusually active market that day. The pandemonium was almost deafening, and the feverish activity about the trading-posts resembled the riots of an excited mob. I was too familiar with the sight to be particularly impressed; and Vance, who detested noise and disorder, looked on with an air of bored annoyance. But Ada's face lighted up at once. Her eyes sparkled and the blood rushed to her cheeks. She gazed over the railing in a thrall of fascination.

"And now you see, Miss Greene, how foolish men can be," said Vance.

"Oh, but it's wonderful!" she answered. "They're alive. They feel things. They have something to fight for."

"You think you'd like it?" smiled Vance.

"I'd adore it. I've always longed to do something exciting—something . . . like that. . . ." She extended her hand toward the milling crowds below.

It was easy to understand her reaction after her years of monotonous service to an invalid in the dreary Greene mansion.

At that moment I happened to look up, and, to my surprise, Heath was standing in the doorway scanning the groups of visitors. He appeared troubled and unusually grim, and there was a nervous intentness in the way he moved his head. I raised my hand to attract his attention, and he immediately came to where we stood.

"The Chief wants you at the office right away, Mr. Vance." There was an ominousness in his tone. "He sent me over to get you."

* Colonel Benjamin Hanlon, one of the Department's greatest authorities on extradition, was then the commanding officer of the Detective Division attached to the District Attorney's office, with quarters in the Criminal Courts Building.

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Ada looked at him steadily, and a pallor of fear overspread her face.

"Well, well!" Vance shrugged in mock resignation. "Just when we were getting interested in the sights. But we must obey the Chief—eh, what, Miss Greene?"

But, despite his attempt to make light of Markham's unexpected summons, Ada was strangely silent; and as we rode back to the office she did not speak but sat tensely, her unseeing eyes staring straight ahead.

It seemed an interminable time before we reached the Criminal Courts Building. The traffic was congested; and there was even a long delay at the elevator. Vance appeared to take the situation calmly; but Heath's lips were compressed, and he breathed heavily through his nose, like a man laboring under tense excitement.

As we entered the District Attorney's office Markham rose and looked at the girl with a great tenderness.

"You must be brave, Miss Greene," he said, in a quiet, sympathetic voice. "Something tragic and unforeseen has happened. And as you will have to be told of it sooner or later——"

"It's Rex!" She sank limply into a chair facing Markham's desk.

"Yes," he said softly; "it's Rex. Sproot called up a few minutes after you had gone. . . ."

"And he's been shot—like Julia and Chester!" Her words were scarcely audible, but they brought a sense of horror into the dingy old office.

Markham inclined his head.

"Not five minutes after you telephoned to him some one entered his room and shot him."

A dry sob shook the girl, and she buried her face in her arms.

Markham stepped round the desk and placed his hand gently on her shoulder.

"We've got to face it, my child," he said. "We're going to the house at once to see what can be done; and you'd better come in the car with us."

"Oh, I don't want to go back," she moaned. "I'm afraid—*I'm afraid!* . . ."

(To be continued.)

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Queen Henrietta Maria and the Dwarf, Sir Geoffrey Hudson.

From the painting by Van Dyck at the Duveen Gallery.

—See "The Field of Art," page 367.

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